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## AN OPEN QUESTION.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE MONK ALOYSIUS.

DR. BASIL BLAKE had plain but comfortable apartments in Paris, on the third story, overlooking the busy Rue St. Honoré. A balcony ran in front of his win-

dows were closed, and Dr. Blake was seated in an arm-chair, with a friend opposite in another. It was now midnight, but, late as it was, this friend had only come in a few

and tobacco, lay or stood upon the table; and Dr. Blake was even now offering a glass of Burgundy to his visitor.

Dr. Basil Blake was a young man, with a



The finding of the treasure.—Page 4.

dows, upon which he could step out, whenever he felt inclined, to watch the crowds in the street below. On the present occasion, however, the balcony was deserted, the win-

minutes before; and, by the attitude, the actions, and the words of both, it was evident that they were intending to make a night of it. Bottles, decanters, glasses, cigars, pipes,

frank face, clear eyes, open and pleasing expression. His friend was a fellow-physician—Dr. Phelim O'Rourke—with whom Blake had become acquainted in the course of his

studies in Paris, and who, in every respect, presented a totally different aspect from his own. He was much older, being apparently between forty and fifty years of age. His frame showed great muscular strength and powers of endurance. His hair was curling and sprinkled with gray. His nose was straight and thin. He wore a heavy beard and mustache, which was not so gray as his hair, but dark, shaggy, and somewhat neglected. His eyes were small, dark, keen, and penetrating.

"I wouldn't have bothered yeas at this onseasonable hour," said O'Rourke, who spoke with a slight Irish accent, "but the disclosures that I have to make require perfect freedom from interruption, and ye see ye're all the time with yer frind Hellmuth through the day, and so I have to contint myself with the night, ayvin if I were not busy myself all through the day. But the fact is, the matter is one of the most imminase importance, and so ye'll see yerself as soon as ye're infarrumed of what I have to tell. Ye know I've alriddy mentioned, in a casual way, that my secret concerruns money. Yis, money! gold! trisure!—and trisure, too, beyond all calculation. Basil Blake, me boy! d'ye want to be as rich as an imperor? Do ye want to have a rivinue shuparior to Rothschild's? Have ye ivir a wish to stittle yerself for life? Answer me that, will ye?"

Saying this, O'Rourke slapped the palm of his hand emphatically upon the table, and fixed his small, piercing black eyes intently upon Blake.

"Oh, by Jove!" said Blake, with a laugh, "you're going too far, you know. Don't exaggerate, old fellow—it isn't necessary, I assure you. Money, by Jove! I'd like to see the fellow that needs it more than I do. I'm hard up. You know that, don't you? Don't I owe you five pounds—which, by-the-way, old chap, I shall be able to—"

"Tare an ages!" interrupted O'Rourke, "don't be after talking about such a paltry matter as five pounds. By the powers, but I ixpect, if I can only injuce ye to give me a lift in my interprise, that before long ye'll look upon five pounds as no more than five pince, so ye will, and there ye have it."

"Go ahead, then, old fellow; for, by Jove! do you know, you make me wild with curiosity by all this mixture of illimitable treasure and impenetrable mystery."

"Mind, me boy," said O'Rourke, "I ask nothing of ye—only yer hilp."

"And that I'll give, you may be sure. As for any thing else, I'm afraid you can't get it—not money, at any rate; blood out of a stone, you know—that's about it with me."

O'Rourke bent his head forward, and once more fixed his keen gaze upon the frank, honest eyes of Blake.

"It's in Rome—that it is," said he.

"Rome?" said Blake.

"Yis—the trisure—"

"Rome? ah! Well—it's very convenient. I was afraid it would involve a voyage to California. Rome—well, that's a good beginning at any rate."

"It is—it's mighty convanient," said O'Rourke. "Well, ye know, I've been in Rome over and over, and know it like me na-

tive town. I've been there sometimes on professional juties, sometimes on archayological interprises, and sometimes on occasion of any shuperimintint ayclisiastical ayvint. I may minton also that I've got a rilative living there—he's dead now—but that's nothng; he was second cousin to me first wife, and, of course, in a forryn country, such a near relationship as that brought us very close together, and I attindid him professionally, free of charge, on his dying-bed. It was from this rilative—Malachi McFee, by name—that I obtained the information that I'm going to convey to you. The poor divlle was a monk in the monastery of San Antonio. I saw a good deal of him, off and on; and one day he had a fall in the vaults of the monastery—he had a very bad conclusion; mortification set in, gangrane, and so forruth—so he died, poor divlle. It was on the death-bed of poor Malachi that I heard that same; and ye'll understand from that what credibility there is in the story, for a man on his death-bed wouldn't be after speakin' any thing but the truth, unless he could get some real future binifit of some sort out of it, pecuniarily, after he was dead, or before, but that's neither here nor there."

O'Rourke paused here, and looked sharply at Blake.

"D'ye care to hear it now?" said he.

"Care to hear it? of course. Don't you see that I'm all ears?"

"Very well," said O'Rourke, "so here goes."

As he spoke, the deep toll of a neighboring bell sounded out as it began to strike the hour of midnight. O'Rourke paused again, and listened silently to the solemn sound, as one after the other the twelve strokes rang deeply out upon the still night air, and, even after the full number had sounded, he sat as though listening for more. At length he drew a long breath, which sounded like a deep sigh.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but there's nothing in all the wide wurld that affects me like the toll of a bell at midnight. I moind me, it was in such a night as this, and the bell was tolling just this way, when poor Malachi died. Well—well—he's dead and gone. *Requiescat in pace*—"

"That same Malachi," continued O'Rourke, "was, as I said, a monk in the monastery of San Antonio, at Rome. Have ye iver been in Rome? No? Thin there's no use for me to tell you the situation of the monastery, as ye wouldn't understand. It's enough to say that Malachi was a monk there. Now, ye must know that San Antonio, like many other monasteries, has a divlle of a lot of old manuscripts in the library—some copies of classics, some thaological, and some original—the work of the monks. This Malachi was one of the most erudite and profound scholars that I iver saw. He had all thim old manuscripts at his fingers' ends—ivery one of thim. Now, what I have to tell you refers to one of these manuscripts, that was hauled forth by poor Malachi out of a forgotten chist, and studied by him till he began to think there was in it the rivilation of some schoopindous secret. It was written in Latin, of course. Ye know Latin, I suppose—a little. Yis—yis. I know

what the ordinary iducation amounts to, but could ye read a manuscript written in Latin, in a crabbed hand, full of contractions and corrections? I don't think it. I have that manuscript, and I've read it; and I know that the number of min who could take up that and read it as it stands is not Lagion by any means. I haven't the manuscript here. It's home, with my valuables. It isn't a thing I'd carry about, but I've got the substance of it in me mind. It's a modern manuscript, bound up like a book, not much larger than what we call judecimo size, of about a hundred pages of the writing I've mintoned. Now, the manuscript purported to have been written in the year sixteen hundred and tin, and by all appearances had niver been touched by any hand since it lift the author's, till poor Malachi drew it out of the chist, but lay there among piles of others, neglictid and unknown. It purported to be an account of certain adventures and discoveries of one Aloysius, a monk of San Antonio, some twinty years before, which he had committed to writing, and deposited in the library of the monastery, so as to transmit to the future some mimorial of things that he did not wish to have altogether forgotten. Me cousin Malachi studied it all over and over, and he gave me the book on his death-bed, and told me the whole contints juring my attindince there before I had iver read a line meself. Now I'll just tell you the story of the monk Aloysius, fust of all, as it was told me by me cousin Malachi, and as I read it meself, and then ye'll begin to comprehend what I'm driving at.

"Well, now, this Aloysius was a monk of San Antonio, as I said. He was a quiet, sober, religious, contintid soul, according to his own showing; a good, average Christian monk, with all his wants confined to his own cloisters, and no desires beyant. Now underneath the monastery there were thin, and there are still at this day, vast and ixtinsive vaults, stritching underneath the whole idifice, and, in some places, they are two stories deep. Here, in these places, they seem cut out of some rocky substratum—the rock is soft sandstone, and must have been worked easy enough—and, moreover, it was the opinion of me cousin Malachi, who was, poor divlle, as I alriddy said, a divlle of an archayologist, that these double-storied excavations were the work of the ancient Romans. Now it is with the minton of these vaults that the manuscript of Aloysius begins.

"It seems that he was sint down to the lowermost vaults one day, in company with another monk—Onofrio by name—to remove some wine-casks, or overhaul thim, or something, whin, juring the course of their labors, they reached the rock forming the extreme west end of the vaults; and here, to the surprise of both, they saw an archway, which had been walled up so as to prevent any passing through. The sight excited both of thim immensely, and they stopped short in their work, and engaged in some prolonged argumentation as to the probable use of such a passage-way. They differred in their opinions: Aloysius holding that it once was a subterranean passage-way to the outside of the city, made in former ages, to be used in case of need; while Onofrio continded that it was nothing more

than a recess, closed up because it was no longer needed; or because, perhaps, some one may have formerly been buried there. This discussion excited them both to such a degree that at length nothing would satisfy either of them but an examination. Onofrio was at first opposed to this, from the belief that some one had been buried there, and he shrank from the discovery of some possible horror committed in the course of those maydayval ages, when men were burnt alive, or buried alive, to any extent, and all *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. It was the way of the worruld in those ages, and a way that Onofrio did not wish to be reminded of.

"Well, at length they decided to examine it at once. Aloysius was the one who did the business. They had a bit of a crowbar with them, which they had brought down to move the bar's, and with this he wint at the wall. The stones were small, and were mixed with brick; the mortar had become rotten and disintegrated with the damp of cinterries; and so it was aisy enough work for a brisk young lad, like Aloysius seems to have been thin. They had a couple of good-sized lamps with them all the time, to give light for their work in the vaults, ye know; and so, as there was plenty of oil in them, they had plenty of leisure for their work. Well, Aloysius says that he worked away, and at last had a hole made big enough to see through. The wall had not been more than six inches thick, and crumbling at that; and, when this hole was made, the rest followed quick enough, I'll be bound. Well, the end of it all was, that the wall at length lay there, a heap of rubbish, at their feet; and there was the open archway full before them, inviting them to enter."

O'Rourke now poured out a glass of wine for himself, and looked inquiringly at Blake, to see how he felt. One look was enough to show him that Blake was deeply interested, and was waiting very anxiously for the remainder of the story. O'Rourke smacked his lips approvingly, set down the empty glass upon the table, and continued:

"Onofrio shrank back. Aloysius sprang through. Thin Onofrio followed, somewhat timidly. Both of them held their lights before them, to see the size of the interior. It was a passage-way about four feet wide and six feet high, but the length of it they were unable to see. Walking forward a few paces, they still found no end visible as yet. Suddenly Aloysius saw something which excited his attention. It was a slab of marble about six feet long and a foot in width, fastened in the side of the passage-way. There were letters on it. Beyond this he saw others, and, as he stared around in amazement, he saw that these slabs were arranged on both sides, reaching from the floor to the top of the passage, one above another, three deep, and in some places four. Upon this he turned to his companion, and said: 'You're right, Onofrio. This is some ancient burial-place of the monks of San Antonio.' Onofrio said nothing, but, holding his lamp eagerly forward, tried to make out an inscription that was cut on the marble slab. The slab was much discolored, but the lettering was quite visible. These letters, however, were apparently a mixture of different characters; for, though he could make out here and

there one, yet others occurred in the midst of them with which he was not familiar. The Latin word IN could be made out, and, on another slab, he made out IN PACE. On all the slabs there was a peculiar monogram which was unintelligible to them.

"These were all good Christians," said Onofrio; 'for no others would have "in pace" over their graves.'

"They must have lived long ago," said Aloysius. 'And they had a fashion of writing that is different from ours.'

"They walked on some distance farther. The graves continued. They were very much amazed, and, in fact, quite schupified at the immense number which they passed, all cut in the walls of this vault, all covered over with marble slabs. At length, Aloysius, who was going first, uttered a cry; and Onofrio, who had paused to try and make out an inscription, hurried up. He found Aloysius at a place where their passage-way was crossed by another passage-way, which was like it in every respect—the same niches on the walls, the same marble slabs, the same kind of inscriptions. In addition to this they saw that their own passage-way still ran on, and was lost in the darkness. They both saw that it was far more extensive than they had imagined.

"You were right," said Onofrio, 'such a long passage as this must be more than a burial-place.'

"Be the powers, thin," cries Aloysius, 'we're both right, for it is a burial-place, and if it don't go all the way out of the city, then I'm a haythen.'

"Well, they walked on some distance farther, and then they came to three passage-ways—in all respects the same—no one could have told any difference—and it was this that made them stop in this first expedition.

"Sure to glory," says Onofrio, 'it's lost we'll be, if we go any farther, for sorra the bit of differ I see betune this passage we're in, and the rest of them; so don't let us go any farther, but get back as quick as we can, while we know our way.'

"At this Aloysius tried to laugh away his fears, but without success. Onofrio was afraid of being lost—moreover, Onofrio was superstitious—and had got it into his head that the place was no other than the general burying-ground of pagan Rome. He didn't know but that the pagans buried their dead like Christians; he wasn't enough of an archayologist to decipher the inscriptions around him; and he was terrified at the spectacle of so many pagan graves. Besides, in addition to what they had seen, the passages leading away seemed to give evidence, or, at least, indications, of an extent that was simply schupindous! So, Onofrio was bent on going back, and there was no help for it but for Aloysius to follow. But he swore to himself all the same, that he'd go again if he had to do it alone.

"So back they wint, and Onofrio wouldn't hear of stopping till they had got back behind the first crossing, and then he felt out of danger. So here the two of them, having nothing else to do, rayzhumed their efforts to decipher the inscriptions. At length Onofrio called to Aloysius. Aloysius went to where he was

standing. He saw there a slab cut in letters which were all Roman, without any mixture of those strange characters—Greek, no doubt—that had puzzled them before—ye know the monks in those days often knew a little Latin—Latin being the language of the Church, and widely used for colloquial purposes even outside of the Church, at least in Rome, by foreigners and pilgrims—and so ye see the two of them put their heads together, and made it out. I remember the whole of it. It wasn't long—it was simple enough—and it told its own story. Let me see."

O'Rourke bent his head, and seemed to be recalling the words of which he spoke.

"Fust, there was a monogram which neither of them understood. It's this—ye know it well enough."

Stooping forward, O'Rourke dipped his finger in his wineglass, and traced on the mahogany table this monogram:



"Ye know that," said he; "it stands for Christus, being the two Greek initial letters 'Ch' and 'R.' It was marked by the early Christians on their tombs. Ye see, also, it makes the sign of the cross. As for the inscription, it ran this way somehow, as near as I can remember:

*"In Christo. Paz. Antonino Imperatore, Marius miles sanguinem effudit pro Christo. Dormit in pace."*

"So ye see by that," continued O'Rourke, after a pause, during which he looked with his usual searching glance at Blake, "that the place was full of Christian tombs. Ye've heard of the Roman Catacombs. Well, that's the place where these two were, and didn't know it, for the reason that they never heard of such a place.

"Sure to glory!" cried Onofrio. 'It's no pagan burying-ground at all, at all. It's Christian, and we're surrounded by the blessed relics of martyrs and saints. Oh, but won't the abbot be the proud man this day when we tell him this!'

"Tare an ages, man!" cried Aloysius, 'ye won't be aafter tellin' him yit; wait till we find out more. Let's come again; we'll bring a bit of a string with us, and unroll it as we go on, so as not to lose our way.'

"Well, with this agreement they left the Catacombs, got back into the vaults of San Antonio, and, as it was vesper-time, they rowled the bar's against the opening so as to hide it, and wint away to rezhume their explorations on the following day."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CATACOMBS.

"So ye see," continued Dr. O'Rourke, "what sort of a place it was they had stumbled upon. It was the most sacred spot on earth. It was the burial-place of the saints and martyrs that had suffered at the hands of the bloody pagans—a holy place—a place of pilgrimage!"

At this, he crossed himself devoutly, and took a glass of wine.

"Well, the next day the two of them went once more, and this time Onofrio was as eager as Aloysius. The manuscript doesn't say what either of them wished, or expected to find; it simply states that they were eager, and that they took with them several balls of string, to unwind so as to keep their course. Well, this time they went on and came to the place which they had reached on the previous day. They unwound the string as they went; and, thus letting it out, they passed boldly and confidently beyond the place where they had turned back before. Going on, they came to passage after passage, and there was not a pin's difference between any one of them and any other. Well, at last they came to a place where there was a cross-passage, and here an excavation had been made, circular in shape, and about twelve feet in diameter. This place had a more cheerful aspect than any thing that they had yet seen, if any thing can be called cheerful in such a place. The walls had been covered with stucco, which still remained; though down about a foot from the floor it had crumbled off. Over the walls they saw pictures which had been made ages before, and still kept their colors. These were all pictures of things as familiar to them as the streets of Rome. There was Adam and Eve plucking the forbidden fruit; Noah and his ark; Abraham offering up Isaac; Jonah and his whale; and ever so many more of a similar character. Of course, all this only showed still more clearly that the place was a Christian cinotaph, and it was with something like riverence that they gazed upon these pictures, made by the hands of saints. Well, then they started to go on, when they suddenly discovered, yawning before them, a wide opening in the flure, or pavement. It was fower feet wide, and six long. Beneath all was darkness. Aloysius tuk his string and lowered his lamp. About twelve or fifteen feet below he saw a flure like the one where he was standing, and a passage-way like those around him. He also saw slabs with inscriptions. By this he knew that there were ranges of passage-ways filled with tombs immeidly beneath, no doubt as ixtensive as these upper ones. The sight filled him with schupefaction. This was the limit of their second attempt. The other passages leading away from what he calls the 'painted chamber,' were narrow and uninviting; the lower passage-way, however, was broad and high, and gave promise of leading to a place of shuperior importance. By this time Onofrio was as full of eagerness as Aloysius, and it didn't need any persuasin to injulce him to make a further tower through these vaults on another day. This time they brought with them, in addition to their lamps and string, a couple of bits of ladders that Aloysius had knocked up for the occasion.

"Well, now came the time of their third exploration. They tuk their ladders, and descended into the lower passage-way. Down here they found ivery thing just as it had been up above. In one or two places they saw, in side-passages, other openings in the flure, which gave ividence of another story

beneath this again, containing, no doubt, the same tombs ranged in the same way. Such an appariently indless ixtint almost overwhelmed them. Well, at last, when they had spun out nearly all their string, they saw before them an opening, wide and dark, into which their passage-way ran. They intered this place.

"Now listen," said O'Rourke, impressively. "This place is described in the manuscript of Aloysius in the most minute manner, just as if he was writing it down for the binift of posterity. It was a vaulted chamber, like the one which they had found before. The walls were stuccoed and covered with painted pictures—the dove with the olive-branch; the mystic fish, the 'Ichthus,' the letters of whose name are so mysteriously symbolical; and the portrayal of sacred scenes drawn from Holy Writ; all these were on the walls. Now, this chamber was fower times bigger than the other one.

"You remember that thus far they had found nothing loose or movable. What may have been in the tombs, of course they could not see. But here all was different. The very first glance they threw around showed them a great heap of things, piled up high in the far corroner. Onofrio hesitated—for he was always superstitious—but Aloysius bounded forward, and at once began to examine the things.

"Now, Blake, me boy, by the powers but it's me that don't know how to begin to tell you this that they found! When I read about this in the manuscript—when I saw it there in black and white—tare an ages!—but I fairly lost me breath. What d'ye think it was, man? What? Why, a trisure incalculable, piled up tin feet high from flure to vaulted ceiling; there was gold, and silver, and gims, and golden urruns, and goblits, and perrils, and rubies, and imeralds; there was jools beyond all price, and tripods, and censers, and statuettes; and oh, sure to glory! but it's meself that'll fairly break down in the attempt to give you the faintest conception of a trisure so schupindous; candelabras, and snuffer-trays, and lamps, and lavers, and braziers, and crowns, and coronfts, and bracelets, and chains—all of them put down in that manuscript, in black and white, as I said—coolly enumerated by that owld gander of an Aloysius, who missed his chance thin, as I'll tell you. But there they were, as I'm telling ye, and I'd jist requist ye to let yer fancy play around this description; call up before yer mind's eye the trisure there—the trisure that the worruld has niver seen the like of before nor since, saving only once, when the gowld of Peru was piled up for Pizarro's greedy eyes by the unfortunate Atahualpa; but no wonder, for what he saw there was no less a thing than the *trisure of the Cæsars*!"

At this, O'Rourke stopped and looked at his companion. Blake by this time showed evidence of the most intense and breathless excitement.

"By the Lord!" he exclaimed, "O'Rourke, what do you mean by all this? It is incredible. It sounds like some madman's dream!"

O'Rourke smiled.

"Wait," said he—"wait till ye hear the

whole of the story, and then we'll be able to discuss the probabilities. I'm not done just yet—I'll hurry on. I can't stand the thought of the glories of that unparalleled scene.

"Well, Aloysius was already taking up the things one by one in amazement, when Onofrio came up. Onofrio gave a cry of wonder, and caught up several small statuettes, but, after a brief examination, he threw them back with a gesture and a cry of abhorrence.

"Come away!" says he—"come away!"

"What do you mean?" says Aloysius, grabbing up a heap of perrils and diamond jools.

"They're the divvle's own work, sure enough," says Onofrio, all of a trimble. "Sure he's put it all here as a bait for our sows."

"Whist then, Onofrio darlint," says Aloysius. "What's the harrum of whipping off a bit of a diamond or imerald for San Antonio?"

"Oh, sure to glory!" cries Onofrio, "but we'll be lost and kilt intirely, and we'll niver get home again. Down with them!" says he. "Fling them back, Aloysius jool," says he. "They're the work, and the trap, and the device of Satan," says he, "an' nothin' 'll iver come of it but blue roon to both of us."

"Sure, an' how could Satan get in here wid the saints and martyrs, ye ould spalpeen?" says Aloysius.

"At this Onofrio declared that this chamber had no tombs, and was thus ungyarded, so that thereby the powers of Darkness were able to inter and lay their snares—

"But," says Aloysius—and oh, but it's the clear head that same had on his shoulders—"how," says he, "would Satan," says he, "be after laying his snares down here where no mortal iver comes?"

"Sure, and that's just it," says Onofrio; "didn't he see us comin'—didn't he just throw these things in here for us to grab at them? Oh, come back, Aloysius darlint!—drop ivery thing—back to the protiction of the saints and martyrs, and out of this!"

"Well, just at this moment several of the gowlden braziers and tripods, which had been loosened on the pile by Aloysius pulling away some of the gowlden candelabra and diamond bracelets from under them, gave a slide, and fell with a great clatter to the flure. At this Onofrio gave a yell, dropped his lamp, and ran. Aloysius was for the moment frightened almost as much, and followed Onofrio, both of them with not the least doubt in life but that the Owld Boy was after them. So they ran, an' they didn't stop till they reached the ladder, when they scrambled up, and pulled the ladder up after them. They now felt safe, and waited here awhile to take breath. Now, mind you, Aloysius had been frightened, but there was an imirald bracelet that he'd slipped on his arrum, and a diamond ring that he'd stuck on his finger, and these two remained on as he ran, and when he felt himself safe he didn't feel inclined to throw them away. But he could not keep them concealed from Onofrio, who detected them by the flash of the gims that outshone the lamp and dazzled him. Upon this he set up a great outcry that they were lost, and would niver see the wurruld again, and implored Aloysius to tear the Ea-



tanic traps off, and throw them behind him. But Aloysius refused.

"Whist," says he, 'do ye know where ye are?' says he. 'Arn't these the saints and martyrs? Would they allow any blackguard imp to show as much as the tip of his tail? Not they. Niver.' But Onofrio wouldn't be consoled at all, at all, and all the way back wint on lamenting that one or the other would have to pay dear for stealing Satan's jools. So at last they got back safe into the vaults of the monastery, and thin—partly to console Onofrio, and partly out of a ginirous filial sintimint and loyal regyard to San Antonio and his monastery—Aloysius towld Onofrio that it would be best to let the abbot know; and this consoled Onofrio, for he saw that he could get the abbot's help against Satan. And so the two of thim, without any more delay, walked off and towld the abbot the whole story.

"And oh, but wasn't the abbot the happy man that day! He quistoned thim over and over. He bound thim by a solemn promise niver to breathe a word of it to another sowl. He thin infarrumed thim that he would visit the place himsilf, and told thim that they both would have to go with him. Well, Aloysius was glad enough, and poor Onofrio was badly scared; but the abbot, the dear man, had his own projects, and wasn't going to lose the chance of such a trisure as this, ispecially whin, as ye may say, it might be called San Antonio's own gold and jools.

"Sure to glory!" cried the holy abbot in rapture; 'don't I know all about it? There's been a tradition here for ages. It's the trisure of the Cessars. Whin Alaric came before Rome, the simit and people of Rome tried to save something, so they imptied the imperial palace—the *Aurea Domus Neronis*—me boys, of all its trisures—its gold, its gims, its jools, its kyarbuncles, its imiralds, and pricious stones—and where in the wide wurruld they put thim nobody iver knew till this day. Alaric was fairly heart-broke with disappointment. They were niver tuk up, for Rome was no longer safe. Genserio came ravagin', and missed thim. They escaped the grasp of Odoacer, of Theodorio, of Vitiges, of Totila, and of Belisarius; of the Normans, of the robber barons, of Rienzi, and of the Constable Bourbon; and have been kept till this day, through the ispecial protction and gyardianship of holy Anthony—may glory be with him!—and now he's handin' it over to us, for the honor and glory of his monastery. Look at this,' says he, whippin' on his own arrum the bracelet that Aloysius had found, and putting the diamond ring on his own finger, and howldin' arrum and hand up to the light. 'Tare an ages! boys, but did ye iver see any gims like thim?'

"So the holy abbot wint off, iscorted by the two monks; and ye may be sure they kept that same expedition a saycret from all the rest of the monks. It was night whin they wint down—as the manuscript says. The prinsice of the blissid abbot gave the two boys a sience of protction, and even Onofrio seemed to have lost his fears. He grew bold-er, and peered curiously into those darker side-passages which crossed the main path-way. The clew lay along the flure all the

way, so that there was no trouble. Well, they wint on an' reached the painted chamber, and found the ladders lying where they had left thim. They wint down. Each one had his own lamp. They walked on for about fifty paces; alriddy Aloysius was reaching forward his hand to show the holy abbot how near the trisure-room was, whin suddenly there was a noise—a noise,' says the manuscript, 'like rushing footsteps.'

"At that moment Onofrio gave a terrible cry. Again, as before, the lamp fell from his hands, and was dashed to pieces. With yell afther yell, and shriek afther shriek, he darted back, and bounded along the passage-ways. The abbot and Aloysius heard the noise, too; but of itself, says the manuscript, that noise might not have driven them away, for the holy abbot was riddy with no ind of exorcisms and spells to lay the biggest imp that might appear. But the yells, and the sudden flight of Onofrio, filled thim with uncontrollable horror. The abbot, in an instant, lost all his prinsice of mind. He turned and ran back at the top of his speed. Aloysius followed, and could scarcely keep up with him. Aloysius declares that, as he ran, he still heard the sound of rushing footsteps behind him, and was filled with the darkest fear. *'Ingens terror,'* he says, *'implebat nos; membra rigeant; cor stupebat; horror ineffabilis undique circumstabat; et a tergo videbantur quasi calernae horribiles ex abyssu, surgentes, sequentes atque fugantes. Nos ita inter mortuos, semimortui; inter fugientes fugientes erepti sumus nescio quomodo ex illo abyssu; et ad cryptum monasterii viz semianimi tandem advenimus.'*

"Well," continued O'Rourke, after pausing, perhaps to take breath after the Latin which he had quoted from the old manuscript, "whin they got to the vaults of the monastery, they recovered from their terror, but only to experience a new alarm. For there, on looking around, they could see nothing of Onofrio. They searched all through the vaults. He was not there. They had locked the monastery door, which led into the vaults, on the inside, and it had not been opened. If he was not in the vaults, he must yit be in that horrible place from which they had fled. But they had seen nothing of him since his first flight. They had not overtaken him. The abbot had a vague remimbrance of a figure before him vanishing in the gloom of the passage-way, but no more.

"They waited for a long time, but Onofrio did not make his appearance. Thin they shouted at the top of their voices, but the sounds died away down the long, vaulted passage without bringing any response ixcept what the manuscript vaguely and mysteriously calls a *'concertus quidam susurrorum levium, ut videbatur, sonorumque obecurorum, quae commixta reverberationibus tristibus ac segnis, volebant quasi insipia de profundis.'*

"At last their anxiety about their companion proved stronger thin the horrors of shuperstition, and they vintured back, growing boulder as they wint, and they wint as far as the fust passage-way. Thin they called and halloed. But no response came. Thin they wint as far as the painted chamber, the holy abbot howldin' before him the sacred symbol of the cross, and muttering prayers,

while Aloysius did the shouting. And the manuscript says that they remained there for hours. The opening into the regions below lay within sight, but they didn't dare so much as to think of going down there again. They saw the projection of the ladder above the opening, but dared not go nearer. At last it became ivident that there was no further hope just thin. They wint up and found it daylight above-ground. The abbot was wild with anxiety. He gathered all the monks, got sthrings, and crosses, and torches, and down again he wint with thim. This time, embowldined by the prinsice of numbers, he descinded the ladder and stud at the fut. He didn't dare, though, to vinture any further. He didn't tell the monks any thing except that Brother Onofrio was lost. Nothing was said about the trisure. The most awful warrunings were held out to the monks against wandering off. Small need was there for warruning thim, however, for they were all half dead with fear. There they stud and sang chants. They did this three days running. The monk Aloysius distinctly affirms that nothing kipt away the minacing demons but the sacred chants and the prayers of the holy abbot.

"Well, nothing was ever heard of Onofrio. After three days they gave up. The abbot had the opening walled up, and thin, overwhillumed by grief, he tuk to his bed. The damp of the vaults had also affected his lungs. He died in about sivin weeks. He left directions for perpetual masses to be said for the repose of the sowl of Brother Onofrio. As for Aloysius, his grief and remorris were deep and permanint. He niver ceased to reproach himsilf with being the cause of the terrible fate of poor Onofrio. He niver attempted to get the trisure which he now and ever after-worruds most ferrumly believed to be all that Onofrio had said. Still there was the secret on his sowl, and so he wrote this story of his, and put his manuscript in the library of the monastery. And there ye have it."

With these words Dr. O'Rourke concluded his story, and, turning toward the table, refreshed himsilf with another glass of wine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### DANCING AFTER DINNER.

You will have seen how nobly Mr. Beeswing bore the brunt of the conversation both at and after dinner. As we have said, Amicia's poison was working in the minds of the young ladies and the young men just as much as her fascination was supreme over Mr. Sonderling. But when Mr. Beeswing had fairly talked himsilf out on the subject of digestion, there was an anxious pause. It was too soon to go to bed. What was to be done?

"Would Lady Sweetapple sing one of her charming songs?" Lady Carlton suggested. But Lady Sweetapple thought she had sung enough the night before; and so, in spite of the prayers of Mr. Sonderling, who offered to sing "Adelaide" if Lady Sweetapple would

only sing something first, she was stubborn as a rock, and refused point-blank.

"We might dance," said Mr. Sonderling.

"Dance?" said Lady Carlton, "what a capital idea! But who is to dance, and where?"

"The young people can dance," said Lady Pennyroyal. "It will be very amusing, and we old ones can look on."

Florry and Alice were so dull that they were ready to do any thing for a change; and though they were afraid to speak either to Harry or Edward, they were ready to dance; for you are not bound to speak to your partner in dancing, and, in fact, in waltzing it is scarcely possible. They were all for a dance, therefore. When Lady Carlton again said, "But where shall they dance?" Florry was quite ready:

"We can turn up the carpet, and dance here at the end of the room."

To say, with Florry Carlton, was always to do.

"Here, Mr. Fortescue," she said; "and you, Mr. Vernon; and you, Mr. Sonderling; just take up one end of the carpet. It is not nailed down, but kept fast by brass pins in sockets. You will find it will come up in a moment; and, if it's too heavy, I am sure Colonel Barker and Mr. Marjoram will help you. There! we can do it ourselves, without making a fuss by calling in the aid of servants."

Thus adjured, the gentlemen named seized the heavy Indian carpet, and turned it up. The chairs and tables at that end of the room were pushed aside, and, almost in less time than it has taken to write it, there was an ample space cleared for the dancers on the polished oak floor, which was as black and slippery as the grand staircase.

Count Pantouffles did nothing. He would have scorned to do a stroke of work even in play. He stood by and admired.

"Excellent! charming!" he said. "Lady Sweetapple, may I have the honor of the first waltz with you?"

"Certainly, Count Pantouffles," said Amicia, who thought that, in taking the count for the first dance, the pleasure she hoped for in dancing with Harry was only a pleasure deferred.

"Miss Carlton," said Harry, "may I dance the first waltz with you?"

"Yes," said Florry. That was all she said.

"Miss Alice Carlton?" said Edward.

"Yes," said Alice, "with all my heart."

By this time she had begun to think she was treating her Edward very cruelly.

"If it were not for that provoking Miss Price," she murmured, "how happy I should be!"

These six made up all the young people, unless you reckon Mr. Sonderling as young, which was the light in which he regarded himself.

"Whenever one of you has fatigue," he said, "I am ready to begin."

Poor fellow! it was rather hard that he, the originator of the great idea "Let us dance," should have been left out in the cold as soon as the dancing began. But you all

know it's only the way of the world. No great inventor ever profits by his theory. Some one else puts it into practice, and makes his fortune while the inventor starves. The treatment of Mr. Sonderling was therefore perfectly natural, and we beg you will not say a word about it. Look at him, how he sits resigned in the ring of spectators, quite content to wait his time, and reflecting, as he himself will tell you, on many things.

There was no want of music. The piano was excellent—one of Erard's best. Lady Carlton, Lady Pennyroyal, Mrs. Barker, and even Mrs. Marjoram, could play what Mr. Sonderling called "dance-music," and so there was no occasion to stop the dancing for fear the musician might get tired.

The first couple off were Amicia and the Count Pantouffles. And here let us correct our injustice and atone for a fault. Besides his exquisite art of bowing, Count Pantouffles waltzed beautifully. It seemed to come naturally to him, just as when you saw him bow you saw at once that a true bower is born, and not made. He held himself so well; and, more than that, held his partner so well; not clawing, or clutching, or clinging to her; and he danced in such good time, and so smoothly and gracefully, it was a joy to waltz with him, and even to behold him.

"How delightful!" said Amicia, after they had taken a turn or two. "One would like this to last forever."

By this time Florry and Alice were also off. Both Harry and Edward waltzed well, and many of their partners thought them perfection, but it must be confessed that Count Pantouffles surpassed them both. There was, in fact, no comparison between them. If both Harry and Edward waltzed smoothly and gracefully, what did that matter? Count Pantouffles was more smooth and more graceful; and in nothing did he show his mastery over the dance more than in the exquisite ease and grace with which he changed his step in the midst of a waltz, and spun his partner round in what Lord Pennyroyal—who knew no more of dancing than a cow—called "the wrong way." That "wrong way," like back-skating, is the very perfection of waltzing, and if you don't believe what we say, and have never tried either to skate backward or to waltz "the wrong way," we advise you to try to do both, and then see where you will be. In the one case, certainly on the back of your head on the ice; and in the other, perhaps on your face on the slippery floor, with your unhappy partner under you. You are not to suppose, however, that Harry and Edward could not waltz "the wrong way." They both could, but they did not do it with the consummate skill which distinguished the waltzing of Count Pantouffles.

So the six went on, like so many dancing-dervishes spinning round and round, while Lady Carlton played all imaginable waltz-tunes. For some time Mr. Sonderling was content to look on, but when Lady Carlton began to play "An der schönen blauen Donau," it seemed as though his German flesh and blood could stand it no longer. He jumped up after the first few bars, and, just as Amicia and Count Pantouffles paused for a moment, he called out:

"For the will of Heaven, Amicia, one turn!"

At this impassioned address, Count Pantouffles looked unutterable things at the German, of whose ridiculous attire he seemed for the first time fully conscious. As for Amicia, she only laughed in her sweet, winning way, and said:

"Not just yet, Mr. Sonderling; not just yet."

Then she darted off as merrily and as beautifully as the waves of the blue Danube themselves.

"Ach Gott!" said Mr. Sonderling. "And to think she ought to have been my bride, and I her bridegroom in these very clothes!"

With these words he again retired into himself and reflected.

But we have never told you how Amicia waltzed. We beg pardon; we thought you would have known that she was as good a waltzer in her way as Count Pantouffles was in his. Not for nothing had she been brought up at Frankfort in that College of the Deaf and Dumbs. In that famous free city on the banks of the Main, which, if its waves are not as blue and beautiful as those of the Danube, is at least as famous for its excellent dancers, she had made herself mistress of the whole art of dancing in many a ball and many a *Lustgarten*. She might not have liked to confess to Count Pantouffles, the descendant of a long line of diplomatists and do-nothings, how much she owed in that way to the ridiculous creature on whom her partner looked down with so much scorn; but, if the truth must be told, Mr. Sonderling had taught Amicia most of her cunning in the waltz. You may imagine his feelings, then, as he sat by and saw her dancing the very steps he had taught her to the very same tunes to which they had danced long ago.

If such things will not make a man reflect, he must be past reflection, and Mr. Sonderling reflected on them accordingly. Ah, that "schönen blauen Donau!" he well remembered when and where he had first heard it, and with whom he had first danced it. It was at one of the balls of the Frankfort Casino—a perfectly respectable society, Mrs. Propriety, and where, if it is still conducted with the respectability which distinguished it in former years, you may safely let your seven lemon-haired daughters dance when you spend a winter at Frankfort to learn languages, and improve their dancing. Yes, it was at the Frankfort Casino that he had first danced to that tune with Amicia "Smeess," and as he thought of it his eyes were filled with tears, "Die Augen gingen ihm über," like the old toper in Goethe's ballad, as often as he drained the golden goblet which his dying love had given him. Yes, at the Frankfort Casino, about a month before he was to be married to Amicia, and when his poor old mother was stitching at the very clothes he had on. Did he feel like the "ball" in Andersen's story? Not quite, but something like it. The top did not know the ball when they met after a long time; but when he and Amicia met, she knew him. He was in the same society and the same room with her, and was not his wedding-clothing as fine as the new-painted top? No; he was not so badly off as the ball.

As for Florry and Harry, they waltzed on and on, and said never a word. What could Florry say? Her tongue was tied about Edith Price, that mythical being, that fly in her ointment which Lady Sweetapple had thrown into it. Harry Fortescue was, it must be confessed, rather sulky. Not that he was sulky by nature. Not at all; but on this occasion he thought he had a right to be sulky when Florry's manner had all at once changed.

Alice would have given the world to have had an explanation with Edward Vernon about Miss Price on her own account. She would have asked him outright what he meant by writing to a young lady in Lupus Street; but her tongue, too, was tied. Neither she nor her sister had reached that age which considers promises only given to be broken, and the most sacred oaths but binding so long as it suits one of the swearers to respect them. Did Amicia know they would be so loyal when she laid the injunction on them? We do not know; but she was older than the Carltons, and much better versed in the ways of the world. We do not, therefore, think she had as much respect for a promise as they had. Remember, also, that to her, too, Edith Price was still that terrible dark young lady in the background, of whose relations with Harry Fortescue she had the greatest suspicion, simply because she was utterly ignorant as to what they really were.

At last Harry got bored with Florry's intolerable silence.

"I think I should like to stop," he said. "I am sure you must be very tired of me, Miss Carlton."

"Not at all," said Florry. "At least, I mean I am not at all tired, if that's what you mean, Mr. Fortescue."

"I mean what I said," said Harry, stiffly, and at the same time falling out of the dance and handing Florry to a seat at her mother's side.

"Are you tired, Count Pantouffles—as tired as Mr. Fortescue, I mean?" said Amicia to her partner.

"Yes, I am tired," said Count Pantouffles. He was so stupid and selfish, he always said what he really meant, and so you could believe every word he uttered, if it related to himself or his comfort.

"Then we had better stop too," said Amicia, rather piqued, for, he danced so well, she would have liked him to dance on, as she said, "forever."

But Count Pantouffles took himself at his word, and stopped, and so Alice and Edward were the only dancers.

"May I have the pleasure, Lady Sweetapple?" said Mr. Sonderling, as soon as she had rested a little.

"Yes," said Amicia, "as you asked me properly."

"Ach! I had wrong," said Mr. Sonderling. "I did not ought to have called you 'Amicia.' But when I reflect on things that were, I cannot bear to think of things that are."

"You had better forget all the painful past," said Amicia, "and remember only the pleasant part."

"How can I," said the unhappy Ger-

man, "when the pain recalls the pleasure and the pleasure the pain; and at last, the more I reflect, the more painful the whole becomes?"

"Shall we dance?" said Amicia, unwilling to philosophize with her old lover.

"With all my heart," said Mr. Sonderling, and in a moment they were off to "Erinnerung an Wien."

Now, if the truth is to be told, Amicia was quite right, as a mere matter of dancing, to take a turn with Mr. Sonderling. It was a very nice thing even for good judges to say whether he or Count Pantouffles were the better dancer. There was nothing that the count could do that Mr. Sonderling could not also do; and strange to say, as soon as he began to dance, his movements were so graceful that one quite forgot his extraordinary attire. It was like getting accustomed to any ugly but pleasant face, which at last one ends by thinking beautiful. In Mr. Sonderling's dancing one quite forgot the clothes he wore, and one understood how right the ancient Greeks were, who, as far as we can learn, seldom wore much clothing when they danced.

And now Alice and Edward stopped only for a minute or two, and then the young ladies changed partners, and Florry waltzed with Edward, and Alice with Harry, but it was still the same dull, silent work. They were as speechless as those Deafs and Dumbs at Frankfort of whom you have so often heard. To tell the truth, it was worse for Harry with Alice than with Florry; for poor Alice was beginning to think him a dangerous young man, who was leading her Edward away from her into the evil company of Edith Price. We are not sure that she was not downright rude to him; but at any rate Harry soon gave her up, and then Count Pantouffles begged for the honor of a turn, and she granted it, and away they spun.

It was a fine sight for a dancer to see the count and Mr. Sonderling dancing against one another, and it is no little to the credit of the German that even Lord Pennyroyal declared that he quite held his own against the diplomatist. Poor fellow! no wonder he danced, for his heart was literally in his heels, and this waltz with Amicia was the one really delightful moment that he had spent since he returned to Frankfort only to find that Amicia "Smeess" and her father the doctor had departed without making any sign.

So it went on, the pace getting more fast and furious, and Mr. Sonderling even eclipsing the count in the *verve* and *aplomb* which he exhibited. Lady Pennyroyal had succeeded Lady Carlton at the piano, and when she was tired out, Mrs. Barker took her place. Mrs. Barker's playing was like an American striking oil in an unsuspected place. It was very good, and all the better because no one imagined her able to play at all. It was only the gallant colonel who knew that, when he married his wife, she was not only the beauty, but the greatest performer on the piano-forte in the whole station; and when, after she had played several very pretty waltzes, though rather old-fashioned, she began the minuet from "Don Giovanni," and played it with the greatest taste and feeling, Mr. Sonderling was

enchanted, and even Count Pantouffles condescended to say that Mrs. Barker's music was "charming."

"You should have heard her when she was young," said Colonel Barker proudly to Lady Pennyroyal; "there was not a woman in India who could compare with her either on the harp or piano."

"She has kept up her playing wonderfully," said Lady Pennyroyal. "Such taste and such an exquisite touch!"

But the fanatical Mr. Sonderling was not content with hearing either Mozart's minuet or gavotte, he would dance them both with Amicia, who gave way to humor him, only saying:

"If I do, you will remember your promise, and say nothing about what passed between us, for you have sworn, you know."

"I have, by Cupid," said Mr. Sonderling, "and I will keep my oat."

Poor fellow! that final "th" was still his shibboleth, and if we asked impertinent questions, or if we did not know what love is, we might ask what could possess a German to fall in love with a young lady whose very name he could not pronounce. Why did he not fall in love, for instance, with Miss Brown rather than with Miss Smith? Ah, why? you may well ask. The answer, I suppose, is that a man falls in love with a woman, and not with her name. Besides, if he does not like it, or cannot pronounce it, that evil will be changed by marriage, which will put an end to the difficulty.

But to return to Mr. Sonderling.

"I will keep my oat," he said; and then he and Amicia began to figure away in the stately minuet, to the delight of all beholders, and, when they had danced that, they danced the gavotte, which still more enchanted the company.

"Thank you, thank you, Lady Sweetapple," said Lady Carlton, "and you too, Mr. Sonderling. How beautifully you both dance! This performance has been really the event of the evening."

"Performance!" said Florry to Alice, "that is just the word. She is always the same. Acting! that's the word. Last night it was a playhouse recital—'Lady Sweetapple's Declamation,' as it would stand in the bills. To-night it is ballet-dancing. I shouldn't wonder if she had been on the stage at Frankfort, as well as at the College of the Deafs and Dumbs."

"Oh, do hush, Florry!" said Alice; "see, she is looking this way."

"Yes," said Florry, "in her triumph after having tied our tongues with her trumped-up stories. Certainly, to-night she has carried all before her. Mamma, I can see, is getting quite fond of her."

Here Lady Carlton said: "Really, it is so late—long past twelve, I declare—we must go to bed. That is, we ladies, and the non-smoking part of the company.—Dear Lady Pennyroyal, what do you say?"

"I had no notion it was late," said Lady Pennyroyal. "We have been so amused. But I am quite ready to go to bed."

So the ladies all went off to bed and left the smokers to themselves.

As Amicia glided up the black staircase,



like a gleaming, shining snake, in her silks and satin and jewels, she said to herself:

"It will do. The stake was a bold one, but I have played it well, and I shall win. I will take him away before he has time to make any declaration; and when in town and at Ascot—these girls will not come to Ascot, I can see—he shall be mine."

So she passed on into her room, soon to dispatch Mrs. Crump to her bed, that she might think and soliloquize on what was now the sole object of her thoughts.

"He has been very cold to me to-day," she said, "very cold. Has he been warmer to any one else? To Florence Carlton? No, decidedly not. To Edith Price? At any rate he has not written to 'her' again. There was no letter to her in the dish. Not from him. Why did Edward Vernon write to her? That is a question which it is useless to ask. Why do young men write to young persons in Lupus Street? Lupus Street! When I used to study Latin with Karl Sonderling, I remember *lupus* meant a wolf. Is this Edith Price a wolf in sheep's clothing that is destined to carry off my gentle shepherd, Harry Fortescue? I wonder what she is like? Beautiful, of course. Two young men, and good-looking young men too, would not be both writing to her if she were not beautiful. Of course she is beautiful. I wonder if my looks will compare with hers?" As she said this, Amicia looked at herself proudly in the glass. "I have no fear," she said, "if I can only get him away from this place. Oh, how I hate the place and the people in it!—all but Harry. If I marry him, I sha'n't let Harry be such friends with Edward Vernon. I don't like Edward Vernon. In fact, I don't like any one but Harry—the cold, heartless Harry. I thought, though, he looked hurt when I danced with Karl Sonderling. Poor Karl! how good and faithful he is! He will keep his word, no doubt. I do not care if he will only keep it for a day or two longer. Oh, that horrid Lady Pennyroyal, to think of her asking the girls to Ascot! It was all to spite me, I am sure. Ascot is no place for young girls. They are more in the way there than in any other place. In fact, they are always in the way, I think. I must see if I cannot set Lady Carlton against their going to-morrow."

So she went on, scheming and planning, till it was far on in the night. Pray excuse her, all you good people; she was only very much in love with Harry Fortescue, and resolved to have him if possible. The same thing has often happened before, and will happen over and over again. It is so natural in a young widow to wish to be married again, when she has set her heart on so nice a young man as Harry Fortescue.

As for Florry and Alice, they sat looking at one another in the old school-room ever so long, without saying a word, and then they both burst out crying:

"O Florry!"

"O Alice!"

"Dear, I feel so wretched," said Florry

"And so do I," said Alice.

"He gave me an opportunity, and I never took it!" sobbed Florry; and then she told her sister how Harry had said he was afraid

she was tired of him, and she had seemed not to understand him.

"That was very silly," said Alice. "I wish Edward had been as kind to me. He said nothing in all that long time;" and then again she burst into tears.

"It's all that horrid woman and her Edith Price," said Florry. "I don't believe a word she said."

"Oh!" said Alice, with a deep sigh, "you forget Edward's letter addressed to Miss Edith Price, No. — Lupus Street. That was proof in Edward's own handwriting that she exists, and is no invention of Lady Sweetapple."

"You must ask him all about it to-morrow, darling," said Florry.

"Oh, but I can't; you forget our promise."

"We never promised any thing about Edward and Edith Price, but only about Edith Price and Harry," said Florry, sophistically.

"I think, dear, Edward is included in Harry in this case," said Alice.

"Dear me," said Florry, "what shall we do? How long does Lady Sweetapple stay?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Alice. "Mamma bade me ask them for a few days. This is only Friday, and she has been here since Wednesday. She'll stay over Sunday, of course."

"What an infliction!" groaned Florry. "Suppose it rains. Then we should have Lady Sweetapple and a wet Sunday—two plagues in one."

So the sisters alternately sobbed and talked; but they could take no comfort, though they sat up almost as late as Lady Sweetapple.

"I say, old fellow," said Harry to Edward, "you did not seem very lively, though you danced all that while with Alice."

"Quite as lively as you looked, all the same," said Edward. "You looked as if you were going to be hanged."

"It's no use denying it," said Harry; "there is a screw loose somewhere. Do you know, I think myself rather lucky in not being so far on as you. I feel as if a large bucket of cold water had been suddenly thrown over me."

"My conscience is quite clear," said Edward, "and so is yours, Harry; and when that's the case the best thing to do is to go to bed and sleep one's troubles off."

"Acting on this wise rule, the two friends parted, and were soon sound asleep. Whatever may have happened to the ladies, Harry and Edward had their full share of rest that night at High Beech.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REBECCA RAWSON.

EDWARD RAWSON was for forty years Secretary of the Massachusetts Colony, under the old charter. He was born in Dorset, England, in 1615, and came to Massachusetts in 1637. He married a descendant of the family of Edward Grindall, Archbishop of Canterbury, and hence gave to one of his sons the name of Grindall, which has been

sustained to the third generation in the catalogue of Harvard College.

Mr. Secretary Rawson was an old-fashioned Puritan—formal, precise, and polite. Eliot, in his "Biographical Dictionary," says of him: "He was a respectable character, as we may judge from his having his office so long, while there was an annual election." He was also appointed Treasurer of the English Corporation for propagating the Gospel, in which station, adds Eliot, "he did not give the satisfaction as in the other." And then the biographer goes on to speak of his not giving clothes due to "the praying Indians;" from which it seems that the complaints of our native Indians, so frequent of late, began in the earliest part of the white man's connection with them. But the charge against Rawson was of negligence, and not of fraud.

Like most of the early settlers of New England, the secretary had a large family. Besides the Grindall above named, he had four other sons and seven daughters. The sixth daughter, and ninth child, was Rebecca, whose eventful history we propose to relate.

She was born in 1656. The utmost care was bestowed upon her education, and her beauty and accomplishments attracted wide notice. Rev. John Callender, of Newport, Rhode Island, whose contemporary observations on Boston and its people have come down to us, wrote that she was "one of the most beautiful, polite, and accomplished young ladies of Boston."

A portrait of her may now be seen in the Antiquarian Hall in Worcester, Massachusetts. She had regular features, an oval face, dark eyes, an expression of great intelligence and sweetness, though one may fancy that her countenance seems shaded, as if by some forethought of the sad fate that awaited her.

In the year 1678, when Rebecca was twenty-two years of age, a young man, calling himself Thomas Rumsey, sought employment of Mr. Theodore Atkinson, a well-known gentleman of Boston, and neighbor of Mr. Secretary Rawson. Thomas Rumsey gave out that he had come to New England "upon the account of religion;" that his father had left him a handsome estate, which would come to him upon the death of a step-mother, and that meanwhile he must earn a livelihood. Mr. Atkinson, finding him a young man of good manners and intelligent conversation, hired him for a year, as he said, "to keep my books and accounts, and for the gathering in of my debts."

Thomas Rumsey played his part well. He had not been long in his new situation when he began to drop words about his being "highly bred" in England. He said that his father had been a baronet, and that his own true name was Hale; and the rumor of the day, if not his own assertion, connected him with Sir Matthew Hale, the famous Chief-Justice of England, then lately deceased. He represented himself as heir to a vast estate—as testified Mr. Atkinson and his wife in a deposition from which we quote—so large that "he would not mention it lest he should be laughed at and not believed; that all his father's estate, after the second wife's decease, would be his. These and such like unheard-of stories, in which is not the least

shadow of truth, as the deponents are informed, he made use of as a delusion to put a cheat on Mr. Edward Rawson, of Boston, aforesaid, to accomplish his abominable villainy and deceive his daughter, Miss Rebecca Rawson, whom he was married unto by a minister of the gospel, on the 1st day of July, 1679, in the presence of near forty witnesses."

We have no means of describing how Thomas Rumsey, *alias* Hale, obtained introduction into the Rawson family. Probably he met but little difficulty. A young man of pleasing address, "highly bred" in England, heir to a large fortune, and coming to Boston "on account of religion," would then be welcomed in any circle. No people were more gullible than those old Puritans. A near relation of the renowned Chief-Justice of England was a special prize. Deference to family names and influence has always been very strong in the New-England capital, and it was almost omnipotent two hundred years ago.

As for Miss Rebecca herself, it is certain that she was soon smitten with the young, dashing Englishman. The poet Whittier, in his "Margaret Smith's Journal," says she had attracted the eye and heart of a farmer in Newbury, Massachusetts, where her father owned a country-house which she had visited. The young farmer had had hopes of capturing the Boston belle; but the advances of the foreign suitor led Rebecca to discourage the Newbury swain. Perhaps she afterward often reflected upon the life she might have led, and felt the force of Whittier's couplet in his "Maud Muller":

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—it might have been."

It would be interesting to try to make a picture of the great wedding on the 1st of July, 1679. No doubt all the Boston celebrities of that day were present. Though the town then numbered only some six or seven thousand inhabitants, it was the chief place in all North America. Mr. Rawson's official position, the attractions of his daughter, and the *titular* rank of the bridegroom, insured a large company. The "forty witnesses" represented, we may be sure, a large share of the distinction and fashion of the place.

The governor of the colony, the venerable Bradstreet, whose life nearly spanned the entire century, came, as we may safely presume, to honor the nuptials of the secretary's gifted daughter. No doubt he moved in great state. We have nothing like it in this country now, and can find a parallel only in the lord-mayor's show in London. Ceremonious formality was then in high fashion. The obsequies of Governor Leverett, a few months before, were attended with a pomp hardly credible in these days of democracy.

The treasurer of the colony, Mr. Mint-master Hull, was probably there, coming from his house which stood opposite to what is now the Boston Museum. He was reputed to have amassed a large property by coining the New-England pine-tree shilling, he having fifteen pence out of every twenty shillings coined.

There also came, no doubt, Mr. Samuel

Sewall, afterward Chief-Justice of Massachusetts, who, a short time before, had married a daughter of Mr. Treasurer Hull, and received, as the story ran, the bride's weight in pine-tree shillings. The fact, we believe, was not quite so dramatic as is sometimes represented—that the bride was placed in one scale and pine-tree shillings poured into the other, until the silver turned the beam. But Mrs. Sewall, lately Miss Judith Hull, was undoubtedly a friend of the fair Rebecca, and perhaps some gift from the former was among the wedding-presents in the trunks packed for London.

Among other guests was, perhaps, Rev. Dr. Increase Mather, who wished the newly-married couple all possible joy, and told Mr. Secretary Rawson that he was glad to see how rapidly the town was recovering from the terrible fire which, four years before, on the wings of a strong southerly gale, had rushed northward, burning forty houses, and, among other buildings, Dr. Mather's dwelling and church in North Square. "We have got nicely into our new church," Dr. Mather may have said; "and on collecting my library, scattered at the time of the fire in all directions, I find that out of a thousand volumes not a hundred are missing." He is surprised to see how fast the Baptists are gaining ground here in Boston. Near where he is now living a building is going up, which, as is suspected, is intended for their worship, though the builders will not declare their purpose, as there is a law against erecting meeting-houses without the approval of the magistrates.

This allusion to Dr. Increase Mather reminds us that his son, the famous Cotton Mather, was undoubtedly at the wedding. He had graduated the year before, at Harvard College, where the president, in a public address, referred to him directly as the glory and hope of the colony. His young head is full of book-learning. Exactly how many Hebrew, Greek, and Latin sentences he pedantically quoted, history has not recorded; but, no doubt, he had something from a hundred old authors to produce on the occasion. Some recent change in his plans of life he reports to the beautiful and blushing Rebecca. He finds himself getting better of a habit of stammering and so he has concluded to give up the study of medicine and begin a preparation for the ministry. With this view he, this season, joins his father's church. Rebecca is glad to learn all this, and perhaps expresses the hope that she may one day hear him preach in London.

As to the wedding ceremony, the deposition before quoted says it was performed by "a minister of the gospel." This was not according to the early practice of Massachusetts. It had been the English Puritan policy to take the marriage-service out of the hands of the Episcopal clergy and give it to the magistrates. This fashion had been followed in Boston. Thus, Governor Endicott had been married by Governor Winthrop, and Judith Hull had been married by Governor Bradstreet. The minister who officiated at Rebecca's wedding could have been no other than her own pastor, Rev. Samuel Willard, of the Old South Church; and, if not the first case in the colony, it was among the first

where a minister, and not a magistrate, performed the marriage-service.

After this allusion to the guests and the ceremony, we ought to proceed to the next most interesting point at a wedding—we mean the bride's *trousseau*. We regret that we have here no details. Word has indeed been handed down that she received a handsome outfit, considering that her father was not a wealthy man; and tradition speaks of many large trunks of wedding-presents sent on board the vessel that was soon to sail for London. In this vessel the happy pair embarked, after many farewells uttered between prayers and tears.

But we must hasten to the *dénouement*. On reaching London, "Sir Thomas" and lady proposed to pass a few days with some relatives of the Rawson family; and, leaving his wife with them, he returned to the vessel to order the trunks to be sent to the house. These soon arrived, but no "Sir Thomas" ever appeared. When patience was exhausted, the trunks were forced open, and it was found that they were filled with chips. Astonished and alarmed, some friends went to the house where Rebecca and her husband had passed the first night of their arrival in London, and eagerly inquired for Thomas Hale. No such man was known, but one Thomas Rumsey stayed there a night or two before with an unknown woman, but had now gone down to Kent to see his wife, there living.

Rebecca never saw the man again. Thirteen years she lived in London, supporting herself and her son by little accomplishments which she now turned to account, such as needle-work, and painting on glass, until, in 1692, she overcame her reluctance to visit Boston, through her desire once more to see her father, still living in a good old age.

She sailed for Boston by way of Jamaica—a common passage at that time. The ship—belonging to one of her uncles—was in the harbor of Port Royal June 9, 1692. That was the day of the destruction of that place by an earthquake, in which two thousand persons instantly perished. In one of the overwhelming surges of the sea the vessel went down, and the waters closed over it and its passengers, including the unfortunate Rebecca.

HENRY A. MILES.

## SIR GEORGE JACKSON'S REMINISCENCES.

TWO volumes, containing the diaries and letters of the late Sir George Jackson, which have just appeared in England, afford much curious information about the inner life of the principal European courts at the beginning of this century. When a youth, the author accompanied his elder brother, Mr. Francis Jackson, to Paris in 1801. The latter went in the capacity of minister plenipotentiary, the former as unpaid *attaché*. In 1802 the author accompanied his brother in the same capacity to Berlin. Five years later Mr. George Jackson was on a special mission when the battle of Jena was fought, and Prussia was temporarily crushed under the

heel of Bonaparte. He was at Memel when the King and Queen of Prussia were residing there after having fled before the conqueror from Berlin. On his way back to England, after the Treaty of Tilsit had been signed, and Prussia stripped of half her territory, he witnessed the bombardment of Copenhagen, and brought home the account of the capitulation. He filled a diplomatic post in Spain from 1808 to 1809, when the Junta, aided by the British troops, was keeping up a hard struggle with the French. As secretary of legation he was at the headquarters of the allied armies during the campaigns of 1813-'14, and entered Paris with them. Afterward he discharged important diplomatic functions at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Madrid. From 1823 to 1827 he resided at Washington as commissioner, under the first article of the Treaty of Ghent, for the settlement of the American claims. In 1828 he was named commissary judge to the several mixed commissions established at Sierra Leone. He was knighted for his various services in 1832 by King William IV. From 1832 to 1859 he was chief commissioner, under the convention for the abolition of the African slave-trade, first at Rio Janeiro, until 1841, whence he was transferred to Surinam, and afterward, from 1845, at St. Paul de Loanda. He retired on a pension in 1859, and died in 1861.

During his unusually varied and lengthened career of diplomatic service, Sir George Jackson kept a diary, and was also an assiduous correspondent. He had a keen eye for every thing of general interest, and he wrote with much point. Hence he has furnished an amount of information about the men and events of his time, which enables the reader of the present day to understand, better than he could otherwise do, the real history of the most stirring period in European annals.

On landing at Calais in 1801, Mr. Jackson was presented with an address by the fishermen's wives. "Twelve of them formed a sort of deputation—two elderly fish-wives and ten young ones, the latter very pretty specimens of their class. All were dressed in a quaint and most picturesque costume—beautiful white-lace caps with broad frills, red or red - and - white - striped petticoats, worked-muslin aprons and neckerchiefs, violet-colored stockings, and charmingly natty *sabots*, lined with white wool, and ornamented in some instances with carvings on the front; besides this, large oval-hooped gold ear-rings, crosses, and chains. There was a numerous attendance of men and women who were not in grand gala: the former wore the ordinary dress of the day, with no indications of their calling but their bronzed faces and hands; the latter had the white-frilled caps, and large, black cloaks with enormous silver clasps."

Here is a sketch of Paris in 1801: "The public buildings are certainly far handsomer than those of London; the houses much higher, and the white stone they are built of looks lighter and more cheerful than bricks. There are good streets and magnificent houses, or hotels as they are called, in the quarter we are to live in. Yet the widest streets can hardly be called very wide, and none are very pleasant for walking, owing to the rough mode of paving them. They have

a gutter in the centre, no footways, and are mostly covered with a thick mud of inky blackness, through which you have to pick your way with some difficulty, and even danger to life and limb; for the *fiacres* and other vehicles are driven in the most careless and reckless way; they come suddenly floundering out of the gutters and sloughs close up to the houses, so that if you are not nimble, or cannot make good your retreat to some courtyard or open doorway, it will be a lucky chance if you escape getting crushed, and are only half smothered with mud. Before we left England my brother said to me, 'For walking take only the thickest boots—Paris mud and dirt, I remember, was heavy and penetrating—and but one pair of leathers, for there was little or no riding.' I can answer for these hints to travellers, founded on his recollections of 1787, answering equally well for 1801."

In France a controversy has recently arisen as to the personal appearance of Bonaparte. Mr. George Jackson's report on the subject is the more valuable because he was an eyewitness, and also because he was not predisposed to praise the first consul. "I was much struck by the personal appearance of Bonaparte; for the caricatures, and the descriptions which the English papers delight to give of him, prepare one to see a miserable pigmy; hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed, with a quantity of lank hair, and a nose of enormous proportions. But, though of low stature, perhaps five feet five or six, his figure is well proportioned, his features are handsome, complexion rather sallow, hair very dark, cut short, and without powder. He has fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence, a firm, severe mouth, indicating a stern and inflexible will—in a word, you see in his countenance the master-mind; in his bearing, the man born to rule."

It is well known that, in their determination to make the Revolution complete, the French republicans of that day altered the names of the seasons, of the year, and the number of days in the week, Sunday falling every tenth day. But they also changed the clocks. Mr. Jackson records, what no other traveller has noted, that a republican clock surmounted the Tuileries. In this clock the hour was divided into ten instead of twelve parts. The men thought it their duty to manifest the purity of their principles by the filthiness of their linen. The ladies made their manifesto by appearing in public with as scanty attire as was possible.

From Paris Mr. Jackson went to Berlin, the contrast between the two places being extraordinary. Of the city he did not think much, yet the life in fashionable circles appears to have been very pleasant. It is noteworthy that most of the nobility spoke French, considering their native tongue vulgar. Since then the fashion has changed, French being in as little favor among the Berliners as German among the Parisians. There is this difference, however, between the two cases; that the Prussians learn French and can speak it if required to do so, whereas the French will not learn German. Mr. Jackson states that the court of Berlin was thoroughly under French influence; that the king "allows him-

self to be swayed and guided by the opinions of persons in the French interest, and it is with them that the principal acts of the government originate." He draws the following comparison between the statesmen of Germany and France: "I could not but notice the difference of manner—a sort of steadiness and composure—that characterized these German politicians from that of the vivacious *intrigants*, whose disputations I had sometimes listened to last winter, and which seemed to be ever on the point of becoming altercations, until a sudden relapse brought them down to a friendly understanding. My brother says the national character is more sterling and solid. I was going to write stolid—thus, by accident, I have expressed my own idea of it, if not a correct one."

Of the celebrated Madame de Staël's visit to Germany accounts are given in the lives of Goethe and of his contemporaries; but these relate merely to her reception at Weimar. How she was liked at Berlin is now for the first time made public: "Madame de Staël is a very curious personage, I assure you. Naturally good-humored, I should think, but overwhelmingly self-sufficient, and having the highest contempt for every thing she meets with in Berlin. Her daughter, a child of nine or ten years, has imbibed her mother's ideas in this respect, as the following little anecdotes tend to prove: At a children's ball, at Prince Ferdinand's, she met with another little girl, whom she seemed to think very pleasant, and said she liked very much; finding, however, in the course of conversation, that her new acquaintance was German, mademoiselle pushed the child away, and, in an angry tone, said: 'Go away, you are German; go away. The Germans are all fools.' This, though considered *assez fort*, is nothing to the other, which almost amounts to infantine *dis-majesté*: Being at another juvenile reunion at the palace, and taking offence at something the princely said or did to her, she very coolly gave him a swinging box on the ear; upon which he rushed to his mother, hid his face in her dress, and cried; the young lady herself, when remonstrated with, remaining calm and unmoved. It is said that Madame de Staël has been ordered to keep her at home until she has learned better manners; and madame herself will soon find, if she is not more careful, that *les bons Berlinois*, whose civilities she returns with contempt, are beginning to think they have borne rudeness enough, even from *tant d'esprit et de réputation*. As to the child, it is clear to every one that she must be, at least tacitly, encouraged in her impertinence by her mother." It is added afterward that Madame de Staël "was called away unexpectedly by the sudden illness of her father, who has since died at Coppet. She is not expected to return, as she has allowed it to be generally known that her *accueil*—flattering as most persons would have thought it—has not been so cordial as she had expected."

Nothing in Bonaparte's entire career excited more general indignation than the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. The particulars of the occurrence, furnished by Mr. Jackson, render it even more odious and unjustifiable: "On the 14th of March, 1804, the first consul's adjutant Caulaincourt, arrived at Stras-

bourg, with an order to arrest several persons in that city and in Offenbourg, among them five ladies, widows and sisters of emigrants. On the following night, Caulaincourt, with a considerable detachment of troops, passed the Rhine, and halted at Kehl. Another detachment, commanded by a general, crossed at Coppel, and at five the next morning arrived at Ettenheim, the residence of the Duc d'Enghien. His highness's house was then forcibly entered, and he was dragged from his bed, and taken to a mill, at some distance. There he was allowed to dress, and thence was conducted to the citadel of Strasbourg. He was left twenty-four hours in the citadel. He was then taken to Vincennes, where already a military commission was assembled to begin his trial. The prince, it seems, had no suspicion of their intention to proceed immediately to extremities against him; but when the sentence of death was announced to him, he heard it with much composure, requesting only that a confessor might have access to him. This was denied him, and he was at once led to execution. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying 'he had never been afraid to look death in the face.' He requested the officer of the guard to deliver his watch and ring to the Princess de Rohan Rochefort; then, with an air of dignity, and in a firm and resolute tone, he said: 'French soldiers, do your duty, and do not miss me.'

A letter sent from Washington to Berlin by Mr. Merry, then British minister in this country, gives a description of the state of the capital, and shows that Washington was a very different city in 1804 from what it is in 1872: "When, after a long, wretched voyage, they arrived in Washington, they found no house provided for them, and none to be had. After a month's misery and extravagance at an hotel, Mr. Merry succeeded in procuring two houses, with bare walls, and without water or bells, which at an enormous expense were thrown into one, and made habitable. Over a space of wild country, about six miles square, are dispersed about seven hundred houses; the communication between most of them being in the winter season totally impracticable, and at all times dangerous. Only in one direction is there even a road made. As to pavement, they will, perhaps, he says, begin to think of that in the next century. There is the greatest difficulty in procuring the merest necessities, the only market being a few carts with provisions, which come, very irregularly, from the country. The Spanish *chargé d'affaires*, who gave a dinner to Mr. Merry and his wife on their arrival, told him afterward that, to collect the materials for it, his servants had travelled, on their different errands, fifty-two miles."

The death of the king's mother gave occasion for holding what the Prussians call a court of condolence, a ceremony which appears to be even more farcical and meaningless than the majority of those performed in European courts: "All those who assisted at the condolence assembled, about half-past five, in a room of the palace—the ladies in black-stuff dresses, and entirely enveloped in veils of black gauze, of from twelve to fifteen yards in length, which fell in a deep double fold over the face. As we had some time to

wait, the chatting and laughing went on gleefully, and the ladies, who had all thrown their veils back, were amusing themselves with sprightly comments on the droll effect of their dress. The military part of the company—whose red coats, worn over black waistcoats and inexpressibles, had certainly a very odd appearance—came in for their share of tittering raillery. But presently all this hilarity was silenced, every face assumed a gloomy expression, and the veils were drawn hastily down. The large centre doors of the apartment had been suddenly thrown open. Beyond them was a hall, hung with black, and daylight was excluded; the darkness being made still more visible by the feeble light of two candles, burning at the farther end of the hall, and by whose pale glimmer you made out that a figure, enveloped after the same mummy-like fashion as the other ladies, was sitting there in an arm-chair, with several others standing around her. It was her majesty and the princesses. The princes of the family were ranged, standing down the sides of the hall. The ladies entered first, single file, walked slowly up the hall, made a profound courtesy to the queen, and passed on to another room; the gentlemen followed. Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard, but the dull 'echoes of our feet,' until we reached the outer room, which was well lighted up, and where the giggling and chattering had recommenced with greater activity than before. The preparation for, and conclusion of, this scene formed so striking a contrast to the procession of *mourners* slowly passing through the dark hall of the shadow of death, as it were, that it produced a singular effect on those who witnessed it for the first time. The king was not present—his grief was supposed to be too overwhelming."

The references to the great defeat of Jena show how crushing the victory of the French had been. An incident narrated by Mr. Jackson proves more clearly than the most elaborate dissertation that after the battle the Prussian soldiers were completely demoralized. Writing from Hamburg on the 1st of November, 1806, he says: "Yesterday morning the Swedish commandant at Anclam was surprised at the arrival, at full gallop, of fifteen hundred Prussian cavalry, pursued by nineteen French chasseurs! Their officers were calling to them, for God's sake, not to behave thus, and telling them no more chasseurs were following. But this had no effect. 'They are French, they are French!' exclaimed the men; as if that was a sufficient excuse for their dastardly conduct. It is the more to be wondered at and lamented, as some of the regiments fought like tigers at Jena." Subsequent events have demonstrated that the Prussians not only recovered from their panic, but even made the French as terrified about them as ever they had been about the French. When in these days complaints are made about the behavior of the Prussians in France, it is curious to read such a passage as the following, relating to the manner in which the French treated Prussia: "Nothing can exceed the insolence and exactions of the French. No sooner is one demand complied with, than another is brought forward, coupled always with the threat of hostilities in case of refusal

or demur. The contributions levied at Dantzic alone now amount to thirty-eight million francs, besides a pension of eleven millions to Lefebvre. Those of Königsberg to eight million francs, exclusive of four hundred thousand thalers they insisted on receiving before leaving the town."

The remaining part of the second of these volumes, though of historical value, will interest readers in England more than in this country. The present instalment of Sir George Jackson's diaries ends with the year 1809, that is, with the battle of Talavera. In the next volume we are promised a minute account of the proceedings which terminated with the battle of Waterloo, and the final downfall of Bonaparte.

## WAR-DAYS IN RICHMOND.

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

THE first of the days when war seemed to be brought most vividly near to us was May 31, 1862, when Johnston assaulted that portion of McClellan's troops which had been advanced to the west side of the Chickahominy, and had there been cut off from the main body of the army by the sudden rise of the river, washing away the bridges on which they had crossed. For those waiting and watching within the city, the day seemed endless. Until sunset the cannonade was incessant, and fearfully distinct. Although it had been our lot to remain so near to the scene of the great opening conflict of the war, the first Manassas, that we seemed to be sharing the fierce excitement hour by hour, and thrilled with every swaying of the tide of battle; although we had said to ourselves, after the first boom of the first cannon on that awful day, that there could never again be in our hearts an emotion so strange and wild—yet the later days in Richmond disproved our boast, and we came to know such hours of agonized expectancy, such sleepless nights and stern realities of death and suffering, as had not entered within our imaginings before.

Darkness brought a lull in the cannonading, and we slept little that night, knowing that the dawn would behold a reopening of hostilities.

What a day followed! Never had such a Sunday been known in hitherto-quiet Richmond. Intolerably long, filled with confusion, and unlike Sunday in every thing, but the service and communion for which St. Paul's was thrown open. The fire began at early dawn, and all believed that the general engagement, to decide the fate of the city, had begun. The streets were alive with officers, galloping to and fro, covered with battle-smoke and mud; men slightly wounded, limping from the field, ambulances, litters, carts, every vehicle that the city could produce, incessantly going and returning, laden with its ghastly burden; women of every rank and station hurrying about, their faces pale with emotion, but their hands strongly nerved to deeds of mercy; old men meeting the ambulances that bore their dying sons, children crying, all the day through, unto its dreary close!

The lecture-rooms of the different churches were thrown open, and crowded with ladies, sewing the rough beds, for which the surgeons were calling, as fast as fingers and machines could fly.

Toward evening, men in every stage of mutilation, living and dead, heaped together, were brought in by hundreds. Every hand was needed, and every hand responded with all its energy. For two or three days our whole time was spent in the *impromptu* hospitals, where many a friendless sufferer had been sheltered.

On Wednesday came a day of sore trial. Our young cousin R—— had been missing ever since the battle, and we had been tormented with conjectures regarding his fate. Advertisements and inquiries were equally fruitless, and, not content with the register-books, we searched the different hospitals.

The heat was intense, the sun pouring down upon the brick pavements, uncooled for days, until our feet and heads ached in common, as we walked through the lower part of the city, gaining admission to one hospital after the other, and turning away, disappointed and heart-sick, from all.

This was war indeed in all its panoply of terrors! At the St. Charles Hotel, a large, deserted building, the great, dreary rooms were thronged with patients. Wounded unto death, many of them lay upon the bare boards, with only a blanket or haversack for a pillow, alone, unwatched, in the last agony—here an arm gone; there one leg, or both; again, a great bandage, stiff with blood, covering half the face, where the dust and flies did what the enemy's balls had left undone.

Our hearts were broken with the hopelessness of it all and our own weakness. We went from one to the other, carrying water, brushing off flies, arranging the hard pillows, bending over each face with a sickening dread lest R——'s should be among them.

But it was not, thank Heaven, or in any of the hospitals, for, in a few days, the young man appeared; slightly wounded, he had been left behind, while his regiment went on, and had been unable to communicate with his friends for several days.

The condition of things in the St. Charles, and other improvised hospitals, was much improved, we were glad to learn, by the offering of pew-cushions from all the city churches, which, laid together, formed a not uncomfutable bed. All the dinner, breakfast, and supper tables, over the town, emptied their contents into baskets for the benefit of the sufferers, and rare old wines were disintombed from many a heretofore chary cellar.

Again, on the 27th of June, Richmond knew a day of unwonted stir. The seven-days' fight before her gates had begun. All during the day every point commanding a view in the direction of the battle was crowded with would-be lookers-on; hill-sides and house-tops were a mass of eager, awe-stricken people, and, far into the night, they kept vigil, watching the fiery flight of the bomb, and listening to the sullen roar of the cannon.

A sad and weary season was that for the beleaguered city. From the front, almost daily, were brought back her sons, dead or

wounded. Every house was thrown open, and dedicated to scenes of suffering. Hourly, almost, a long, wailing dirge from some military band, announced the passage of an officer's funeral through the streets; and, indeed, so crowded with this sad work were the churches and cemeteries during the day, that several funerals took place at night, and the July moon looked down on many a solemn pageant within the boundaries of lovely Hollywood. Who could number those unhonored funerals outside the walls of Richmond, where the hard-fought battle-fields were scarred with graves of friend and foe "in one red burial blent?"

Let us deal with brighter things. And, even after those gloomy days, Richmond had brighter things to boast of. The winter of '63 was perhaps the gayest period of the entire war. Strange, that while we were in daily increasing need of luxuries, even of things necessary, society should have gone so feverishly into balls, theatricals, reviews, and camp picnics. Shut in as we were from the outer world, gaining all our news of science, literature, art, and fashion, through the medium of occasional Northern and English journals, per underground express, we seemed to find relief in meeting together and making light of hardships.

Now began the reign of expedients. Petty shifts, under the halo of patriotic self-denial, became things to laugh over in households distinguished of old for luxurious hospitality. Numbers of stately matrons and shrinking young girls were glad of situations as clerks in the different governmental departments, where they met together every day, from nine to three, coming home to a dinner of salt pork, eggs (in parenthesis, did we not learn the five hundred different methods of cooking an egg?), potatoes, and bread. Sometimes there was a pie of dried fruit, or a cake with sorghum molasses taking the place of sugar, minced dried peaches, in place of citron, dried apples trying very hard to metamorphose themselves into raisins, every thing, in short, contriving "a double debt to pay" in our meagre store-rooms.

Ladies plaited straw-hats around the evening lamps; sewed gloves of chamois-skin, and shoes of cloth. Pins, at one time, became so scarce that we began to dream of a bucolic state of existence, when we should use "thorns plucked from the May-bush."

The dress problem was, confessedly, very trying. Homespun, jauntily made, served very well for morning purposes, but in the evening entertainments something more was needed. The treatment of a silk dress, in those days, was very much such a one as the North-countrywoman in "The Doctor" suggested to her "talleor:"

"Tak me this petcut; thoo mun bind it, and tap bind it, and turn it rangside up, tapside down, hind part forrid."

In this strait was inaugurated the "Ladies' Exchange," and a remarkable affair it was, kept by a mulatto-woman, in whose hands were deposited all kinds of finery, under strict seal of secrecy, to be sold, or exchanged for something else. The interior of that woman's little room was at once a comical sight, and a sad one. Hanging upon

boards and hooks, heaped upon the tables, was every variety of garment, in rich and simple fabrics. State robes of velvet that had known their better days in the gilded saloons of Washington; satin and silk dresses from Parisian workshops, that had run their brief career at Newport or New York; gauzy muslins of New Orleans; rare lace, from which it must have cost its fair owner many a sigh to part—each in its turn speaking for itself, and telling its tale as the plausible vender would have been at a loss to do.

Once a week were held the "Starvation Parties," which became such an important item in Richmond social life. A small subscription from the male members secured good music for the season; the ladies successively opening their houses, and everybody agreeing to dispense with the material consideration of wines and supper. This "Starvation Club" grew in popularity, and numerous applications were made to admit new members, while all the distinguished visitors to the capital were formally presented for invitation. It was not uncommon to see the leader of the German refreshing himself behind the door, in the gentleman's dressing-room, with a biscuit, or a young gentleman and his fair *danseuse* enjoying an orange together in a secluded piazza, in the pauses of a waltz.

We had very little of theatre-going in Richmond. It was never popular in the town since the horrors enacted long ago on the site of the present Monumental Church. The best people rarely went to the theatre on Broad Street, where a Mr. D'Orsay Ogden presided over the legitimate drama, interspersed with negro minstrelsy and jokes of the period. So that society grasped at a substitute, and had charades, pantomimes, and *tableaux*, to which every one contributed cast-off millinery, and where many a military hero shone in borrowed glories upon a contracted stage.

Marketing, in those days, became rather a farce. Butcher's meat was scarce, and dear almost beyond ordinary means, save as an unusual treat. The blue-backs of Confederate money grew alarmingly plentiful, and secured for us less and less.

Early in the annals of Confederate States currency, there had been a brief period of individual notes, promptly suppressed by the government; and a pious, church-going matron was confronted by a document like this, turning up in her porte-monnaie: "Good for one drink, John Smith."

In the matter of letter-paper, we, who had been wont to pride ourselves on the dainty lavender or cream-laid sheets of *Gimbrède*, monogrammed and crested, felt it to be a severe blow, when all that we could procure was a species of paper jaundiced in hue, coarse in texture, and envelopes of wall or wrapping-paper to correspond.

But I find myself transgressing the limits of my space, in reviving these odds and ends of war experience. Already, in the years that have elapsed, that time and its surroundings seem curiously remote, and clothe themselves in the garb of respectable antiquity. Let us pray that, for generations to come, in our land, they may never know renewal!

C. G. HARRISON.



## LUNATICS AT LARGE.

HOW THE INSANE ARE TREATED AT GHEEL.

THE traveller in Belgium will find it worth his while to stop at the little town of Gheel. Situated amid the desolate plains of the Campine, the place has few such attractions as ordinarily interest the tourist; for, with the exception of that quaint, Dutch-toy-like appearance which marks all Flemish villages, it is singularly destitute of agreeable features. The straggling streets of commonplace, and dirty buildings, surrounded by heaps of rubbish, detract from the pleasing effect of the bits of greenery scattered here and there; and even the village common has an unkempt, dreary look, which contrasts strangely with the bright and cheery aspect of this familiar feature in English country-towns. Nor do the inhabitants appear much better than their surroundings. They are a plain, honest, hard-working people, without any pretensions to personal attractiveness; and the squalid poverty of the lower classes is not relieved by the unconscious taste with which an Italian peasant makes even his dirt picturesque.

Yet this sleepy old town, whose two ancient churches and venerable "Gast-Huis" seem at first sight to be its only agreeable features, has a deeper interest for the lover of his kind than many more pretentious places, while the people prove on acquaintance to be by no means uninteresting. Gheel, indeed, has become famous as a place for the treatment of the insane, where they are allowed a degree of liberty such as is enjoyed nowhere else, and where the absence of the usual restraints has been attended with singularly beneficial effects. In fact, it is and has been for centuries a retreat for the victims of mental disease, who, instead of being herded in hospitals, and denied the ordinary privileges of humanity, are allowed to go about the streets with almost as much freedom as the other inhabitants. And these rough-looking people, who form the sane part of the population, devote themselves to the care of their unfortunate fellow-beings with remarkable gentleness, delicacy, and tact. They receive the lunatics into their families, treat them with the utmost kindness and consideration, and thus inspire a sense of gratitude and self-respect in the poor creatures, which is extremely favorable to their enjoyment of life.

There are more than eight hundred insane persons living in Gheel and its suburbs, comprising individuals of the most diverse natures and degrees of mental alienation, who move about without any perceptible restraint in the midst of the ten thousand people composing the rest of the population. The lunatics are divided into two classes, termed respectively *Pensionnaires Internes* and *Pensionnaires Externes*. The former are patients of various degrees of mental disorder, who, whether curable or incurable, are considered well-behaved and harmless. They are placed with *nourriciers*, or heads of houses, within the village of Gheel. The latter are persons who have been ascertained to be epileptic or difficult to manage, and are denominated "dangerous." They are quartered upon *nourriciers* in the

hamlets surrounding Gheel. These hamlets, again, are divided into four zones at different distances from the village, the first and nearest to it being devoted to those insane persons whose moral and physical condition requires special and constant vigilance; the second, somewhat farther off, receives the imbecile, the idiotic, violent maniacs, and paralytics; the third, selected because of the absence of open or running water in or about it, is appropriated to epileptics; while the fourth, composing the most distant localities, contains the most desperate cases. The latter, being violent and dangerous, are quartered on the small farms scattered over the vast heath of Winkelomshede, and are thus prevented from disturbing the other patients, and are themselves controlled without much difficulty. In fact, the method of mildness works so well at Gheel that coercion is seldom resorted to, and even then in a gentle way. Instead of confining the violent patients in a strait-waistcoat, a belt called the *ceinture à bracelets mobile* is used. This belt is of leather, with small chains, which are attached to softly-padded bracelets on the arms of the lunatic, so as to allow of the use but not the abuse of the hands. The apparatus is so arranged that the clothes almost conceal it from view. An ingenious contrivance for preventing the escape of persons thus disposed, consists of a pair of anklets softly padded and covered with washed leather, and connected by a light but strong steel chain about a foot and a half long. With this restriction the patient goes about as usual; and the fact that, with so many lunatics at large, only three casualties have taken place in four years, speaks volumes in favor of this unobtrusive discipline.

The diet of the patients, which is simple and wholesome, is at all times under the supervision of the medical staff. They regard the cures that take place as resulting from the peaceful, out-door life led here, rather than from their strictly professional remedies. Great care is taken by the superintendent in the selection of the *nourriciers*, with whom the different patients are placed, and to associate those of the latter, who understand the same language and possess the same tastes. As a general rule, no *nourricier* is allowed to receive more than two boarders. Patients familiar with a particular trade or occupation are, if they desire, placed under the charge of persons engaged in the same pursuit, and, when instruction is needed, the lunatic is consulted as to the kind of employment preferred. To interest patients in their work, various recompenses have been devised. Money is paid to such as prefer it in proportion to the value of their labor, while those who are ignorant of its uses are rewarded with tobacco, snuff, sugar, eggs, beer, or cakes. An incentive to good behavior is afforded by the privilege, which is highly prized by the females, of choice of the clothes provided for them, and the merits of fabrics and garments, forms and colors, are then eagerly discussed.

In order to divert their attention from themselves, various amusements are provided for the insane at Gheel. Sometimes they make up parties, take long walks into the country, carrying their dinner with them, and entering into the spirit of these informal pic-

nics. They also accompany their *nourriciers* on visits to the neighboring farms; and at family festivals or other domestic entertainments the lunatic inmate makes merry with the rest. Public processions, games, concerts, dances, and religious ceremonies, are participated in by such of the patients as are adapted for them. In the *cafés* and *estaminets* of the town, insane persons may be seen reading the papers, playing at cards, dominos, or billiards, or even trying their skill at archery, without attracting particular attention from other visitors. Of course, only those whose condition makes it prudent to allow them such privileges visit these places; and the public-house keepers are liable to heavy penalties if they permit their insane customers to indulge to excess in drink.

All patients brought to Gheel enter a sort of probationary institution, where their cases are thoroughly studied by the medical staff, in order to determine the proper place for them in the colony. This is divided into six districts, each of which is presided over by a *garde de section*, who, during the day, visits every house and sees every patient in his department, and at night makes a report to the head doctor. Should any patient prove on examination at the "Asile," or probationary institution, to require special medical care, he is kept there as long as is deemed necessary by the physicians.

As there are more than six hundred houses that receive patients, it is easy for the doctors to assign new cases to those best adapted for their treatment, most of the *nourriciers* having long had charge of special forms of mental disease, and acquired skill in their management. The expense of the support of a lunatic at Gheel depends upon the means of his friends. Between the lowest sum—two hundred francs a year, which is paid by the parish for the care of paupers—and two thousand francs, which is the highest figure, there are prices proportioned to the comforts or luxuries furnished. The wealthiest patient finds in some of the houses accommodations suited to his taste and position; being provided with a liberal table, well-furnished rooms, constant attendance, large gardens and gymnasiums, and horses and carriages, while the poorest is supplied with whatever his humble *nourricier* can afford. He is, indeed, even better treated than the members of the family, the latter giving him their share of any little dainty that they may happen to have, and showing, in various ways, the utmost kindness for their afflicted boarders.

The children, too, many of whom have grown up under the same roof with the insane, are singularly considerate in their conduct toward these unfortunates, and some touching instances have occurred of their mutual sympathy and affection. Instead of injuring the helpless little ones, the lunatics treat them with great tenderness; and it is a curious fact that, if a patient suddenly becomes violent and unmanageable, and all other means of quieting him fail, the presence of a little child will often have the desired effect. The following circumstance, which occurred a few years ago, strikingly illustrates the truth of this remark: On visiting one of the patients who was subject to occasional attacks of fren-

sy, the doctor, anticipating a crisis, requested the woman with whom the lunatic boarded to watch him closely, and not allow him to be left alone. The latter vainly attempted to elude her vigilance, and his irritation rose to fury, when, as a last resort, she sat down with her infant in her lap in front of the door. Seizing a pair of huge tailor's shears he threatened to split her skull if she did not immediately get out of the way. With great presence of mind—the result, doubtless, of long familiarity with the most dangerous forms of mental diseases—she rose from her seat and advanced toward him with the child in her arms between her and the weapon. This caused him to move back till he reached a low chair at the farther end of the room. In this he sat down, but hardly had he done so, than the woman threw the child into his lap, and, taking advantage of his surprise, ran to the door, and, leaving the room, fastened it on the outside. The babe, frightened by the sudden shock, screamed violently, to the consternation of the maniac, whose thoughts were thus drawn from himself, and instead of injuring the child he was heard through the door attempting to pacify it. But the nervous excitement occasioned by her desperate expedient, proved too much for the mother, who fell to the floor in a fainting-fit, from which she was roused by those reassuring sounds. "It is all well," she faltered; "let no one approach him, and fetch the doctor." When the latter arrived, the door was opened, and the maniac was found petting the child, which was perfectly calm and contented.

The method adopted at Gheel of humoring instead of combating the eccentricities of the insane, has proved singularly beneficial. On finding that his wishes are not thwarted, the lunatic is less disposed to indulge in freaks, the folly of which is gently pointed out to him.

As the articles within his reach are usually of trifling value, this is an inexpensive way of curing his mischievous propensities, and in most of those cases where greater damage has been done, the regret of the patient at causing annoyance to persons who had always been kind to him, has led to a discontinuance of the habit. Reliance on these moral agencies has proved efficacious in cases which at other places had been unsuccessfully treated by restrictions and punishments. Several interesting instances of recent occurrence, confirm the reasonableness of this system. One of them is that of a young lady who, before coming to Gheel, had been confined for two years in a lunatic asylum, where she was severely reprimanded, and even punished, for indulgence in these destructive propensities. On arriving there with this disposition in full force, a marked improvement was soon manifest, and, although unable to control herself entirely, she would, of her own accord, when this mood was coming on, select a rag or some other worthless thing as the object of her attack.

Another patient, an Englishman, who was at Gheel two years ago, among other expensive and disagreeable habits, was bent upon breaking windows, and after remaining four years under a system of restraint and coer-

cion in a private asylum in England, where he grew worse daily, the physician of the institution was unwilling to keep him any longer. He was then sent to Gheel, where, on the day of his arrival, he broke twenty-eight panes of glass. The vindictive enjoyment which he seemed to take in this feat, turned to mortification when he found that no notice was taken of it. On the following day he contented himself with breaking about half as many. And again nothing was said or done about it. From that time he abandoned the amusement entirely, and glass has been safe from him for years, though he continues troublesome in other ways.

In a register kept at the institution, all circumstances relating to the insane are entered, so that relatives or friends can learn on inquiry, either in person or by letter, all particulars concerning present or former patients. The author of "Flemish Interiors," whose description of Gheel has been referred to in this article, while on his way to the "Asile," asked an elderly man of the lower class, whom he met on the road, how to find Dr. Bulckens, the principal of the establishment.

"Dr. Bulckens?" was the immediate reply; "I am Dr. Bulckens. What may be your pleasure?"

The visitor was so surprised by this answer, that he hardly knew how to take it; but, being unacquainted with the temper of his informant, who had a remarkably cunning expression, he thought it best to humor him, and said:

"Good-morning, Dr. Bulckens. I am very happy to make your acquaintance. I want you to conduct me to your establishment, which I came here to visit."

The man was evidently puzzled by this greeting, but was not anxious to lead the way to the asylum, and after a moment's hesitation coolly replied:

"If you want 'my' establishment, you are quite on the wrong road; it is this way; follow me."

He then pointed in the direction by which the visitor had come. The latter, curious to see how the lunatic's freak would end, turned back with him, but they had not proceeded far before they were met by an official-looking personage who proved to be a *garde de section*. On catching sight of him the insane man rapidly disappeared down a turn in the road, to the great amusement of his companion. It appeared from the explanation of the *garde* that the poor fellow's peculiar mania was to deceive strangers by personating other people, and that, not long before, he tried to pass himself off as the burgomaster upon a mounted curassier who was riding into the town with a dispatch for that functionary.

A great variety of trades are pursued by the patients. Shoemakers, cabinet-makers, joiners, tailors, blacksmiths, etc., may be seen working at their respective crafts, some of them having acquired here the knowledge and skill which are shown in the various specimens of their handiwork. Others engage in agricultural occupations, and, in fact, a large proportion of the laborers in the fields are lunatics or epileptics, this kind of work in the opinion of the medical staff be-

ing especially adapted to their needs. Although constantly using scythes, sickles, shears, bill-hooks, spades, hoes, and other dangerous implements, no injurious consequences have ensued.

Those persons whose tastes or condition unfits them for severe manual labor, engage in more congenial occupations. Some of them are very expert fishermen, handling the rod or net with a skill which might be envied by sane disciples of Izaak Walton. One of the former patients was a corn-cutter, who had great success in the village of Gheel, where he exercised his vocation. Another is a clever herbalist, and has made himself useful to the druggists. The monomania of one individual, which consists in the belief that he is an electrical machine, does not prevent him from being a skilful bird-catcher. This accomplishment he turns to good account, selling specimens of his numerous collection of curious birds, and thus doing a profitable business without any outlay of capital. It is curious to observe the confidence reposed in those patients who act as *commissionnaires*. Besides carrying messages and parcels, they make purchases for their employers, bringing back the proper change, and showing a childish vanity at being thought worthy of these trusts.

In addition to their labors in the field, the women attend to ordinary household work, look after the children, sweep, dust, prepare the vegetables, and assist in culinary matters generally. They also sew, knit, and make embroidery and pillow-lace.

The interest taken by most of the patients in religious observances has proved extremely favorable to the amelioration of their condition. Under the mild instruction of the village priest they recite prayers, say their rosaries, and sing canticles and hymns, and, what is better, are influenced in their daily conduct by the precepts thus instilled into their minds. It is a suggestive fact that many patients, subject to attacks of temporary excitement, will, when they feel them coming on, voluntarily wander away into the fields or woods, so as not to humiliate themselves and annoy others by exhibitions of violence.

This shows that the sentiment of self-respect is fostered by the sympathizing care of their guardians, whose kindness they endeavor to reciprocate. In one instance, a young lunatic who was fond of playing on the violin, on learning that the noise worried the mistress of the house, who was ill, not only gave up the amusement, but destroyed his instrument, lest the temptation to use it should be too strong for him. Music, it may be added, forms a favorite pastime of the insane at Gheel. Some of the patients play with taste and feeling on the pianos, harps, and other musical instruments in the better houses, and perform at meetings of the *Société d'Harmonie*, of which they are members. Others exhibit skill in drawing, painting, and embroidery. Reading of books, the cultivation of flowers, and participation in charades, private theatricals, and similar amusements, make the time of many of these unfortunates pass pleasantly away.

The success of the system pursued at

Gheel is, doubtless, largely owing to the peculiar aptitude and self-sacrificing devotion of the simple-minded *nourriciers*. But the great lesson which it teaches is the efficiency of moral agencies in the treatment of mental disease. It is the consciousness of being under restraint, and not severity of discipline, that embitters the lives of so many inmates of lunatic asylums.

To make watchfulness sympathetic rather than formal, to impart something of the cheerfulness of home to the abodes of the insane, and by an amiable artifice to make them feel at liberty even while under vigilant supervision, should be the object of scientific philanthropists. By diverting the attention of patients from themselves, exciting their interest in the ordinary pursuits and amusements of life, and so far as possible dispensing with bolts, bars, and other means of confinement—thus exchanging the wards of the hospital for the open air and sunshine of the fields—the most desirable results will be attained.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

## LYRA.

**S**LOWLY approaching the meridian on these soft summer evenings may be seen the most brilliant star of the Northern Hemisphere. This star, of the first magnitude, "blazing with imperial lustre," is Vega, or, as it is more frequently called, Lyra, from the name of the constellation of which it is the gem and crown. It may be easily traced in the northeastern sky by means of two small but conspicuous stars of the fifth magnitude, two degrees apart, on the east of it, making with it a triangle whose angular point is at Lyra. Its distance from the earth is about eight hundred thousand times greater than ours is from the sun, but, far away as it seems, it is one of our nearest celestial neighbors. Its primary brilliancy is about three and a half times greater than that of the sun, and it takes its light twenty-one years to reach us.

The constellation Lyra, or the Harp, to which this star belongs, contains only twenty-one stars. Lyra, or Vega, Epsilon and Zeta, the two stars east of it, Delta in the middle, and Beta and Gamma, in the garland of the Harp, are all that, to the ordinary observer, are large enough to attract attention. But, examined with the telescope, this little space in the heavens gives a rich harvest of the revelations of astronomy.

Let us first observe Lyra. Seen through the telescope, it is a brilliant orb of bluish-white light, with prismatic rays darting in all directions; a globe of fire sharply defined against the dark background of the sky. In an ordinary telescope Lyra appears as a single star, but, with a large object-glass, two distant, small companions are seen. A nine-inch glass shows two small companions within a few seconds, and the great Harvard refractor reveals no less than thirty-five companions. Now turn the glass to Epsilon, to the right of Lyra, and one of the stars forming the triangle. First let the star be closely examined with the naked eye. It is called a

"naked-eye double," and, if the observer possesses exceptionally good eyesight, he will distinctly recognize its double form. But, more probably, it will appear slightly lengthened to the north and south. Sir William Herschel saw this star as a double several times, and Bessel relates that he saw it double when he was thirteen years old. Now apply a low power of the telescope, and it will be seen as a wide double, the components being white. But we have not exhausted the wonders of this tiny star. Examine the components with a powerful telescope, and each one is itself double, one separating into two stars, whose colors are red and yellow, and the other into two, whose colors are both white. Now let us take Zeta, the third star of the triangle. This is a splendid and easy double, whose components are topaz and green. Four other stars of this group are also double or multiple stars. Next turn the telescope to Beta, and we have one of the most remarkable variable stars known. Its period is twelve days and twenty-one hours; and in this time it passes from a maximum brilliancy of a star of the third magnitude to a minimum lustre of a star of the fourth magnitude, and then, repeating the same maximum with a more brilliant minimum, the cycle of changes recommences. The revolution of two unequal dark satellites seems to be the only explanation of these strange phenomena. Once more examine carefully the space between Beta and Gamma, and there comes into view one of the rarest objects in the Northern Hemisphere. It is an annular nebula, a ring of misty light, mysterious star-dust. This nebula was discovered in 1772 by Darquier, of Toulouse. It is seen as a ring of light, with an apparent diameter as large as the moon, with moderate telescopic power. In a three and a half inch telescope it exhibits a mottled appearance and a sparkling light. Still larger instruments reveal light within the ring, and Lord Rosse's great telescope shows "wisps of stars" within and faint streaks of light streaming from the outer border of the ring. Mr. Huggins has subjected this nebula to spectrum analysis, and it turns out to be a gaseous nebula, its line-spectrum developing the probability that the faint, nebulous matter in the centre is similar in constitution to that of the ring.

But the variable light of Beta, the quadruple and radiant Epsilon, and the annular nebula, do not throw around this constellation the fascinating charm which is imparted to it from the fact that, twelve thousand years hence, Lyra will be the polar star, the cynosure of all eyes. For, in the strange motion of the poles of the earth around those of the ecliptic causing the precession of the equinoxes, the north-pole will then point to a spot in the dark ether where Lyra hangs self-poised in space, seemingly stationary, while all other stars will be slowly moving. What will then be the condition of our earth when we and the millions who tread its surface have passed into myriad other forms, and what will be the character of the race who will occupy our places?

Stars always tell mythic stories, and Lyra was the harp on which Orpheus played with such enchanting skill that the rivers ceased

to flow, the wild beasts of the forest forgot their savage natures, and the mountains bowed their heads while they all came to listen to his song. After his death, the Lyre was placed by Jupiter among the stars.

Stars as well as flowers have a language of their own, and Lyra—perhaps its name is suggestive—is always associated with that exquisite passage in the book of Job: "When the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Celestial harmony, the music of the spheres, is no new doctrine. It was a common belief with Oriental nations, and interwoven with the golden threads of their mythic lore. To this divine music Euripides alludes: "Thee, I invoke, thou self-created being, who gave birth to Nature, and whom light and darkness and the whole twain of globes encircle with eternal music." What unrivalled beauty and tenderness does he who gave expression to the mysteries of Nature, as no one else has ever done, throw around the starry choir:

" . . . Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quivering to the young-eyed cherubim;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Every star has been weighed and poised in space, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form. All is changing, but it is infinite wisdom that guides every movement. All is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres revolving around our sun is echoed by countless millions of worlds singing and shining as they revolve around those other suns, which like Lyra, the beautiful brilliant of the north, are the stars, tremulous with brightness, that sparkle in our evening sky.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

## THE POWER OF SONG.

**T**HROUGH the long aisles her clear voice  
rose and rang,  
Thrilling above us to the vaulted roof,  
Dying in fretted niches far aloof;  
Borne on its wings our fancies heavenward  
sprang.

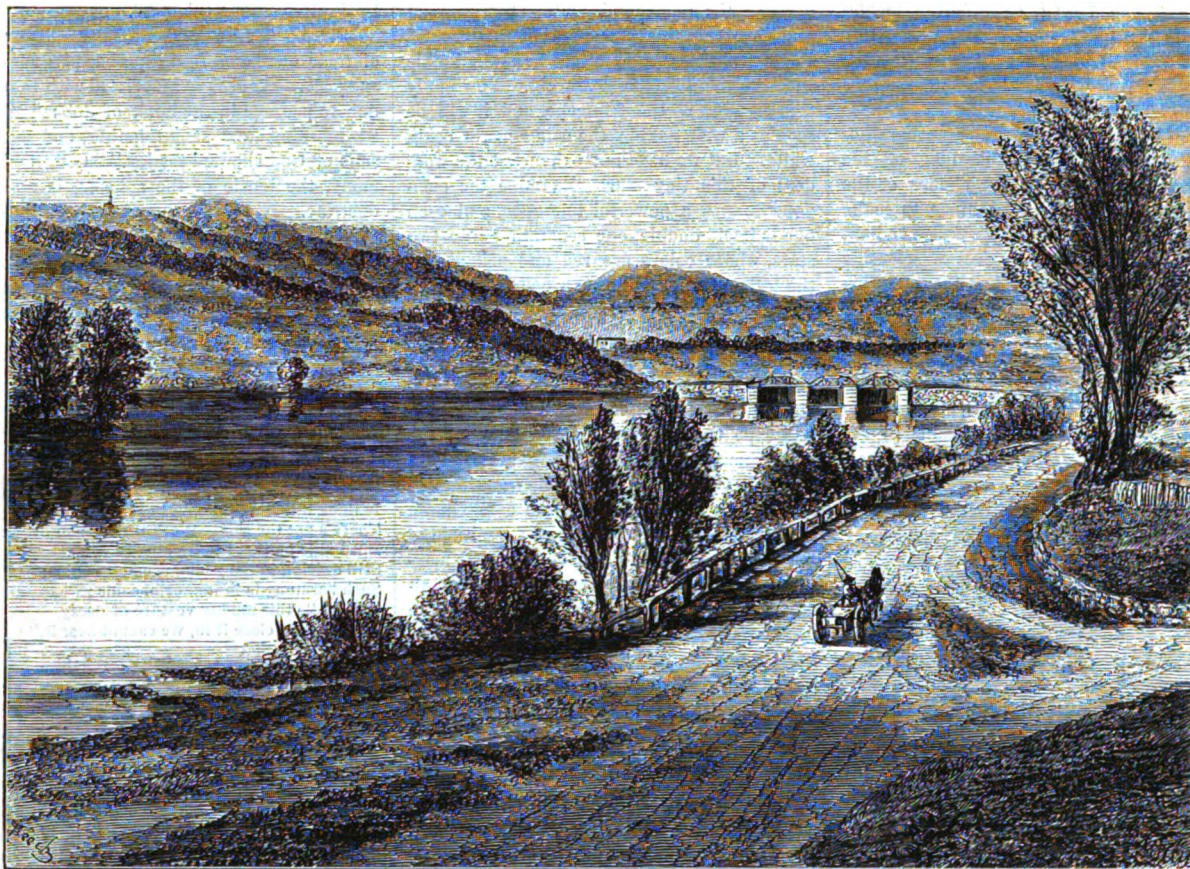
The loiterer on the sunny morning leas  
Starts as a bird springs sudden at his feet;  
Hears the fresh air awake to music sweet,  
And, turning dazzled eyes above him, sees—

The brown wings flutter, hears the rippling  
notes,  
Till bird and strain both vanish in the  
blue;  
Then, from the fair world, bathed in light  
and dew,  
His silent praise up with the cadence floats.

And through the day's full hours, hot, hard,  
and long,  
The magic of sweet sounds lulls brain and  
heart,  
Haunting the court, the camp, the street,  
the mart,  
With rare faint echoes of remembered song.



## FROM CROTON TO TOWN.



CROTON LAKE.

THE water we drink, use, and waste—particularly the latter—so freely and thoughtlessly, comes to us through forty miles of aqueduct and a half-dozen miles of pipe from out of a pure, limpid lake, or series of lakes, in the midst of a quiet, picturesque, and altogether lovely country. Every New-Yorker is probably aware of these facts; but, beyond them, of the immensity and yet simplicity of the water-works, the stages of their development, and the features along the way from Croton to town, I do not believe one in a thousand knows scarcely any thing. This conclusion was reached after fruitless inquiries of ten or fifteen persons, representing entirely different classes—one a journalist, one a hotel-clerk, one a man-about-town, one an old resident, and one a city-officer, concerning the locality of the Croton Reservoir and the route of the great conduit. The world of New York seems only to know that the abundance of refreshing water which, at its bidding, flows to quench its thirst, bathe its person, cleanse its clothes, help run its machinery, and in countless other ways to add to its comfort and convenience, comes from Croton, somewhere up-country—comes from a vague, unknown place, and in a vague, unknown manner. You reader are, of course, of the minority who know every thing, but you may gain, from a jaunt with us up the Hudson River Railroad to Sing

Sing and the Reservoir, a glance down the line of the conduit to High Bridge, and a look at the reservoirs in the Central Park, some entertainment, if not a great deal of information; and you may, perhaps, for it the easier tell and show to the lamentably ignorant majority—that journalist, hotel-clerk, man-about-town, old resident, and city-officer—the wonders of the works and the beauties about them.

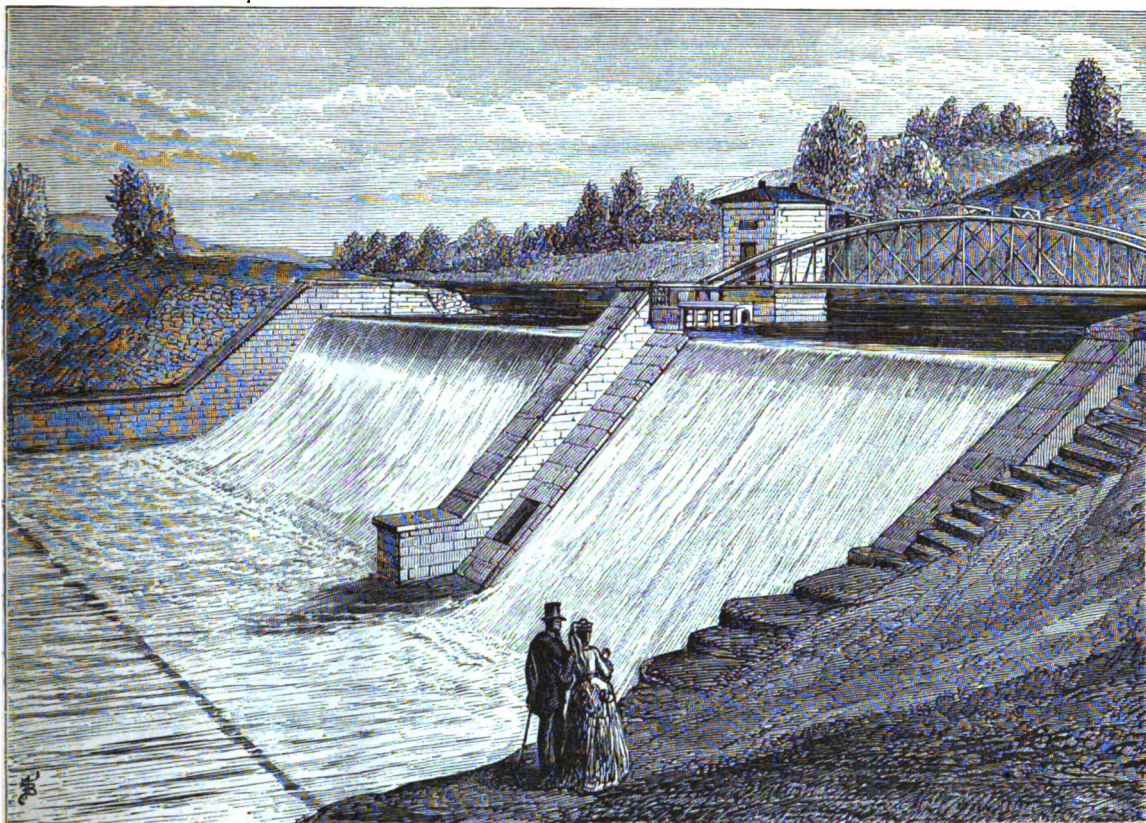
On the journey up we can talk of no more appropriate subject, considering the object of our trip, than that of the way the Croton works came to be constructed, and the character and shortcomings of the water supply of the great city in ante-Croton times.

In the year 1774, when New York numbered scarcely twenty thousand inhabitants—a goodly city, indeed, but a provincial town compared with the great metropolis of to-day—the building of the first water-works was begun. The site was the then high ground to the northwest of the Kolck, or Collect Pond, long ago filled up and converted into building lots, and now occupied by that sombre castle of misery and wretchedness, the Tombs. What was at that time considered a spacious reservoir, was constructed on the east line of Broadway, between what is now known as Pearl and White Streets; and wells were sunk in the vicinity of the pond, from which the water was to be drawn and dis-

tributed throughout the compact and Dutchy city, located far below it. But the work was never finished, the war of the Revolution, which began the next year, and the consequent occupation of the city by British troops, necessitating its abandonment; and nearly a quarter of a century passed before another effort was made by either the corporation or individuals to systematically supply the city with pure water. Then a project was proposed and agitated for a while to obtain water from the main-land, by raising the Rye Ponds to a reservoir in Westchester County, the mills to be located on the Bronx River, carrying the water thus drawn to the Harlem River through an open canal, and across through an elevated iron pipe to a distributing reservoir; but, after pondering upon it another half-century, and causing some examinations to be made, the most extensive of which were between the years 1822 and 1824, by Canvas White, a prominent civil engineer of his day, resulting in a report that the ponds and river could be made to furnish a daily supply of six and a half million gallons of water, at a cost of about two million dollars—it also was finally abandoned by the city authorities.

In the mean time, however, New York was not entirely dependent upon its wells and its ancient street-pumps for the water it required from day to day quite as much as its daily





DAM AT CROTON LAKE.

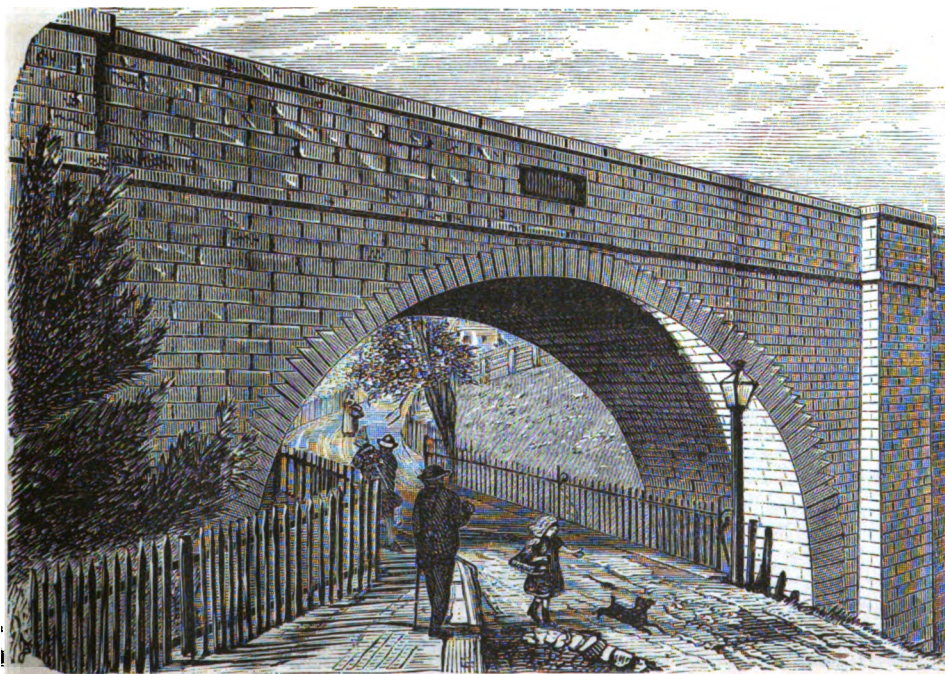
bread. A private corporation, the Manhattan Company, chartered in 1799, at the time the Rye-Ponds project was first proposed, "to supply the city with pure, wholesome water," for many years distributed in some sections, incompletely and unsatisfactorily, at first through bored logs, "an impure article," according to the official records, "containing a hundred and twenty-five grains of foreign matter in every gallon," which was pumped from wells into a reservoir, located on Chambers Street, between Broadway and Centre. It was the existence of this concern, and the repeated promises of its managers to increase its facilities and improve its waters, that prevented the city corporation from undertaking the

Rye-Ponds project; and it was its inefficiency, to a great extent, that finally drove the city authorities to action, the ultimate result of which was the works we now propose to see. Before this action, however, one more effort was made to secure the supply of water by a private corporation. In 1825 the New-York Water-works Company was incor-

porated by the Legislature. Canvas White, the engineer who had, in 1824, reported on the feasibility of the Rye-Ponds project, was appointed engineer to this company, and he proposed to draw the waters of the Bronx and its tributaries at Underhill's Bridge, pretty much in accordance with the old, much-talked-of plan. But the charter of the company proved

so defective that they were unable to proceed under it; and finally, after various attempts to have it satisfactorily amended, they dissolved.

De Witt Clinton made the first examination of the route to Croton River, in compliance with a request of the Common Council of the city. He reported in favor of taking the waters of the Croton at Pine's Bridge, which he



BRIDGE AT SING SING.



stated to be one hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the Hudson, to conduct it in an open aqueduct following the line of the Croton and the Hudson Rivers, and to cross the Harlem on an arch a hundred and thirty feet high and a thousand feet long. The cost of this work he estimated at two and a half millions. Upon the strength of this the Council petitioned the Legislature to create a commission to thoroughly examine the subject. This was granted, and, their report being in favor of the Croton project, further acts were passed; and finally, after elaborate surveys and the adoption of a complete plan of work, the necessary final law was put upon the books; the people, in April, 1835, voted on the question of "water" or "no water," seventeen thousand three hundred and thirty for, and five thousand nine hundred and sixty-three against; the work was at once begun; and on the 4th of July, 1842, the water was admitted into the city with great show and ceremony.

So much for early history. Now for statistics of the present works, so that their magnitude may be realized, and what we may see appreciated.

If you can speak the "open sesame," by which only admission can be gained to the



BRIDGE AT SLEEPY HOLLOW.

lofty and airy workroom of Mr. Tracy, the chief-engineer of the works, on the tip-top of the down-town building of the Department of Public Works, where he retreats at odd hours of the day, when in the city, from the many besetting inquirers who invariably find their

crosses the Harlem Valley and the river, the water thus brought is conveyed in immense iron pipes, so huge that a very tall man can stand erect within them. Then the aqueduct of masonry is resumed and continued a couple of miles to the termination

way to his office, you can see the plans of the work in detail, and trace on the map the course of the aqueduct. Thus you will see that it begins six miles above the mouth of the Croton River, where a dam elevates the water of the river forty feet, or a hundred and sixty-six feet above mean tide; passes along the valley of the Croton to near its mouth, and thence into the valley of the Hudson; goes through the villages of Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Dobb's Ferry, Hastings, and Yonkers; at the last leaves the bank of the Hudson and crosses the valley of Sawmill River and Tibbets's Brook; thence runs along the side of the ridge that bounds the southerly side of Tibbets's-Brook Valley to within three and a half miles of the Harlem River, where the high grounds of the Hudson fall away; and passes, in consequence, over the summit lying between the Hudson and East River to the Harlem and the great High Bridge.

Over the bridge, which



ON THE WAY TO TOWN—BELOW HASTINGS.





BRIDGE OVER SAW-MILL RIVER, YONKERS.

of the high ground on the north side of Manhattan valley, where it again gives place to iron pipes which descend into the bottom of the valley, a hundred and two feet below the aqueduct level, and rise to the proper point on the opposite side. Thence the masonry conduit proceeds to the receiving reservoirs in Central Park.

Now we are at Sing Sing. We leave the train gladly, for the ride has been hot, dirty, and generally uninteresting, and take a carriage, or breezy road-wagon, for we have eight miles or so of country to cross and steep hills to climb, after making the best terms possible (which will, however we may bargain, be against us) with the most honest appearing of the village Jehus, who are almost as shrewd a set as their world-renowned brothers-in-trade of the great city. We must so arrange our route as to see the works over the Sing-Sing Kill, and get the most frequent sights of the aqueduct-line, for nowhere else can we obtain a better idea of its "stupendous bigness." The Sing-Sing Kill, where it crosses the line of the aqueduct, runs in a deep and narrow gulf, the bottom of which is sixty-three feet below the grade line. The aqueduct bridge, which covers this gulf, is immense. Near the north end of the valley that spreads out from this is a road, culvert, or arched viaduct, under the conduit. The principal work here is the large arch directly over the gulf. It is eighty-eight feet span, and thirty-three feet rise, a massive work of stone. The eight miles compassed, we reach the reservoir, and see around and about us pictures of quiet country life, bits of pretty landscape, and picturesque hills and vales; and we taste the sweet country air, and sniff the pleasant country scents.

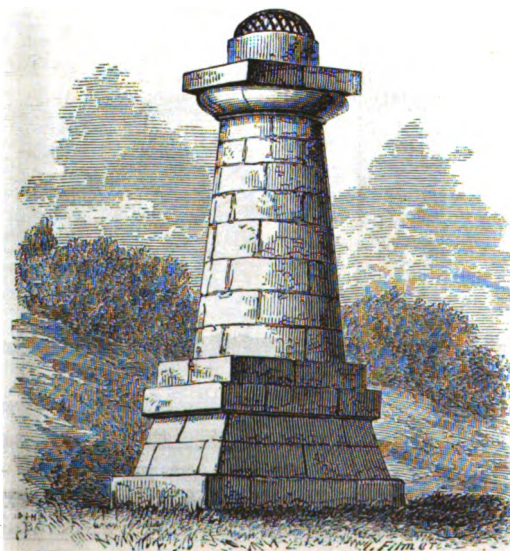
This reservoir covers about four hundred acres, and has a storage capacity of about five hundred million gallons above a level that will allow the aqueduct to deliver thirty-five million gallons per day. The new re-

ceiving reservoirs in the Central Park have a capacity of about one thousand million gallons; the old reservoirs about a hundred and fifty million gallons; and the distributing reservoir on Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, about twenty million gallons. Large wells these, but none too large for the needs or desires of the big family that draws from them, as you will readily comprehend when I tell you that, in October, 1869, all of this available supply was practically exhausted, and the only remaining source was the small amount which was running in Croton River, and which probably did not exceed twenty-seven million gallons a day. Since then the lakes, varying in size from fifty to five hundred acres, at or near the sources of many of the tributaries of the Croton, which have their rise principally in Westchester and Putnam Counties—though some of the smaller rise in Dutchess County and within the State of Connecticut—have been drawn down; and the construction of a new and huge storage reservoir, at a point known as Boyd's Corner, in the town of Kent, Putnam County, has

been begun. We are now drinking, using, and wasting, about eighty-five million gallons of water every twenty-four hours—a vast deal more than those who were before us drank at the time the works of the Manhattan Company were put in operation, when water from the celebrated "Tea-water Pump," which for years stood on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets, was purchased at a penny a gallon from the vendors who went about the town in carts, and sparingly used as no common luxury.

The dam sets the river back about five miles. The water is conducted to a gateway located on solid rock, to the head of the aqueduct on the southern shore, by a tunnel cut a hundred and eighty feet through rock. The gate-chamber is provided with a double set of gates; one set of guard-gates of cast-iron, set in cast-iron frames, and one set of regulating-gates, made of gun-metal, set in frames of the same material. There are nine gates in each set, and all are simply operated by means of wrought-iron screw-rods. In the north abutment of the dam there is a waste-culvert with suitable gates of cast-iron to draw the water down in the reservoir whenever necessary.

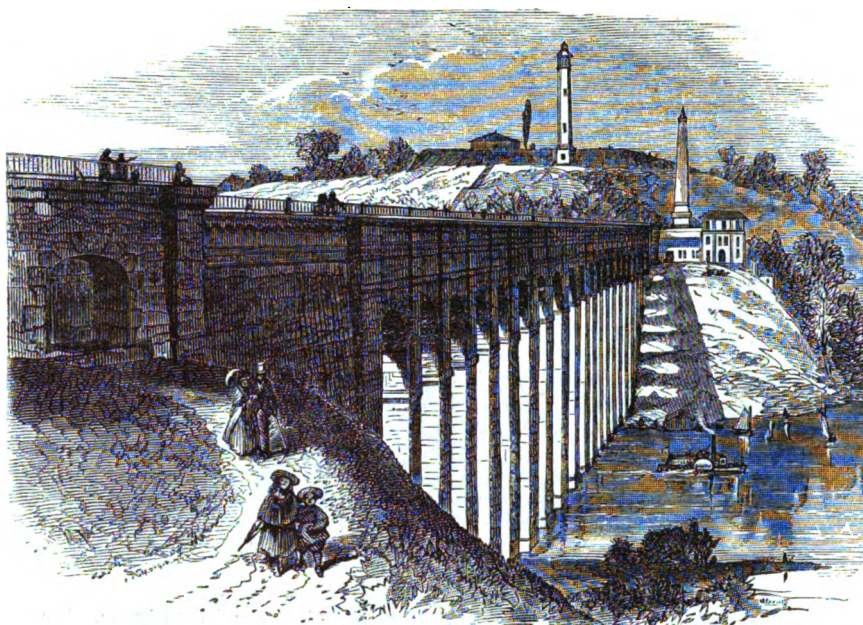
The general formation of the country through which the aqueduct passes is extremely irregular, and consequently, in its construction, there was of necessity much deep cutting, frequent tunnelling through ridges, and heavy filling in deep ravines. There are on the line sixteen tunnels, varying in length from a hundred and sixty to over twelve hundred feet, and making an aggregate length of nearly seven thousand feet; and the height of the ridges, above the grade-level at the tunnels, ranges from twenty-five to seventy-five feet. In Westchester County twenty-five streams cross the line of the aqueduct, which are from twelve to seventy feet below the grade line, and from twenty-five to eighty-three feet below the top covering of the aqueduct. The most



VENTILATOR.



prominent of the valleys are Lounsberry's, Indian Brook, Sing-Sing Kill, Mill River, Jewell's Brook, and Saw-mill River, the foundations of which are in no case less than forty feet below the grade-line, or fifty-three feet below the top covering of the aqueduct. Besides those above mentioned, there are numerous brooks and valleys, of less depth, requiring culverts and artificial foundations to support the work. The culverts number one hundred and fourteen, and their aggregate length is nearly eight thousand feet. The span varies from one and a half to twenty-five feet. There are five road-culverts of from fourteen to twenty feet span. All the culverts are of stone, laid in hydraulic cement. So you see the line is embellished at frequent intervals with massive viaducts and bridges, which render it imposing, and at times picturesque. The prettiest picture along the way is perhaps at Sleepy Hollow, and the grandest about Sing-Sing Kill, something of which we saw on the way over from the station.

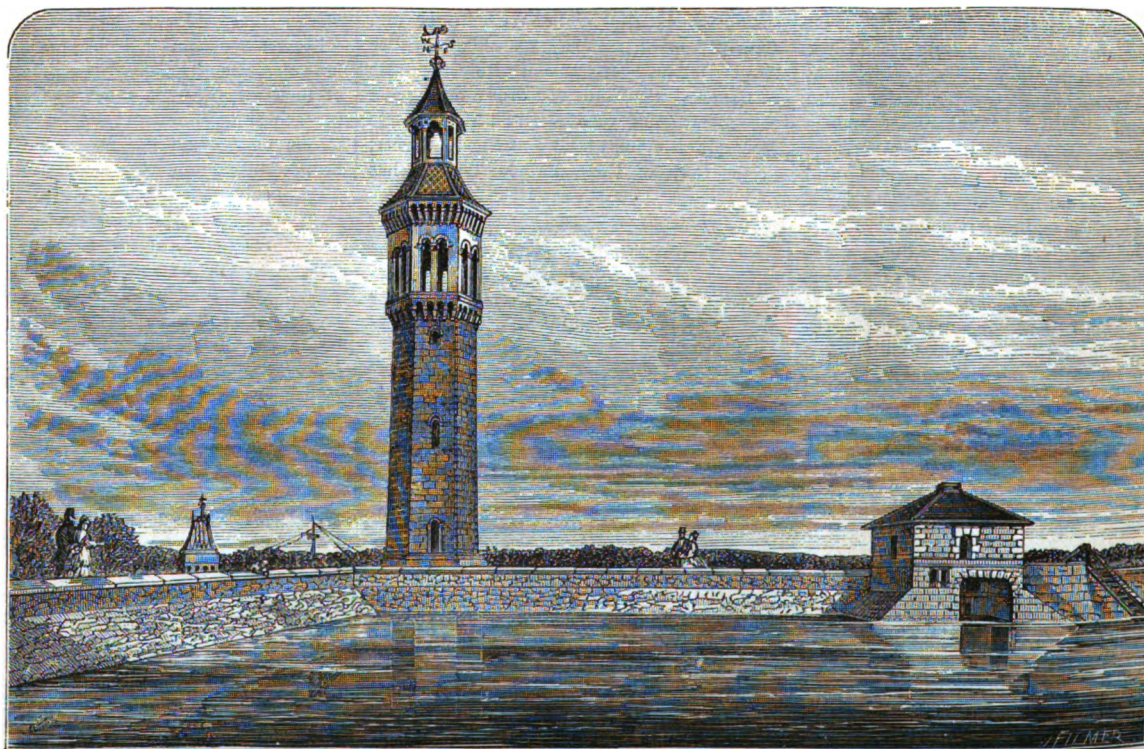


HIGH BRIDGE.

The greatest interior width of the aqueduct is seven feet five inches, and the greatest height eight feet five and a half inches. The bottom is an inverted arch; the side walls rise four feet above the spring-line, with a bevel of one inch to a foot rise, so that the width at the top is eight inches greater than at the bottom; and the roofing arch is a semi-circle. In excavations a bed of concrete masonry is made the foundation, three inches thick at the centre of the inverted arch, twelve at the spring-line, and three under the side-

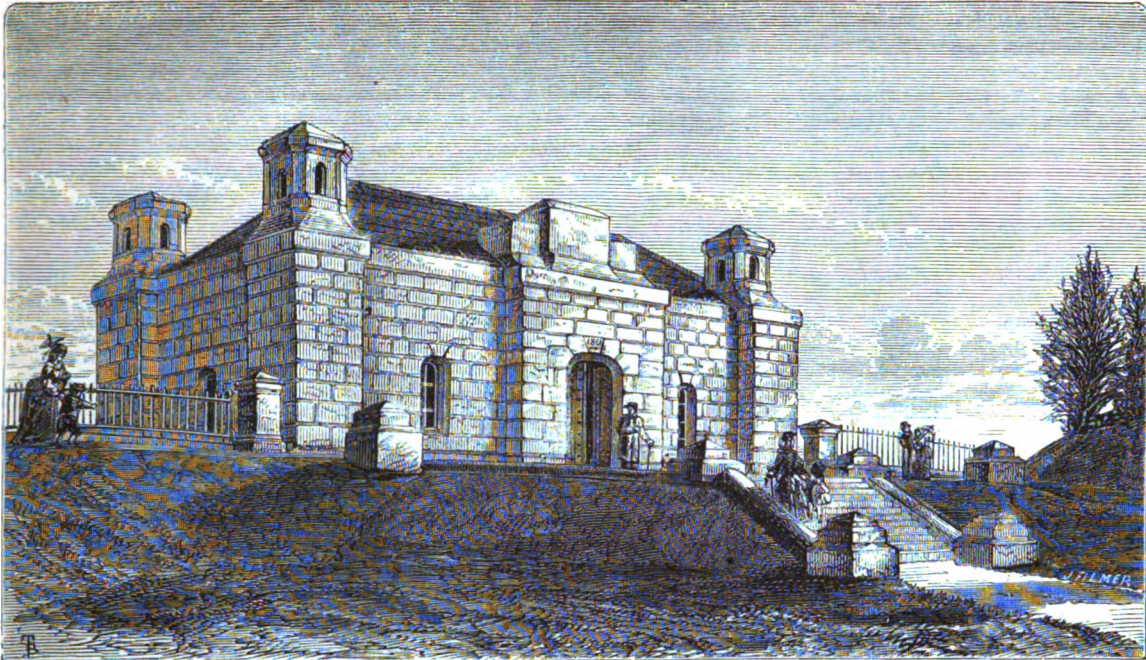
lic cement, three parts of clean sand, and three parts of fine broken stone. The masonry was all laid up in hydraulic cement obtained mostly from the lime of Ulster County. The mortar for the stone-work was composed of one measure of cement to three of clean, sharp sand, and for the brick masonry and plastering between the stone-work and the inner brick facing; and, over the roofing arch, one of cement to two of sand. Every cargo of cement was tested by actual experiment after it was brought to the work, before

walls or abutments; over this bed a heavy course of plastering is laid. The inverted arch is of brick, four inches thick; the side walls are of rubble-stone, two feet eight inches thick at the spring-line of the inverted arch, and two feet at the top, and are faced with brick; and the roofing arch is of brick, eight inches thick. Spandrels of stone are carried up solid from the exterior angle of side-wall on a line that is tangent to the arch. The concrete masonry was formed by mixing one part of hydrau-



WATER TOWER, HIGH BRIDGE.





GATE-HOUSE, CENTRAL-PARK RESERVOIR.

any was allowed to be used. All this care was necessary to produce a water-proof way. In rock-tunnelling the roofing arch is dispensed with.

To give free circulation of air through the aqueduct, thirty or forty ventilators are constructed at a uniform distance of a mile. They rise fourteen feet above the surface of the ground over the aqueduct, are circular in form, slightly bevelling or tapering toward the top, and are built of stone. Ten or a dozen of them are constructed with doors that admit an easy entrance into the aqueduct. These ventilators stand out abrupt and unprotected, and at a distance very much resemble the old powder-houses erected by our grand-fathers. Along the line of the aqueduct there are also six waste-weirs, so arranged as to allow the water to pass off when it rises above the proper height, with gates to draw it all off when necessary. The water from the weirs, or gates, falls into a well, and is then carried off through a culvert to the outside channel. Each weir and its appurtenances are enclosed by a stone building with a brick arched roof.

On the way back to town let us leave the train at a point as near the High Bridge as possible; take a look at the tower by the erection of which the residents of the highlands are easily supplied, and the low-

pressure engines for pumping the water from the aqueduct into the high-service reservoir constructed near by for the same purpose; and make our way down to the last point of especial interest along the works—the reservoirs in the upper section of the Central Park.

The old we need but glance at, for the new render them insignificant and unattractive. These—the new reservoirs—lie just above the old, extend from Eighty-sixth to Ninety-

sixth Street, occupy nearly the whole width of the Park, and cover a hundred and six acres. We can walk or ride horseback, or drive around them as we please, so long as we do not push ahead too rapidly, and thus break the stringent Park rules, and give the gray-coated policemen, who here abound and are anxious to improve every opportunity to assert their petty authority, a chance to restrain our liberty. From the promenade we

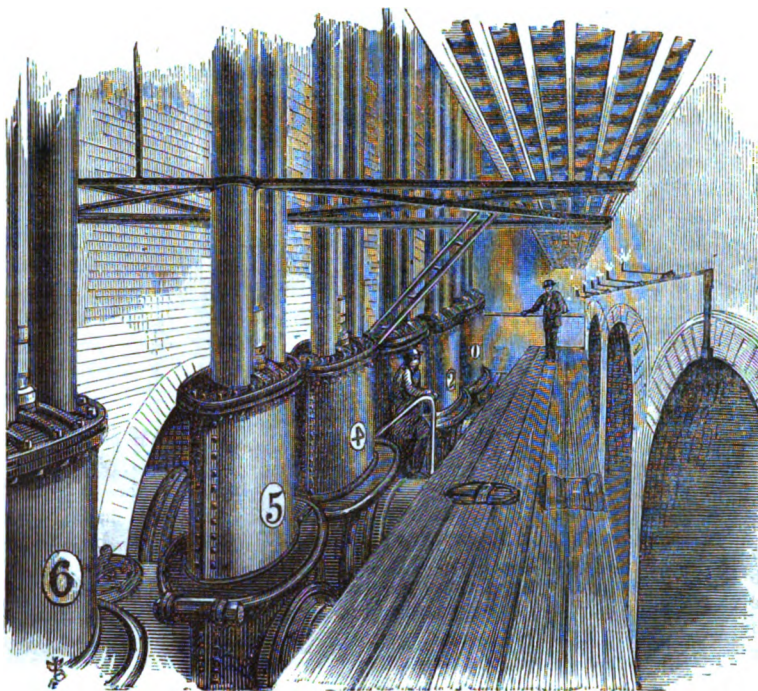
get the best look. We see a vast, quiet, beautiful lake of clear water—for it happens to be a still, bright day—and notice on its edges shoals of fishes of glistening crimson, blue, and stripes of varied hues. At the north is a neat stone house, which is known as the “north gate-house,” through which the water from the long conduit is received; and at the south a larger and more picturesque house of stone, called the “south gate-house,” through which the waters of the reservoirs are sent down the avenues and over and about the great city. We will enter the south gate-house, as its attractions are superior to those of the stone box at the north. If we ascend from the drive-way or the walk from the lower park, we pass up a series of short flights of stone steps, along a gravel path lined with arbor-vitæ and beds of fair flowers, over a picturesque bridge, and up a



INTERIOR OF GATE-HOUSE.



final and longer stone stairway to a broad stone threshold. Entering, we think we take in every thing it contains at a glance, but we do no such thing. We see on the right and left basins of still water, enclosed by iron railings, about fifty by twenty feet; beyond, parallel with them, rows of large breaks with up-right screw-rods; at the entrance an opening for a stairway leading somewhere below; and at the rear a prison-like door, which, being swung open, admits us to a little balcony hanging over the great lake, from which we look over the beautiful, transparent water to the north gate-house on the opposite side, and note a granite way from one house to the other, a few feet below the surface of the water, which, we are told by a one-armed officer in charge of the house, who volunteers as our guide, divides the reservoirs. "By these breaks," says the officer, directing us back into the house, "we open and shut the gates to the great pipes below which supply the city. The work is simple and easy. The break turns this screw, and so easily that a child can operate it," and, so saying, the officer with two fingers of his one hand pulls the break forward and pushes it backward without the slightest effort. The screw, above the break, is boxed, and kept as bright and clean as a careful housewife's silver. Before each gate is a wire sieve through which the water flows, leaving behind the bulk of the impurities it has gathered, and those shoals of glistening fishes we have caught sight of. "These bays," pointing to the enclosed basins of still water, "are for service when either one or the other reservoirs is drawn off. An arch between them allows the water to run from one to the other, and thus all the pipes are fed from one reservoir. Now, we will go below and see the pipes." And following him we soon find our mistake in supposing, when we entered the little stone building and looked about us, that we were "taking in every



VALVE APPARATUS, BENEATH SOUTH GATE-HOUSE, CENTRAL PARK.

thing at a glance." We descend a circular iron stairway into a well forty or fifty feet deep, from the bottom of which great chambers extend into the earth, lined with huge white pipes, over which there are narrow walks. To the right and left, at the entrance to the chambers, are rows of machines numbered with huge figures. "These are the valve apparatus, the stopcocks," says our guide, leading us up to a platform, and lighting the gas as he goes before us, preventing thereby our destruction by reason of a false step, which we must surely take if we grope in the dark. "They work in the

city. The farthest is the Fourth Avenue; this on which you stand is the Third Avenue; that is the east Fifth Avenue; and so on. Others go down to the Murray-Hill Reservoir, and others to the west side. There are openings, or gates, all along the lines, by which the pipes can at any moment, and at almost any point, be cleaned or repaired, so that no stoppage of any magnitude can possibly occur."

And so the water is brought from Croton and distributed about town. Any child can understand the way in which it is brought, and the manner of its distribution. "The works are simple enough," said the one-armed guide at the Central Park Reservoirs, "but it took a mighty big brain to think 'em out." And so it did.

It is now foreseen that the supply of water from the Croton will soon be insufficient to supply the needs of our rapidly-increasing city. It will be necessary to tap other water-courses in Putnam County, which abounds with springs and lakes, or possibly direct the Bronx to our uses. The need of an incessant supply has led some people to ambitiously suggest the bringing of the far-off Lake George, by aqueducts, to our city; but this is at present only a visionary scheme.



DISTRIBUTING PIPES, GATE-HOUSE.

## TABLE-TALK.

THE death of CHARLES LEVER leaves but three of the famous band of novelists who illustrated the earlier years of Victoria's reign, still in the land of the living—Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, and Ainsworth. The quarter of a century between 1830 and 1855, may be noted as a period of renaissance in English fiction, and, among the romancers who appeared within its range, G. P. R. James and William Harrison Ainsworth alone are to be classed as imitators of the great novelist of the preceding era, Sir Walter Scott. Bulwer, and Disraeli, Dickens, and Thackeray, and Lever, each founded new schools and types of fiction; each was, in a manner, an originator—a subjective creator of character and style. A biographical sketch of Lever, whose death is just announced as having occurred at Trieste, appeared in the *JOURNAL* for December 31, 1870, wherein his somewhat checked and interesting career as a writer, physician, and official, was briefly traced. Lever was as truly the originator of a department of fiction as was Dickens or Thackeray; and that the field which he occupied was one well worth cultivating, is proved by the host of imitators who immediately sprang up after the appearance of "Charles O'Malley." In some respects, several of Lever's imitators displayed as much talent as the creator of the irrepressible Irish dragoon himself: Lover, and Cockton, and Smedley, produced rollicking novels as full of lively incident and ludicrous situations, if not abounding in such bubbling Irish humor, as Lever's most popular works. Lever's mission in the world was to amuse; and as "*dulce est desipere in loco*" applies as much to reading as to any other recreation, he surely had his use in a world hard driven and teeming with cares. In the repose of his Adriatic consulate, Lever continued to produce, from time to time, down to his last days, novels which had somewhat of the old titillating aroma; but it must be confessed that his later works will not for a moment bear comparison with those upon which his fame was founded. "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke" and "Lord Kilgobbin" bear the same relation to "Charles O'Malley" and "Jack Hinton" that "Great Expectations" does to "David Copperfield," "Philip" to "Vanity Fair," and "A Strange Story" to "The Last Days of Pompeii;" they are evidences of imaginative exhaustion, probably also of mental weariness. The dedication of "Lord Kilgobbin," Lever's last novel, recently issued, hints of the author's broken health and spirits; and, read in the light of his death so soon after writing it, seems to indicate that the assiduous novelist of more than forty years' standing perceived the near approach of his end. Lever's enjoyment of life, and especially of those circles of society frequented by men of the world of the higher rank, seems to have

been undiminished to the last. He was a hale, and hearty, and sunny-souled Irishman, obstinate in his fine old ultra-Protestant Toryism, charming in dinner-table conversation, primed with an apparently exhaustless fund of anecdote, fond of good cheer, and yet a very keen observer of men and affairs. He was in his sixty-fourth year at the period of his death.

— If there is truth in what is stated by a writer on parliamentary representation in England, in the current *Westminster Review*—and he fortifies his assertions with an abundance of facts and figures—our transatlantic cousins are much farther off from "a government by the people and for the people" than the outer world has been wont to suppose. The exposure of the glaring inequalities in the representation is a startling one; rotten boroughs, or the equivalents of rotten boroughs, still exist, it appears, by tens and fifties. It is shown that it is quite possible for a large majority in the House of Commons, immediately after a general election, to represent a decided minority, not only of the English people, but of duly-qualified voters. A very few instances will clearly demonstrate this: The metropolitan constituencies of London contain a population of over three millions, and are represented by twenty-two members. A certain number of village boroughs, whose aggregate population is 135,000, sends twenty-three members. Thus 135,000 people in small boroughs overcome 3,000,000 in London; a small borough member is equal, in political power in the House, to twenty large borough members. The three great industrial counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Middlesex, with a population of 2,000,000, have twelve members; the small agricultural counties of Rutland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, Huntingdon, Sussex, and Worcester, with a population of 300,000 only, have also twelve members. There are fifteen boroughs, with a population of over 40,000, which return but one member each; while there are twenty-five, with less than 20,000 inhabitants, which return two members each. The four largest counties, containing 8,300,000 souls, return eighty-four members; while eleven small counties, aggregating but 2,100,000, return eighty-five members; 2,000,000 thus outvoting 8,000,000 by the proxy of their members in the House of Commons. Liverpool, with a population of 500,000, sends three members, and three members are also sent by Evesham, Northallerton, and Marlborough, with an aggregate population of but 11,000. These figures prove that parliamentary reform is yet scarcely out of its swaddling-clothes. The suffrage was extended by Disraeli, in 1867, to householders in boroughs, and residents rated at twelve pounds in the counties; but the Tory chief took good care to handle the redistribution of seats very

tenderly, so as not to destroy the advantage to his party of having small boroughs like Evesham counterbalance great constituencies, like a third part of the population of Liverpool! The great reform of a fair and impartial distribution of deputies according to population has yet to come; for, in a government by the people, the only just rule is that the same number of people shall everywhere be entitled to the same number of representatives. Mr. Bright has declared the question of distribution to be "the very soul of the question of reform;" again he called it "the very soul and jewel of your representative system." Mr. Gladstone has been not less emphatic on the subject; but the responsibility and conservatism of power seem hitherto to have paralyzed any design he may have had to effect what obtrusive facts show to be an urgently necessary revolution.

— An eminent man of science, one of whose eminence we suppose there can be no question, Mr. Alfred Wallace, author of "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," has recently expressed his positive belief in the supernatural origin of the spirit manifestations now so rife in this country and in Europe. In the *London Quarterly Journal of Science* for April, he reviews at considerable length Mr. Robert Dale Owen's last work on spiritualism, entitled the "Debatable Land," which he describes as a literary work of a high class, ably and honestly written, and presenting an array of facts supported by sufficient testimony to merit a full and fair discussion on scientific grounds. He says, in conclusion, that the facts stated by Mr. Owen, and maintained by adequate evidence, "actually force upon us the spiritual theory, just as the facts of geology force upon us the belief in long series of ancient living forms, different from those now upon the earth. I must accept all the equally well-attested facts of equal intrinsic probability, or reject all. I cannot believe in Cretaceous fossils as realities, and reject Silurian as freaks of Nature; neither can I accept the facts B may have witnessed, and reject those of the rest of the alphabet. Yet, if all the main classes of facts are admitted, the spiritual theory appears as clearly a deduction from them as the theory of extinct animals follows from the facts presented by their fossil remains." Mr. Wallace is unquestionably logical in coming to this conclusion. If the facts are admitted to be as Mr. Owen states them, the manifestations are undoubtedly produced by invisible beings having the intelligence, the passions, the whims, and the caprices of human beings. That is, they are the work of spirits who were once men in the flesh. That solution only will explain Mr. Owen's facts. It is idle to talk of psychic or other unknown forces, for whose existence we have no evidence. But the question is, Are Mr. Owen's facts really facts, or are they only illusions?



— The unveiling of Shakespeare's statue in the Central Park, May 23d, was celebrated by a dinner at the Century Club. Each item of the bill of fare was illustrated by a motto from the poet's writings, beginning with "God be wi' you. Fare you well," from "Hamlet," followed by "Now, good digestion wait on appetite," from "Macbeth." Under green-turtle soup was "Come forth, thou tortoise," from "The Tempest," and "Of the sea-water green, sir," from "Love's Labor's Lost." The second course was ushered in by a quotation from "Macbeth"—"Great Nature's second course." The boiled salmon, by "a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable," from "The Tempest;" roast lamb, "Our tender brother," from second "King Henry VI.;" lettuce-salad, "We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb," from "All's Well that Ends Well;" "cheese, "Why, my cheese, my digestion," from "Troilus and Cressida;" ice-cream, "And milk comes frozen home in pail," from "Love's Labor's Lost;" fruits, "Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig," from "King John;" coffee, "The Duke of Berry," from "King Henry V.;" and lastly, cigars, "Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky," from "Titus Andronicus."

— Unless the French Government can offer some satisfactory explanation, the friendly relations existing between it and the English cabinet seem likely to be jeopardized by the extraordinary conduct of the former in deporting destitute Communists to British soil. On a recent occasion, it seems that twelve poor wretches were landed at Dover, having been refused all aid at Calais, and told to apply to the French consul at the former port. This functionary utterly refused them assistance, and told them to seek it at the workhouse. There they obtained food and lodging, and thence, sustained by charity or the workhouses of the towns through which they passed, they made the journey nearly as comfortably as David Copperfield, when going the reverse direction on foot to London. It may be imagined how pleased the British ratepayer, who finds it rather more than enough to support his own paupers, is at having indigent "mosoos" thrust upon him. When Australia was indignant at convicts being dispatched to her, she determined to retaliate in kind, and arrangements for that end were actually commenced. John Bull has a splendid supply of this sort of material to land upon French soil—all the more so that the Australian market for such produce is now closed—though we fear not a little of it somehow reaches ours.

— It is a common notion in this country that the national House of Representatives is a rowdy and disorderly assemblage, that opinion having been created by the newspaper correspondents, who, when they have nothing else to say, amuse themselves

with magnifying every little ebullition of temper or excitement among the members into a disgraceful row. In England the same opinion prevails even more extensively, that snobbish nation being unable to conceive that a democrat may be a gentleman, or that good manners may exist where there is no court and no hereditary nobility. The truth is, that the House of Representatives is one of the most orderly and dignified of legislative bodies. The House of Commons, when excited, is much more disorderly, as was shown in the recent case of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Auberon Herbert. The French Assembly also indulges almost daily in scenes of uproar and tumult such as are never seen in Congress. And quite lately, in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Signor Lanzi, one of the royal ministers, interrupted a deputy who was speaking, charged him with being dishonest, discourteous, and added, "You lie in your throat!" An uproar ensued, in which the members nearly came to blows, and which was ended only by the president's hastily putting on his hat, and thus adjourning the House. And yet the Italians have been civilized ten times as long as our race, and have, besides, to the fullest extent, the advantages which the English affect to prize so highly of hereditary monarchy and hereditary nobility.

— A rich man, named Barnes, died recently at Manchester, England. His personalty alone was sworn under eight hundred thousand dollars. After bequeathing one hundred thousand dollars and a house to his only child, a daughter, he left the residue, subject to a few legacies, to be devoted to a peculiar but admirable charitable purpose. The income is to be applied to persons suffering from severe bodily disease, and "resident at their own homes, not in any almshouse, hospital, or such like institution." No grant is to exceed twenty pounds a year. The managers are further permitted to lend at their discretion a sum not exceeding this amount. This is a form of charity eminently needed. It reaches exactly that class now passed over—the quiet, better-days people, ashamed to let their want, their sickness, and their sorrow, be publicly known. The noisy, impudent beggar riots in plenty, while the class for whom Mr. Barnes designs his money pine in silent suffering, their fate known only to curate or district visitor, whose purse is too scanty to aid them. We have many such here. Where is our Mr. Barnes?

— Recent letters from Victoria, Australia, tell of remarkable changes in the value of agricultural produce in Melbourne. At the height of the gold-fever, twenty years ago, butter was a dollar a pound; bread, twelve cents; bacon, sixty cents; potatoes, one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel; flour, fourteen dollars per hundred-weight. Toward the end of last year butter was

twelve to fifteen cents a pound; beef, four to six cents a pound; flour, forty-eight to fifty-two dollars a ton (and of the best quality in the world); potatoes, seventy-five cents to a dollar per hundred-weight, and other vegetables proportionately low. Persons with a fixed income—policemen, for example—who receive each one dollar and fifty cents a day, are much better off than those with thrice the salary here.

## Correspondence.

### Concerning Catfish.

MISTER EDITOR

I have bin a reglar reader of Appletons Journal most ever since it was started. I like the reading in it very much as a general thing, and the pictures too mostly, but I do think the man that drawed the second picture on page 691, number 169, made a great mistake in not making that catfishes tail flop. If I know any thing about catfish and I think I do for I catched lots of 'em when I was a boy, then there never was none of the breed that wouldnt flop his tail when he finds hisself in such a fix as that one is in. Its too late now, of course, to make this ones flop, but I hope you will not forget this peculiarity of these slippery fellows if you should print the picture of another.

Yours Truly

JOHN HARRISON

NEW YORK June 12th 1872.

## Miscellany.

### The Presidents.

THREE presidents crossed their fifty-year line during their incumbency of the office—General Grant, Mr. Polk, who entered office seven months before he was fifty, and General Pierce, who was in his forty-ninth year when taking his seat. General Washington was in his fifty-eighth year when he became president. John Adams was in his sixty-second, Mr. Jefferson in his fifty-eighth, Mr. Madison the same, Mr. Monroe in his fifty-ninth, John Quincy Adams in his fifty-eighth, General Jackson in his sixty-second, Mr. Van Buren in his fifty-fifth, General Harrison in his sixty-ninth, John Tyler in his fifty-second, General Taylor in his sixty-fifth, Mr. Fillmore in his fifty-first, Mr. Buchanan in his sixty-sixth, Mr. Lincoln in his fifty-third, and Mr. Johnson in his fifty-seventh. General Harrison was the oldest man ever elected to the presidency; General Grant the youngest. Four presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams—were all in their fifty-eighth year when they entered office; and four—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison—went out of office in their sixty-eighth year. General Jackson went out of office only eleven days before the completion of his seventieth year, and Mr. Buchanan fifty days before he was seventy. John Adams was the longest lived of the presidents, being in his ninety-first year at the time of his death. The next oldest was Mr. Madison, who died in his eighty-sixth year; Mr. Jefferson died in his eighty-fourth year, John Quincy Adams in his eighty-first, Mr. Van Buren in his eightieth, General Jackson in his seventy-ninth, and Mr. Monroe in his seventy-third. General Pierce was the youngest retiring president,

who went out of office soon after he had completed his fifty-second year. Mr. Polk retired in his fifty-fourth year, and died in a little more than three months after, at the age of fifty-three years, seven months, and thirteen days—youngest of all our presidents in death.

The most notable deaths are those of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, which occurred July 4, 1826, at nearly the same hour. Both were conspicuous actors in the opening drama of the Revolution, and made an impress upon the country which essentially aided the struggle. Both, too, were conspicuous in the formation of the government, and, though at the antipodes in their opinions, each did good service to the country. Mr. Adams was at the head of the Federal party, Mr. Jefferson of the Republican. Their followers were bitter toward each other, and the partisan malignity scrupled at nothing to malign its opponents. Both outlived the slanders of their active lives, and survived long enough for each to appreciate the other, and accord to each other an earnest, patriotic purpose in their political careers. It was fitting that these two noble old men, patriots in the best sense of the term, should, hand-in-hand, walk down to the river and together enter the great Hereafter.

Of all our presidents, John Quincy Adams was the most noted. Early in life he entered the public service, and, under the training of his father, became an accomplished statesman. He continued his public career to the close of his life. His administration was not a brilliant one, for he went into office on the ruins of the Federal and Republican parties. Old issues had been settled; and, during the presidency of Mr. Monroe, especially his last term, there was no such thing as party. It was the "era of good feeling," so far as the past was concerned. When a successor was to be chosen, the contest was for men, as there was no question of public policy to divide upon. Four candidates were voted for—Jackson, Clay, Adams, and Crawford. There was no choice by the people, and the election went to the House of Representatives. Mr. Adams was chosen, the friends of Mr. Clay going to his aid. This embittered the friends of Jackson and Crawford, who were in opposition, and proved sore thorns for four years. In 1828 General Jackson was elected, and Mr. Adams retired, having made no mark as president, from the fact that no opportunity occurred; no great measure came up as a rallying-point, and he retired from as he entered on office, without a party. He was returned to Congress in 1831, and continued a member of the House until his death, which occurred in 1848, February 23d. He died in the Capitol, as was most fitting, for his seventeen years of continuous service had been marked by a persistency and industry which crowned him with honor.

General Harrison was the first president who died in office. Only thirty days in his seat, he did not have time to inaugurate a policy. He was murdered by the ceaseless importunities of office-seekers and factions striving to get the better of each other. The Whigs had been out of the Government twelve years—the two terms of General Jackson and the one of Mr. Van Buren—and were as ravenous as wolves. They besieged the executive day and night. His constitution could not stand the strain, and he fell at his post, an honest man, though leaving no political record. The second president dying in office was General Taylor. He was an iron soldier, but the thorny paths of politics proved his death. The slave-power was striving for domination, and the old general found his administration beset by so much difficulty

that he, too, fell at his post, worn out by its distractions. In both cases the succession proved unfortunate for the Whigs, and on each occasion the party became weakened, and never was able to rally again as before.

#### Polar Expeditions.

The polar regions promise to receive their full share of attention during the next two or three years. An expedition, in which Dr. Petermann and the majority of the German geographical societies manifest great faith, is to sail from Bremerhaven about the end of June, under the auspices of the Austrian Government. The plan of the voyage is as follows: The expeditionary vessel, a three-masted schooner, one hundred and eighteen feet long, provided with an engine of ninety-five horse-power, is to be provisioned for a period of three years. The first winter is to be spent on the most northern promontory of Asia; during the following summer the exploration of the Central Polar Ocean is to be continued, and an effort made to reach the Pole; the second winter is to be spent on the new Siberian Island, and the third summer will be employed in reaching Behring's Straits and an Asiatic or American haven. Another expedition, under the control of Professor Nordenskiöld, a Swedish geographer, is almost ready to depart from Stockholm. The principal object of this expedition is to reach the Pole from high latitudes in sleighs drawn by reindeer, of which animals fifty will be shipped from Norway, with the necessary fodder and a number of Lapps to attend them. It will be seen that Professor Nordenskiöld does not believe in the story of an open sea extending to the Pole; if he did, he would place less faith in his reindeer. There are several other North-Polar expeditions of less importance in preparation, one of which was announced to sail from Havre in April. There is also the American expedition under Captain Hall, which will attempt to reach the Pole this summer; and M. Octave Pavy is going to look for it on a raft; while the intelligence comes from Europe that another enthusiastic Frenchman intends to try and discover it with a balloon. For fear that none of these explorers will succeed in their purpose, the English are now making arduous exertions to get up a British expedition, and it is proposed to hold meetings, send deputations to government, and appeal to Parliament for aid to the undertaking, which, we are told, the whole scientific world has resolved, with singular unanimity, is greatly needed.

#### Japanese Women.

The Japanese women are not pretty; but they have charming natural manners; with beautifully-shaped arms, and tiny hands. The young women are all as remarkable for their superb white teeth as the married ones are for their hideous black ones. This custom originated some two or three hundred years ago, and is supposed to show the wife's devotion to her husband. One of the mikado's wives (so goes the legend) was very lovely, and to show her indifference to her personal appearance, and to prove her love for her husband, blackened her beautiful teeth and shaved off her eyebrows. This was considered such a sacrifice, that all living wives (not to be outdone by Mrs. Mikado) followed her example. The custom has become compulsory.

Whether the married women like thus to blacken their teeth or not, is disputed among foreign residents here. The men compel them, however, to do it, whether they like it or not, for it is the great sign by which a man consecrates and shows off his female chattel to the

world. Whoever has blackened teeth is not to be touched by other men, on pain of death. The eyebrows of married women, I may as well add here, are shaved, and their lips rouged. Needs there, then, this penalty of death?

A merchant, who seems to be rich in the good things of the world, has just let one of our ladies peep into his wife's inner bedchamber, and here is the brief result of her explorations:

"Little or no furniture; no chairs; no bedstead—nothing but mats to sleep on. A toilet-box was on the floor, near the wall—about the only article of furniture in the room. In this box there were five drawers, and two lacquer basins on top. In the top drawer of this box there was a metallic mirror, like our hand-glasses. In the second drawer she kept her powder, paint, wax, brush, tooth-powder and brush. Two little drawers came next; in one she had her false hair, and in the other fancy pins, gilt paper, and other fixings for her hair. In the lower drawer was her pillow, which is placed under the neck when sleeping on the mats, so as to prevent the hair from being rumpled. It is made of wood, and covered with paper on the top. The powder looks like starch, and when they use it they mix a little water with it, and rub it in like paste; and they have two brushes that they use to rub it off with. The paint looks green, and turns red when put on the lips and cheeks."

The following is her receipt for blacking the teeth:

"Take three pints of water, and, having warmed it, add half a tea-cupful of wine (saki?). Put into this mixture a quantity of red-hot iron; allow it to stand five or six days, when there will be a scum on the top of the mixture, which should then be poured into a small tea-cup and placed near the fire. When it is warm, powdered gall-nuts and iron filings should be added to it, and the whole should be warmed again. The liquid is then painted on the teeth by a soft leather brush, with more powdered gall-nuts and iron, and, after several applications, the desired color will be obtained."—*Brooke's "Seven Months' Run."*

#### A Queer Will.

An eccentric genius, who died last year in Massachusetts, left the following will:

"In the name of the Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient, of Science and Common-sense. Amen.

"I, Sol. Hewes Sanborn (cosmopolite), now sojourning at Simpson's Hotel, Medford, Middlesex County, State of Massachusetts, do, by these presents, will, devise, and bequeath (for the diffusion of anatomical knowledge among mankind), my mortal remains to Professor Louis Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Harvard University, on the following conditions:—

"1. That my body be prepared in the most scientific and skilful manner known in anatomical art, and placed in the museum of anatomy in the aforesaid institution, or any other public building the said professors may deem advisable.

"2. It is my express desire (if compatible with the usages of the aforesaid university) that two drum-heads shall be made of my skin, on one of which shall be written, in indelible characters, 'Pope's Universal Prayer,' and on the other 'The Declaration of Independence,' as it originated in the brain of its illustrious author, Thomas Jefferson, the said drum-heads to be presented to my distinguished friend and fellow-citizen, Warren Simpson, drummer, Cohasset, Norfolk County, State of Massachusetts, on the following conditions: That he, the aforesaid Warren Simpson, shall beat, or cause to be beaten, on said drum-heads, the national air of 'Yankee Doodle,' at the base of the monument at Bunker's Hill, at sunrise, on the 17th of June, annually.

"The viscera and other parts of my body,

useless for anatomical purposes, I wish composted for a fertilizer, to be used for the purpose of nourishing the growth of the American elm, to be planted or set out on some rural or public thoroughfare, that the weary, wayfaring man may rest, and innocent children playfully sport beneath the shadow of its umbrageous branches, rendered luxuriant by my carcass.

"SOL. HEWES SANBORN."

#### The Great Fire at Yeddo.

On the afternoon of April 2d, a fire broke out in the aristocratic quarter of Yeddo, which spread rapidly to the business quarter, sweeping every thing before it for a space of two miles in length, by half a mile in breadth. The list of houses destroyed includes seventeen large government offices, sixty temples, two hundred and eighty-seven small public offices, and four thousand seven hundred and fifty-three private dwellings and shops.

Mr. House, an American resident of Yeddo, who saw the fire, writes this about the conduct of the Japanese:

"The behavior of the populace at the time of and after this almost unparalleled calamity was again such as to justify all that has ever been said of their perfect order, patient fortitude, and vigorous energy. Long after all reasonable hope of checking the course of the fire had been abandoned, they labored valiantly and heroically to keep it within the closest possible range, and displayed a persistent courage and insensibility to peril which I have never known equalled in any similar emergency. From an elevated part of one of the walls I could see groups of firemen standing upon and in the midst of burning houses, grasping their standards until the woodwork literally blazed in their hands. These singular emblems are generally looked upon as a species of "fire-god," in which a superstitious faith is reposed, and the apparent reliance of the multitude upon them is duly derided by superior critics of Caucasian hue. The fact is, that they have precisely the same purpose as the banners of an army, and are planted by their bearers in spots of peculiar danger, from which it is a point of honor not to retreat while nature has the power to endure. Scores of these daring fellows were successively prostrated, and were borne away, insensible from wounds or suffocation, while others eagerly pressed forward to take their places. There was no interruption, as there was no limit, to their hardihood. At no moment was the least sign of hesitation or indecision apparent. For the mere chance of rescuing a single house, a dozen men would fearlessly risk their lives. Every disposition to second their endeavors was shown by the multitude. How such perfect order could have prevailed in so dense and excited a mass it is difficult to understand. No sign of turbulence was anywhere visible. All whose possessions were not in immediate danger seemed ready and anxious to assist their less fortunate neighbors, and, even among strangers, the most perfect confidence appeared to prevail. I have been since informed by the authorities of Yeddo that not a single case of loss by theft during the fire was brought to their notice, and that the condition of the city was, throughout the night and the few days closely following, more than ordinarily quiet and free from disorder. Having myself passed many hours among that part of the community whose sufferings were greatest, I can readily believe this statement, and am glad to give it concurrence, so far as a single observer can do.

"By eleven o'clock at night the fire had burnt itself out. At midnight groups of laborers were at work, with lanterns and torches, putting together rough sheds and shanties,

which might serve as temporary refuges for the houseless women and children. At sunrise, the next morning, the burnt plain was dotted over with little rude villages of huts, and all idea of useless despair seemed to have given way to a vigorous impulse of restoration. But the amount of misery, although not conspicuously visible, must have been very great. The government contributed large stores of rice for the relief of the sufferers, and private contributions were offered in abundance, and gratefully received. Although the pride of the native officials withheld them from soliciting aid from strangers, they gladly accepted the little that the foreign residents of Yeddo were able to offer."

#### Prices of Pictures.

Frith's "Derby Day," engravings from which are met with everywhere, sold for \$7,500; his "Railroad Station," an equally well-known picture, for \$30,000, and was subsequently resold for the astounding price of \$115,000. His "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" was painted to order for \$15,000, and the copyright brought \$25,000. Landseer's first thoroughly successful picture brought only \$1,000, but he received for his "Bears," "Braemar Gathering," and "Swannery," \$30,000 each, and probably a large additional sum for the copyright. Meissonnier, whose works are not sought after as much as they formerly were, refused an offer from a well-known American art-patron of 175,000 francs for his largest work, "The Cavalry Charge," a comparatively small canvas, and subsequently received 200,000 francs for it. Rosa Bonheur obtains from \$20,000 upward for her larger works, such as the "Horse Fair," and G6rome \$10,000 to \$15,000 for his. For a Raphael now in the National Gallery at London, £80,000 sterling is asked, although the picture is slightly damaged. The works of Greuze, who once had to run about Paris begging the dealers to buy his pictures to save him from starvation, now sell at auction for \$12,000 and \$15,000 each; and sketches by David Cox, of the English water-color school, which he sold for a few shillings, are now worth hundreds of dollars. A replica of Cabanel's "Venus," somewhat smaller than the original, was recently sold in this city for \$10,000; and for Dubuffe's "Prodigal Son," an immense canvas, \$30,000 is asked. Bongerueau, an inimitable painter of children, gets \$5,000 and \$6,000 for his life-size works; and Merle, a great artist, somewhat more.

The best known of our own artists obtain good prices. Church gets from \$15,000 to \$20,000 for a picture of the size of his "Jerusalem;" Bierstadt from \$10,000 to \$15,000 for his larger compositions; William Hart \$4,000 to \$5,000 for paintings of the size of his "Golden Hour" and "Last Gleam," and \$700 to \$800 for smaller works. Kensett, who never paints large pictures, readily obtains \$1,000 or \$1,500 for his best works; Seymour J. Guy, \$1,000 to \$1,500 for a canvas of moderate size; T. L. Smith \$700 to \$1,500, and so on. For portraits, the price varies from \$500 to \$1,000. Of water-color painters, Bellows obtains from \$250 to \$500, and William Hart \$600 to \$700. Buyers of water-colors expect to get them cheaper than oils, under the impression that they are more easily executed. But this is not so. A painter will tell you that a water-color requires more brain-work in its execution than an oil, for the reason that when water-color is once laid on it cannot be altered effectively. Oils can be scraped out or painted over. In using water-colors, too, the high lights, which are formed by the white surface of the paper, have to be left; in oils they are painted in

afterward. The works of the best water-colorists of the English school sell at auction for \$1,000 and \$1,500 each. Birket Foster, whose compositions are chiefly valuable for engraving from, obtains \$1,000 for a water-color eight inches by twelve.

#### The Railroads of India.

The railroads of India are doing more, it seems to me, for the conversion of Hindoos, if not Mohammedans, than all the missionaries; and if the English Government here would give a little bit of preference to the Holy Bible over the Shastras, and Vedas, and the Korans (only a little bit), I should have some hope that the railroads would do what the missionaries have, for now two centuries, *not* done—that is, turn the people from the error of their ways. The railroad is breaking down slowly the Hindoo castes. The proud, and lofty, and blue-blooded Bramin must now go into the same car with the poor, despised pariah, or not go at all. The hard-hearted English conductor pushes in, or tumbles in, pariah on top of Bramin, and Mohammedans among them too. Each wraps up his garments around him, and preserves himself, as much as possible, from the horrible contamination; but, when once holy Bramin is in the car with polluted pariah, go he must, or jump out and die. The railroad, now, has become here the great vein of life, the heart, as it were, of the geographical anatomy of the country; and hence, this mixed circulation of all these various religious sects and bloods in it, is amalgamating, slowly, despite religion, caste, and creed. And this is happening in a land, too, where, if even the shadow of a Christian, or a Mohammedan, pariah, should pass over the food of a Bramin, he would not eat it, or over his body, he would feel himself polluted. Railroads are great levellers everywhere; but railroads in India are levelling heathenism, and may, by-and-by, bring it up to Christianity. What conquers caste here, equalizes. What equalizes heathenism here, strips it of its pride, selfishness, exclusiveness, etc., and thus prepares it for something better than itself.—*Brooke's "Seven Months' Run."*

#### The Northern Pacific Railroad.

The Committee on Pacific Railroads were instructed, during the recent session of Congress, to investigate the affairs of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, upon motion of the Hon. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts. The report, just published, is a complete vindication of the officers and agents of the company, and is in every way satisfactory. There were no charges of any kind made against the management. The committee examined the officers of the company under oath, and have obtained the fullest information as to the actual condition of the road. The work throughout is of the best quality; the iron is all manufactured from American ores by American labor. By the end of the present year, five hundred and seventeen miles of road will be in operation. Surveys for the best lines across the continent have been made, and, in addition to that now completed, there is under construction and preparing for contracts one thousand and thirty one miles of road, including both sides of the Rocky Mountains. No director or engineer of the road is pecuniarily interested in its construction, and all contracts have been made after competitive biddings. No land has been sold, given, or promised, to any director or executive officer. The managers are to be congratulated upon the clean record shown, which will do much to strengthen public confidence in the value of this great company.

## Foreign Items.

**H**ERR VON HUELSEN, the intendant of the imperial theatres of Berlin, is in great distress. He had two very good prima donnas, Mademoiselle Mallinger and Madame Pauline Lucca. The former was the better singer, but Madame Lucca was the favorite of the Berliners. The two ladies disliked each other, and once quarrelled on the stage, to the astonishment of the audience. Mademoiselle Mallinger was discharged in consequence; but now Madame Lucca has also severed her connection with the Berlin opera. She is married to a Prussian nobleman, who has lost in the last six months, at the gaming-table, the whole fortune which his gifted wife had accumulated in the last ten years. Madame Lucca, therefore, has resolved to come to America, and try to recover what she has lost, by a two years' concert-tour in the New World.

It will be remembered that, several months ago, a disgraceful quarrel was reported to have taken place between the grand-duke hereditary of Russia and the German ambassador, Prince de Reuss. This report was afterward pronounced to be unfounded by the Russian papers; but now the Cracow *Czas*, a Polish paper published in Austria, says that the report was true, and that the Russian crown-prince, in his excitement, not only struck the German ambassador, but even his own father, who tried to restrain his violence. The *Czas* says that it is able to prove its assertions, and promises further revelations.

A comparison of the rates of compensation paid to magazine-writers in the various countries of Europe and in the United States, shows that the highest rates are paid in France and in this country. The German authors, even the most popular ones, receive only about five dollars a page. The leading magazine in Sweden pays its contributors one dollar and a half a page. The Italian magazines pay no compensation whatever to contributors, but give them a certain number of copies of the issue containing their article.

A confidence-woman from America, Mrs. Fanny Jordan, has been expelled from Bavaria. She had managed to obtain several interviews with the King of Bavaria at his country-seat, and he had been so pleased with her that he had made her various costly presents, and given her thousands of dollars. The police, however, discovered that she was an unprincipled actress, and sent her summarily across the frontier to Switzerland.

The so-called Jesuit law in Germany deprives the members of the Order of Loyola of all political rights. They will, in consequence, be constantly subject to police surveillance; they may be arrested without judicial authority, and even flogged by order of a police magistrate. They will probably turn their backs on that country.

Offenbach and Strauss were formerly fast friends in Vienna; but some time ago they fell out, and Strauss composed an operette in Offenbach's style for the express purpose of eclipsing his former friend. He was so successful that the enraged Offenbach intended to challenge him. The duel was prevented by the interference of mutual friends.

The King of Belgium has won his suit against the Emperor of Austria for two million francs which Maximilian of Mexico had borrowed of him in 1865. Maximilian, it now

turns out, died bankrupt; and it has already cost his brother Francis Joseph several million francs to pay his debts and those of his unfortunate consort Carlotta.

The first dispatches which reached Germany about the nomination at Cincinnati said that "Florence Gapleg" had been nominated there for President of the United States; and the unfortunate German journalists were at their wits' ends to know who it was.

Seventeen pleasure-trips to the United States have been arranged in Germany. The average expense for the whole trip, including a ten days' sojourn in this country, is three hundred thalers. The visitors will arrive in this country mostly in August. They start from Cologne and Hamburg.

In 1869 the *Moniteur*, in Paris, had twenty-two thousand subscribers, and its good-will was appraised at twelve hundred thousand francs. It prints now less than one thousand copies, and may be bought for fifteen thousand francs.

Gambetta has written a letter to Victor Hugo, in which he censures the poet for publishing his "Année Terrible," which he says will do more harm to France than the loss of many battles.

Marshal Bazaine has received from Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, whom he had asked to testify for him at his impending trial before the court-martial at Versailles, a letter in which the prince declines to appear.

The proprietors of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the paper, distributed fifty thousand thalers among their employés, and gave each of the reporters one thousand dollars.

Four thousand five hundred Jews have left Roumania in consequence of the recent raids upon them in that country. The Emperor of Russia refuses to admit them to his territories, and they have now found an asylum in Turkey.

Prince Napoleon realized recently, in London, about half a million by the sale of his collection of relics of Napoleon I. Among them was the celebrated travelling-library of the great emperor, in two hundred and fifty volumes.

Madame Rattazzi has commenced the publication of her memoirs. The first part, in three volumes, has appeared under the title of "A Stormy Youth" ("*Une Jeunesse Orageuse*").

The Austrian Government has prohibited the sale of the Cincinnati *Volkblatt*, the Chicago *Union*, and the Boston *Pioneer*, in the dominions of Austria.

The Austrian Archduke Heinrich, who is married to a German actress, is said to have lived for several months past, under an assumed name, in the United States.

Richard Wagner wanted, last year, three hundred thousand dollars for his Wagner Opera-house, at Baireuth. The subscriptions amounted to upward of one million dollars.

A tooth of the Emperor Napoleon I. was sold the other day at Brussels for one hundred and sixty-five francs. Several affidavits attested the genuineness of the relic.

A professor of magnetism in Paris advertises that he will make fat people lean in fourteen séances.

M. de Noailles, the present minister of France to Washington, was formerly a page at the Tuileries during the reign of King Louis Philippe.

The Paris *Figaro* is prosecuted for having published a humorous article on the death of President Thiers's favorite dog, Kiki. Kiki expired in his fourteenth year.

A map showing the jurisdiction of the German consuls in foreign countries, has been published in Berlin by order of Prince Bismarck.

There are in the lunatic asylums of Austria one hundred and two persons, each of whom believes that he is the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

At the recent exhibition of oil-paintings in Paris, all pictures which might have excited hatred against the Germans were refused admittance.

The well-known murderess, Julia Ebergemgi, has gone mad since the death of her accomplice, Count Ochorinsky, and has been sent to an Austrian lunatic asylum.

A military establishment in Berlin is exclusively engaged in manufacturing Prussian uniforms for German militia regiments in the United States.

The conservatives in Mecklenburg and Pomerania have sent to the German emperor petitions for the prohibition of emigration from those countries.

Constant Duhamel, the greatest French mathematician of our time, died in Paris on the 1st of May.

Among the persons of note who recently died in Greece, was Riga Palamides, an intimate friend of Lord Byron.

The great caricaturist of Berlin, Scholz, has been engaged by the publishers of the London *Punch*.

The Danish Government pays annually sixteen thousand dollars in pensions to meritorious Danish authors.

Baron von Rothschild, in Paris, offers to sell his splendid country-seat at Ferrières for four million francs.

The wages which the working-men of Berlin lost last year by their "strikes" amounted to nearly two million thalers.

Prince Richard de Metternich has settled permanently at Nice.

Berthold Auerbach is at work upon a history of Jewish philosophy.

Dr. Augustus Petermann will probably leave Gotha and go to London.

The Italian General de la Marmora is entirely blind, and almost paralyzed.

Father Beckx, the "general" of the Jesuits, will visit the United States next August.

Murderers will hereafter be executed in Austria by shooting.

Lanza, the great Italian minister, started in life as a druggist's apprentice.

There are more divorces granted in Austria than in any other country in the world.

The Jewish University in Berlin, the first in Germany, was opened on the 1st of May.

## Varieties.

A TOUCHING incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger, "was one of the marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear, dead child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich, let me make restitution. Here is twenty dollars for your little son." He gave the farmer a fifty-dollar bill, and received thirty dollars in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot-gun. The fifty-dollar bill was bad.

A traveller in Florida writes: "This is the land where towns consist of one house; where steamboats make eight miles an hour; where railroads carry you four miles an hour (on my honor, they are four hours going sixteen miles from Toco to St. Augustine); where the happy maxim rules, 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow;' where the mail comes semi-occasionally; where the newspaper is almost as rare as a snow-storm; and where telegrams are unknown."

A German tailor, living near Bangor, Me., having, in a most improper way, married No. 2 in a very short time after the death of No. 1, was visited by the outraged young men of the town and treated to several tin-horn overtures. Coming out, he addressed to his unwelcome visitors the following expostulation: "I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to be makin' all this noise ven there vas a funeral here so soon!"

Two men having arranged to fight a duel in Rhode Island, the governor issued a proclamation forbidding it, whereupon one of the parties sent him a note saying that one of them would stand in Connecticut and the other in Massachusetts, and shoot over his miserable little State.

A Texan tells this story of lost opportunities: "Now, you see," said he, "land was cheap enough at one time in Texas. I have seen the day when I could have bought a square league of land, covered with fine grass and timber, for a pair of boots." "And why didn't you buy it?" asked his companion. "Didn't have the boots," said the Texan.

A Mississippi girl, just out of school, hired a few negroes last season and undertook to carry on the farm at her homestead. The results at the end of the year were eight bins of potatoes, six hundred bushels of corn, and nine hundred and sixty-nine dollars in cash from the sale of cotton after all expenses were paid.

Jefferson was one of the most industrious and observant of men. He kept an account of the earliest and latest appearance of all the vegetables (perhaps thirty kinds) sold in the Washington market during the entire eight years of his presidency.

The total number of families in Greece is 327,809. The largest city is Athens, which has 44,510 inhabitants. Then come Hermopolis, on the island of Syra, with 20,276; Patras, with 19,641; Zante, with 17,516; and Corfu, with 15,452. Among the smaller towns we find Sparta, with a population of 2,699.

An English writer advises young ladies to look favorably upon those engaged in agricultural pursuits, giving as a reason that their mother Eve married a gardener. He forgot to add, however, that the gardener lost his situation in consequence of the match.

The three things which a woman cannot do are now said to be, to sharpen a pencil, tie up a bundle, and carry an umbrella. To do any thing else, for which her sex does not directly incapacitate her, she has proved her ability, says the *New-York Standard*.

"What are you digging there for?" asked a loiterer of three men who were digging a trench in the street. "Money, zur," the answer came. The man watched the operation until the joke got through the roots of his hair, and then moved on.

The editor of the New-Orleans *Republican* thinks it must have been the proof-reader who made him call the governor "our enterprising thief" when he meant to say "our enterprising chief."

Experiments prove that one horse can draw, on a good road, in good condition, more than three horses can draw on a road in poor condition.

An Illinois legislator said, in a speech against the Chicago Burnt Records bill, that he had come to pronounce its eulogy as Mark Antony did over Cleopatra.

A copy of the third folio of Shakespeare, printed in 1664, was sold recently at a London auction for one hundred and forty-one pounds, or about seven hundred dollars.

A correspondent, who has been visiting Carlyle's study, says an "earthquake might turn it upside down, but could not add to its disarrangement."

A politico-astronomical paper says: "Venus is as successful a lobbyist as Vinnie Ream. She has coaxed fifty thousand dollars out of Congress on pretext of a transit across the sun."

Corns do not aid us on our path through life, as a rule; yet we have all heard of a certain pilgrim whose progress was entirely due to a Bunyan.

Professor Huxley says there is no proof of what is so commonly asserted, that the heel of the negro is longer, in proportion to the foot, than the heel of the Caucasian.

The Cincinnati University is reported to have an initial endowment fund of two million dollars.

Supervising Architect Mullett says that Seneca stone is the best sandstone in the country.

Sixty thousand acres of land in Florida were recently purchased for one and a half cents an acre.

Juarez, President of Mexico, is sixty years of age, and is by blood a pure Indian.

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## THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!" ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"LET us get a map and see what places look pleasant," says she.

"As for that," reply I, "on a map, most places look equally pleasant."

"Never mind; get one."

I obey.

"Do you like the sea-side?" asks Elizabeth, lifting her little brown head and her small, happy, white face from the English sea-coast, along which her forefinger is slowly travelling.

"Since you ask me, distinctly *no*," reply I, for once venturing to have a decided opinion of my own, which, during the last few weeks of imbecility, I can be hardly said to have had. "I broke my last wooden spade five-and-twenty years ago. I have but a poor opinion of cockles—sandy, red-nosed things, are not they? and the air always makes me bilious."

"Then we certainly will not go there," says Elizabeth, laughing. "A bilious bridegroom! alliterative but horrible! None of our friends show the least eagerness to lend us their country-house."

"Oh, that God would put it into the hearts of men to take their wives straight home, as their fathers did!" say I, with a cross groan.

"It is evident, therefore, that we must go somewhere," returns she, not heeding the aspiration contained in my last speech, making her forefinger resume its employment, and reaching Torquay.

"I suppose so," say I, with a sort of sigh; "for once in our lives we must resign ourselves to having the finger of derision pointed at us by waiters and landlords."

"You shall leave your new portmanteau at home, and I will leave all my best clothes, and nobody will guess that we are bride and bridegroom; they will think that we have been married—oh, ever since the world began" (opening her eyes very wide).

I shake my head.

"With an old portmanteau and in rags, we shall still have the mark of the Beast upon us."

"Do you mind much? do you hate being ridiculous?" asks Elizabeth, meekly, rather depressed by my view of the case; "because, if so, let us go somewhere out of the way, where there will be very few people to laugh at us."

"On the contrary," return I, stoutly, "we will betake ourselves to some spot where such as we do chiefly congregate—where we shall be swallowed up and lost in the multitude of our fellow-sinners." A pause devoted to reflection. "What do you say to Killarney?" say I, cheerfully.

"There are a great many fleas there, I believe," replies Elizabeth, slowly; "flea-bites make large lumps on me; you would not like me if I were covered with large lumps."

At the hideous ideal picture thus presented to me by my little beloved I relapse into inarticulate idiocy; emerging from which by-and-by, I suggest "the Lakes."

My arm is round her, and I feel her supple body shiver, though it is mid-July, and the bees are booming about in the still and sleepy noon-garden outside.

"Oh, no—no—not *there*!"

"Why such emphasis?" I ask, gayly; "more fleas? At this rate, and with this *sine qua non*, our choice will grow limited."

"Something dreadful happened to me there," she says, with another shudder. "But, indeed, I did not think there was any harm in it—I never thought any thing would come of it."

"What the devil was it?" cry I, in a jealous heat and hurry; "what the mischief did you do, and why have not you told me about it before?"

"I did not *do* much," she answers, meekly, seeking for my hand, and, when found, kissing it in timid deprecation of my wrath; "but I was ill—very ill—there; I had a nervous fever. I was in a bed hung with a chintz, with a red-and-green fern-leaf pattern on it. I have always hated red-and-green fern-leaf chintzes ever since."

"It would be possible to avoid the obnoxious bed, would not it?" say I, laughing a little. "Where does it lie? Windermere? Ulleswater? Wastwater? Where?"

"We were at Ulleswater," she says, speaking rapidly, while a hot color grows on her small white cheeks—"papa, mamma, and I; and there came a mesmerizer to Penrith, and we went to see him—everybody did—and he asked leave to mesmerize me; he said I should be such a good medium, and—and—I did not know what it was like. I thought it would be quite good fun, and—and—I let him."

She is trembling exceedingly; even the loving pressure of my arms cannot abate her shivering.

"Well?"

"And after that I do not remember any thing; I believe I did all sorts of extraordinary things that he told me—sung and danced, and made a fool of myself—but when I came home I was very ill, very—I lay in bed for five whole weeks, and—and was off my head, and said odd and wicked things that you would not have expected me to say—that dreadful bad! shall I ever forget it?"

"We will not go to the Lakes," I say, decisively, "and we will not talk any more about mesmerism."

"That is right," she says, with a sigh of relief; "I try to think about it as little as possible; but sometimes, in the dead black of the night, it comes back to me so strongly—I feel, do not you know, as if he were *there*—somewhere in the room, and I *must* get up and follow him."

"Why should not we go abroad?" suggest I, abruptly turning the conversation.

"Why, indeed?" cries Elizabeth, recovering her gayety, while her pretty blue eyes begin to dance. "How stupid of us not to have thought of it before!—only *abroad* is a big word. *What* abroad?"

"We must be content with something short of Central Africa," I say, gravely, "as I think our one hundred and fifty pounds would hardly take us that far."

"Wherever we go, we must buy a dialogue-book," suggests my little bride-elect, "and I will learn some phrases before we start."

"As for that, the Anglo-Saxon tongue takes one pretty well round the world," reply I, with a feeling of complacent British swagger, putting my hands in my breeches-pockets.

"Do you fancy the Rhine?" says Elizabeth, with a rather timid suggestion; "I know it is the fashion to run it down nowadays, and call it a cocktail river; but—but after all it cannot be so *very* contemptible, as Byron could not have said such noble things about it."

"The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,"

say I, spouting. "After all, that proves nothing, for Byron could have made a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"The Rhine will not do, then?" says she, resignedly, suppressing a sigh.

"On the contrary, it will do admirably; it is a cocktail river, and I do not care *what* says it is not," reply I, with illiberal positiveness; "but everybody should be able to say so from his own experience, and not from hearsay; the Rhine let it be, by all means."

So the Rhine it is.

### CHAPTER II.

I HAVE got over it; we have both got over it tolerably, creditably; but, after all, it is a much severer ordeal for a man than a woman, who, with a bouquet to occupy her hands, and a veil to gently shroud her features, need merely be prettily passive. I am alluding, I need hardly say, to the religious ceremony of marriage, which I flatter myself I have gone through with a stiff sheepishness not un-

thy of my country. It is a three-days-old event now, and we are getting used to belonging to one another, though Elizabeth still takes off her ring twenty times a day to admire its bright thickness; still laughs when she hears herself called "Madame." Three days ago we kissed all our friends, and left them to make themselves ill on our cake, and criticise our bridal behavior, and now we are at Brussels, she and I, feeling oddly, joyfully free from any *chaperon*. We have been mildly sight-seeing—very mildly, most people would say, but we have resolved not to take our pleasure with the railway-speed of Americans, or the hasty sadness of our fellow-Britons. Slowly and gayly we have been taking ours. To-day we have been to visit Wiertz's pictures. Have you ever seen them, O reader? They are known to comparatively few people, but, if you have a taste for the unearthly terrible—if you wish to sup full of horrors, hasten thither. We have been peering through the appointed peep-hole at the horrible cholera-picture—the man buried alive by mistake, pushing up the lid of his coffin, and stretching a ghastly face and livid hands out of his winding-sheet toward you, while awful gray-blue coffins are piled around, and noisome toads and giant spiders crawl damply about. On first seeing it, I have reproached myself for bringing one of so nervous a temperament as Elizabeth to see so haunting and hideous a spectacle; but she is less impressed than I expected—less impressed than I myself am.

"He is very lucky to be able to get his *id* up," she says, with a half-laugh; "we should find it hard work to burst our brass nails, should not we? When you bury me, dear, fasten me down very slightly, in case there may be some mistake."

And now all the long and quiet July evening we have been prowling together about the streets. Brussels is the town of towns for *fânering*—have been flattening our noses against the shop-windows, and making each other imaginary presents. Elizabeth has not confined herself to imagination, however; she has made me buy her a little bonnet with feathers—"in order to look married," as she says, and the result is such a delicious picture of a child playing at being grown up, having practised a theft on its mother's wardrobe, that for the last two hours I have been in a foolish ecstasy of love and laughter over her and it. We are at the "Bellevue," and have a fine suite of rooms, *à premier*, evidently specially devoted to the English, to the gratification of whose well-known loyalty the Prince and Princess of Wales are simpering from the walls. Is there any one in the three kingdoms who knows his own face as well as he knows the faces of Albert Victor and Alexandra? The long evening has at last slid into night—night far advanced—night melting into earliest day. All Brussels is asleep. One moment ago I also was asleep, soundly as any log. What is it that has made me take this sudden headlong plunge out of sleep into wakefulness? Who is it that is clutching at and calling upon me? What is it that is making me struggle mistily up into a sitting posture, and try to revive my sleep-numbed senses?

A summer night is never wholly dark; by the half-light that steals through the closed *persiennes* and open windows I see my wife standing beside my bed; the extremity of terror on her face, and her fingers digging themselves, with painful tenacity, into my arm.

"Tighter, tighter!" she is crying, wildly. "What are you thinking of? You are letting me go!"

"Good Heavens!" say I, rubbing my eyes, while my muddy brain grows a trifle clearer. "What is it? What has happened? Have you had a nightmare?"

"You saw him," she says, with a sort of sobbing breathlessness; "you know you did! You saw him as well as I."

"I!" cry I, incredulously—"not I. Till this second I have been fast asleep. I saw nothing."

"You did!" she cries, passionately. "You know you did. Why do you deny it? You were as frightened as I?"

"As I live," I answer, solemnly, "I know no more than the dead what you are talking about; till you woke me by calling me and catching hold of me, I was as sound asleep as the seven sleepers."

"Is it possible that it can have been a *dream*?" she says, with a long sigh, for a moment loosing my arm, and covering her face with her hands. "But no—in a dream I should have been somewhere else, but I was here—*here*—on that bed, and he stood *there* (pointing with her forefinger)—just *there*, between the foot of it and the window!"

She stops, panting.

"It is all that brute Wiertz," say I, in a fury. "I wish I had been buried alive myself, before I had been fool enough to take you to see his beastly daubs."

"Light a candle," she says, in the same breathless way, her teeth chattering with fright. "Let us make sure that he is not hidden somewhere in the room."

"How could he be?" say I, striking a match; "the door is locked."

"He might have got in by the balcony," she answers, still trembling violently.

"He would have had to have cut a very large hole in the *persiennes*," say I, half-mockingly. "See, they are intact and well fastened on the inside."

She sinks into an arm-chair, and pushes her loose, soft hair from her white face.

"It was a dream, then, I suppose?"

She is silent for a moment or two, while I bring her a glass of water, and throw a dressing-gown round her cold and shrinking form.

"Now tell me, my little one," say I, coaxingly, sitting down at her feet, "what it was—what you thought you saw?"

"*Thought* I saw!" echoes she, with indignant emphasis, sitting upright, while her eyes sparkle feverishly. "I am as certain that I saw him standing there as I am that I see that candle burning—that I see this chair—that I see you."

"*Him!* but who is *him*?"

She falls forward on my neck, and buries her face in my shoulder.

"That—dreadful—man!" she says, while her whole body is one tremor.

"What dreadful man?" cry I, impatiently.

She is silent.

"Who was he?"

"I do not know."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Oh, no—no, never! I hope to God I may never see him again!"

"What was he like?"

"Come closer to me," she says, laying hold of my hand with her small and chilly fingers; "stay *quills* near me, and I will tell you" (after a pause)—"he had a *nose*!"

"My dear soul," cry I, bursting out with a loud laugh in the silence of the night, "do not most people have noses? Would not he have been much more dreadful if he had had *none*?"

"But it was *such* a nose!" she says, with perfect trembling gravity.

"A bottle-nose?" suggest I, still cackling.

"For Heaven's sake, don't laugh!" she says, nervously; "if you had seen his face, you would have been as little disposed to laugh as I."

"But his nose?" return I, suppressing my merriment; "what kind of nose was it? See, I am as grave as a judge."

"It was very prominent," she answers, in a sort of awe-struck half-whisper, "and very sharply *ohselled*; the nostrils very much cut out." A little pause. "His eyebrows were one straight black line across his face, and under them his eyes burnt like dull coals of fire, that shone and yet did not shine; they looked like dead eyes, sunken, half-extinguished, and yet sinister."

"And what did he do?" ask I, impressed, despite myself, by her passionate earnestness; "when did you first see him?"

"I was asleep," she said—"at least I thought so—and suddenly I opened my eyes, and he was *there—there*"—pointing again with trembling finger—"between the window and the bed."

"What was he doing? Was he walking about?"

"He was standing as still as stone—I never saw any live thing so still—*looking* at me; he never called or beckoned, or moved a finger, but his eyes *commanded* me to come to him, as the eyes of the mesmerizer at Penrith did." She stops, breathing heavily. I can hear her heart's loud and rapid beats.

"And you?" I say, pressing her more closely to my side, and smoothing her troubled hair.

"I *hated* it," she cries, excitedly; "I loathed it—abhorred it. I was ice-cold with fear and horror, but—I *felt* myself going to him."

"Yes?"

"And then I shrieked out to you, and you came running, and caught fast hold of me, and held me tight at first—quite tight—but presently I felt your hold slacken—slacken—and, though I *longed* to stay with you, though I was *mad* with fright, yet I felt myself pulling strongly away from you—going to him; and he—he stood there always looking—looking—and then I gave one last loud shriek, and I suppose I woke—and it was a dream!"

"I never heard of a clearer case of nightmare," say I, stoutly; "that vile Wiertz! I should like to see his whole *Musée* burnt by the hands of the hangman to-morrow."

She shakes her head. "It had nothing to do with Wiertz; what it meant I do not know, but—"

"It meant nothing," I answer, reassuringly, "except that for the future we will go and see none but good and pleasant sights, and steer clear of charnel-house fancies."

### CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH is now in a position to decide whether the Rhine is a cocktail river or no, for she is on it, and so am I. We are sitting, with an awning over our heads, and little wooden stools under our feet. Elizabeth has a small sailor's hat and blue ribbon on her head. The river-breeze has blown it rather away; has tangled her plenteous hair; has made a faint pink stain on her pale cheeks. It is some *fête*-day, and the boat is crowded. Tables, countless camp-stools, volumes of black smoke pouring from the funnel, as we steam along. "Nothing to the Caledonian Canal!" cries a burly Scotchman in leggings, speaking with loud authority, and surveying, with an air of contempt, the eternal vine-clad slopes, that sound so well, and look so *sticky* in reality. "Cannot hold a candle to it!" A rival bride and bridegroom opposite, sitting together like love-birds under an umbrella, looking into each other's eyes instead of at the Rhine scenery.

"They might as well have stayed at home, might not they?" says my wife, with a little air of superiority. "Come, we are not so bad as that, are we?"

A storm comes on: hailstones beat slantwise and reach us—stone and sting us right under our awning. Everybody rushes down below, and takes the opportunity to feed ravenously. There are few actions more disgusting than eating *can* be made. A handsome girl close to us—her immaturity evidenced by the two long tails of black hair down her back—is thrusting her knife half-way down her throat.

"Come on deck again," says Elizabeth, disgusted and frightened at this last sight. "The hail was much better than this!"

So we return to our camp-stools, and sit alone under one mackintosh in the lashing storm, with happy hearts and empty stomachs.

"Is not this better than any luncheon?" asks Elizabeth, triumphantly, while the rain-drops hang on her long and curled lashes.

"Infinitely better," reply I, madly struggling with the umbrella to prevent its being blown inside out, and gallantly ignoring a species of gnawing sensation at my entrails.

The squall clears off by-and-by, and we go steaming, steaming on past the unnumbered little villages by the water's edge with church-spires and pointed roof; past the countless rocks, with their little pert castles perched on the top of them; past the tall, stiff poplar rows. The church-bells are ringing gayly as we go by. A nightingale is singing from a wood. The black eagle of Prussia droops on the stream behind us,

swish-swish through the dull-green water. A fat woman, who is interested in it, leans over the back of the boat, and, by some happy effect of crinoline, displays to her fellow-passengers two yards of thick, white cotton legs. She is, fortunately for herself, unconscious of her generosity.

The day steals on; at every stopping-place more people come on. There is hardly elbow-room; and, what is worse, almost every lady is drunk. Rocks, castles, villages, poplars, slide by, while the paddles churn always the water, and the evening draws grayly on. At Bingen, a party of big blue Prussian soldiers, very drunk, "glorious" as Tam o' Shanter, come and establish themselves close to us. They call for lager-beer; talk at the tip-top of their strong voices; two of them begin to spar; all seem inclined to sing. Elizabeth is frightened. We are two hours late in arriving at Biebrich. It is half an hour more before we can get ourselves and our luggage into a carriage and set off along the winding road to Wiesbaden. "The night is chilly, but not dark." There is only a little shabby bit of a moon, but it shines as hard as it can. Elizabeth is quite worn out, her tired head droops in uneasy sleep on my shoulder. Once she wakes up with a start.

"Are you sure that it meant nothing?" she asks, looking me eagerly in my face; "do people often have such dreams?"

"Often, often," I answer, reassuringly. "I am always afraid of falling asleep now," she says, trying to sit upright and keep her heavy eyes open, "for fear of seeing him standing there again. Tell me, do you think I shall? Is there any chance, any probability of it?"

"None, none!"

We reach Wiesbaden at last, and drive up to the *Hôtel des Quatre Saisons*. By this time it is full midnight. Two or three men are standing about the door. Morris, the maid, has got out—so have I, and I am holding out my hand to Elizabeth, when I hear her give one piercing scream, and see her with ash-white face and starting eyes point with her forefinger—

"There he is!—there!—there!"

I look in the direction indicated, and just catch a glimpse of a tall figure, standing half in the shadow of the night, half in the gaslight from the hotel. I have not time for more than one cursory glance, as I am interrupted by a cry from the by-standers, and, turning quickly round, am just in time to catch my wife, who falls in utter insensibility into my arms. We carry her into a room on the ground-floor; it is small, noisy, and hot, but it is the nearest at hand. In about an hour she reopens her eyes. A strong shudder makes her quiver from head to foot.

"Where is he?" she says, in a terrified whisper, as her senses come slowly back. "He is somewhere about—somewhere near. I feel that he is!"

"My dearest child, there is no one here but Morris and me," I answer, soothingly. "Look you yourself. See."

I take one of the candles and light up each corner of the room in succession.

"You saw him!" she says, in trembling hurry, sitting up and clinching her hands to-

gether. "I know you did—I pointed him out to you—you *cannot* say that it was a dream *this* time."

"I saw two or three ordinary-looking men as we drove up," I answer, in a commonplace, matter-of-fact tone. "I did not notice any thing remarkable about any of them; you know the fact is, darling, that you have had nothing to eat all day, nothing but a biscuit, and you are over-wrought, and fancy things."

"Fancy!" echoes she, with strong irritation. "How you talk! Was I ever one to fancy things? I tell you that as sure as I sit here—as sure as you stand there—I saw him—*him*—the man I saw in my dream, if it was a dream. There was not a hair's-breadth of difference between them—and he was looking at me—looking—"

She breaks off into hysterical sobbing.

"My dear child!" say I, thoroughly alarmed, and yet half angry, "for God's sake do not work yourself up into a fever; wait till to-morrow, and we will find out who he is, and all about him; you yourself will laugh when we discover that he is some harmless bagman."

"Why not *now*?" she says, nervously; "why cannot you find out *now*—*this* minute?"

"Impossible! Everybody is in bed! Wait till to-morrow, and all will be cleared up."

The morrow comes, and I go about the hotel, inquiring. The house is so full, and the data I have to go upon are so small, that for some time I have great difficulty in making it understood to whom I am alluding. At length one waiter seems to comprehend.

"A tall and dark gentleman, with a pronounced and very peculiar nose? Yes; there has been such a one, certainly, in the hotel, but he left at 'grand matin' this morning; he remained only one night."

"And his name?"

The *garçon* shakes his head. "That is unknown, monsieur; he did not inscribe it in the visitor's book."

"What countryman was he?"

Another shake of the head. "He spoke German, but it was with a foreign accent."

"Whither did he go?"

"That also is unknown. Nor can I arrive at any more facts about him."

### CHAPTER IV.

A fortnight has passed; we have been hither and thither; now we are at Lucerne. Peopled with better inhabitants, Lucerne might well do for heaven. It is drawing toward eventide, and Elizabeth and I are sitting, hand-in-hand, on a quiet bench, under the shady linden-trees, on a high hill up above the lake. There is nobody to see us, so we sit peaceably hand-in-hand. Up by the still and solemn monastery we came, with its small and narrow windows, calculated to hinder the holy fathers from promenading curious eyes on the world, the flesh, and the devil, tripping past them in blue-gauze veils. Below us grass and green trees, houses with high-pitched roofs, little dormer-windows, and shutters yet greener than the grass; below us the lake in its rippleless peace, calm, quiet,

motionless as Bethesda's pool before the coming of the troubling angel.

"I said it was too good to last," say I, doggedly, "did not I, only yesterday? Perfect peace, perfect sympathy, perfect freedom from nagging worries—when did such a state of things last more than two days?"

Elizabeth's eyes are idly fixed on a little steamer, with a stripe of red along its side and a tiny puff of smoke from its funnel, gliding along and cutting a narrow, white track on Lucerne's sleepy surface.

"This is the fifth false alarm of the gout having gone to his stomach within the last two years," continue I, resentfully. "I declare to Heaven that, if it has not really gone there this time, I'll cut the whole concern."

Let no one cast up his eyes in horror, imagining that it is my father to whom I am thus alluding; it is only a great-uncle by marriage, in consideration of whose wealth and vague promises I have dawdled professionless through twenty-eight years of my life.

"You *must* not go," says Elizabeth, giving my hand an imploring squeeze. "The man in the Bible said, 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come;' why should it be a less valid excuse nowadays?"

"If I recollect rightly, it was considered rather a poor one even then," reply I, dryly.

Elizabeth is unable to contradict this, she therefore only lifts two pouted lips (Monsieur Taine objects to the redness of Englishwomen's mouths, but I do not) to be kissed, and says, "Stay." I am good enough to comply with her unspoken request, though I remain firm with regard to her spoken one.

"My dearest child," I say, with an air of worldly experience and superior wisdom, "kisses are very good things—in fact, there are few better—but one cannot live upon them."

"Let us try," she says, coaxingly.

"I wonder which would get tired first?" I say, laughing. But she only goes on pleading, "Stay, stay."

"How *can* I stay?" I cry impatiently; "you talk as if I *wanted* to go! Do you think it is any pleasanter to me to leave you than to you to be left? But you know his disposition, his rancorous resentment of fancied neglects. For the sake of two days' indulgence, must I throw away what will keep us in ease and plenty to the end of our days?"

"I do not care for plenty," she says, with a little petulant gesture. "I do not see that rich people are any happier than poor ones. Look at the St. Clairs; they have forty thousand pounds a year, and she is a miserable woman, perfectly miserable, because her face gets red after dinner."

"There will be no fear of *our* faces getting red after dinner," say I, grimly; "for we shall have no dinner for them to get red after."

A pause. My eyes stray away to the mountains. Pilatus on the right, with his jagged peak and slender snow-chains about his harsh neck; hill after hill rising silent, eternal, like guardian spirits standing hand-in-hand around their child, the lake. As I look, suddenly they have all flushed, as at some noblest thought, and over all their sul-

len faces streams an ineffable, rosy joy—a solemn and wonderful effulgence, such as Israel saw reflected from the features of the Eternal in their prophet's transfigured eyes. The unutterable peace and stainless beauty of earth and sky seem to lie softly on my soul. "Would God I could stay! Would God all life could be like this!" I say devoutly, and the aspiration has the reverent earnestness of a prayer.

"Why do you say, '*Would God?*'" she cries, passionately, "when it lies with yourself. Oh, my dear love" (gently sliding her hand through my arm, and lifting wetly-be-seeking eyes to my face), "I do not know why I insist upon it so much—I cannot tell you myself—I dare say I seem selfish and unreasonable—but I feel as if your going now would be the end of all things—as if—" She breaks off suddenly.

"My child," say I, thoroughly distressed, but still determined to have my own way, "you talk as if I were going forever and a day; in a week, at the outside, I shall be back, and then you will thank me for the very thing for which you now think me so hard and disobliging."

"Shall I?" she answers, mournfully. "Well, I hope so."

"You will not be alone, either; you will have Morris."

"Yes."

"And every day you will write me a long letter, telling me every single thing that you do, say, and think?"

"Yes."

She answers me gently and obediently; but I can see that she is still utterly unconciliated to the idea of my absence.

"What is it that you are afraid of?" I ask, becoming rather irritated. "What do you suppose will happen to you?"

She does not answer; only a large tear falls on my hand, which she hastily wipes away with her pocket-handkerchief, as if afraid of exciting my wrath.

"Can you give me any good reason why I *should* stay?" I ask, dictatorially.

"None—none—only—stay—stay!"

But I am resolved *not* to stay. Early the next morning I set off.

## CHAPTER V.

THIS time it is not a false alarm; this time it really has gone to his stomach, and, declining to be dislodged thence, kills him. My return is therefore retarded until after the funeral and the reading of the will. The latter is so satisfactory, and my time is so fully occupied with a multiplicity of attendant business, that I have no leisure to regret the delay. I write to Elizabeth, but receive no letters from her. This surprises and makes me rather angry, but does not alarm me. "If she had been ill, if any thing had happened, Morris would have written. She never was great at writing, poor little soul. What dear little babyish notes she used to send me during our engagement! Perhaps she wishes to punish me for my disobedience to her wishes. Well, *now* she will see who was right." I am drawing near her now; I am walking up from the railway-station at Lucerne. I am very

joyful as I march along under an umbrella, in the grand, broad shining of the summer afternoon. I think with pensive passion of the last glimpse I had of my beloved—her small and wistful face looking out from among the thick, fair fleece of her long hair—winking away her tears and blowing kisses to me. It is a new sensation to me to have any one looking tearfully wistful over my departure. I draw near the great, glaring Schweizerhof, with its colonnaded, tourist-crowded porch; here are all the pomegranates as I left them, in their green tubs, with their scarlet blossoms, and the dusty oleanders in a row. I look up at our windows; nobody is looking out from them; they are open, and the curtains are alternately swelled out and drawn in by the softly-playful wind. I run quickly upstairs and burst noisily into the sitting-room. Empty, perfectly empty! I open the adjoining door into the bedroom, crying, "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" but I receive no answer. Empty too. A feeling of indignation creeps over me as I think, "Knowing the time of my return, she might have managed to be in-doors." I have returned to the silent sitting-room, where the only noise is the wind still playing hide-and-seek with the curtains. As I look vacantly round, my eye catches sight of a letter lying on the table. I pick it up mechanically and look at the address. Good Heavens! what can this mean? It is my own, that I sent her two days ago, unopened, with the seal unbroken. Does she carry her resentment so far as not even to open my letters? I spring at the bell and violently ring it. It is answered by the waiter who has always specially attended us.

"Is madame gone out?"

The man opens his mouth and stares at me.

"Madame! Is monsieur then not aware that madame is no longer at the hotel?"

"What?"

"On the same day as monsieur, madame departed."

"*Departed!* Good God! what are you talking about?"

"A few hours after monsieur's departure—I will not be positive as to the exact time, but it must have been between one and two o'clock, as the mid-day *table d'hôte* was in progress—a gentleman came and asked for madame—"

"Yes—be quick."

"I demanded whether I should take up his card, but he said 'No,' that was unnecessary, as he was perfectly well known to madame; and, in fact, a short time afterward, without saying any thing to any one, she departed with him."

"And did not return in the evening?"

"No, monsieur; madame has not returned since that day."

I clench my hands in an agony of rage and grief. "So this is it! With that pure child-face, with that divine ignorance—only three weeks married—this is the trick she has played me!" I am recalled to myself by a compassionate suggestion from the *garçon*.

"Perhaps it was the brother of madame."

Elizabeth has no brother, but the remark brings back to me the necessity of self-command.

"Very probably," I answer, speaking with infinite difficulty. "What sort of looking gentleman was he?"

"He was a very tall and dark gentleman, with a most peculiar nose—not quite like any nose that I ever saw before—and most singular eyes. Never have I seen a gentleman who at all resembled him."

I sink into a chair, while a cold shudder creeps over me as I think of my poor child's dream—of her fainting-fit at Wiesbaden—of her unconquerable dread of and aversion from my departure. And this happened twelve days ago! I catch up my hat, and prepare to rush like a madman in pursuit.

"How did they go?" I ask, incoherently; "by train?—driving?—walking?"

"They went in a carriage."

"What direction did they take? Whither did they go?"

He shakes his head.

"It is not known."

"It *must* be known!" I cry, driven to frenzy by every second's delay. "Of course, the driver could tell. Where is he? where can I find him?"

"He did not belong to Lucerne, neither did the carriage; the gentleman brought them with him."

"But madame's maid," say I, a gleam of hope flashing across my mind—"did she go with her?"

"No, monsieur; she is still here. She was as much surprised as monsieur at madame's departure."

"Send her at once!" I cry, eagerly; but, when she comes, I find that she can throw no light on the matter. She weeps noisily, and says many irrelevant things; but I can obtain no information from her beyond the fact that she was unaware of her mistress's departure until long after it had taken place, when, surprised at not being rung for at the usual time, she had gone to her room and found it empty, and, on inquiring in the hotel, had heard of her sudden departure; that, expecting her to return at night, she had sat up waiting for her till two o'clock in the morning, but that, as I knew, she had not returned, neither had any thing since been heard of her.

Not all my inquiries, not all my cross-questionings of the whole staff of the hotel, of the visitors, of the railway-officials, of nearly all the inhabitants of Lucerne and its environs, procure me a jot more knowledge. On the next few weeks I look back as on a hellish and insane dream. I can neither eat nor sleep; I am unable to remain one moment quiet; my whole existence, my nights and my days, are spent in seeking, seeking. Every thing that human despair and frenzied love can do is done by me. I advertise, I communicate with the police, I employ detectives; but that fatal twelve days' start forever baffles me. Only on one occasion do I obtain one tittle of information. In a village a few miles from Lucerne, the peasants, on the day in question, saw a carriage driving rapidly through their little street. It was closed, but through the windows they could see the occupants—a dark gentleman, with the peculiar physiognomy which has been so often described, and on the opposite seat a lady, lying

apparently in a state of utter insensibility. But even this leads to nothing.

O reader! these things happened twenty years ago; since then, I have searched sea and land, but never have I seen my little Elizabeth again.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

### A NOVEL

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### A STRANGE MEETING.

THE letter which Blake had written was delivered to Kane Hellmuth on the following day. It excited much surprise on the part of the latter, and for a twofold reason: first, because his friend's departure was so sudden; and, secondly, because the letter itself was so incoherent and unsatisfactory. The construction of the sentences was most confused and awkward; and it was impossible to find out where he had gone, and what he had gone for. Kane Hellmuth could not suspect so frank a nature as that of Blake of any thing like deceit; and, if the letter was ambiguous or unintelligible, he chose rather to attribute it to haste, or sleepiness, on the part of the writer. He had seen him on the previous day, and Blake had made no mention of any thing of the kind; nor did he seem to have any idea of going on a journey. He was certainly a little abstracted in his manner, for Kane Hellmuth's own cares had not altogether prevented him from noticing that; but this may have arisen from his anxiety about his mother, from whom, as he himself had said, he had not heard for some time. He could only understand this mysterious letter by supposing that some friend of Blake's had written to him, or come to him, and given him information of some sudden opening which he had to accept at once. Thinking, therefore, that Blake would either be back, or write more fully before long, he put the letter away, and waited in the expectation of hearing more.

Days passed, however, and weeks also, and even months, without any further communication. This surprised Kane Hellmuth, for he had expected different things; and, taken in connection with the incoherent letter, it gave him some anxiety. He also felt this another way, for he had conceived a strong regard for his friend, and liked to run in to see him, or have him drop in to his own apartments. The matter, therefore, took up a good share of his thoughts, and he could not help the suspicion that there was some evil involved in this sudden and mysterious flight. What it could be he did not know, for he was not aware of any circumstances which might inspire any one with evil designs against him; and so, in default of other things, his mind dwelt upon that strange intercourse which Blake had held with Mr. Wy-

verne, which was terminated by the wonderful declaration of the latter, and his death. Although he had heard Father Magrath's explanation of that affair, and fully believed it, yet still, in spite of this, he could not help connecting it in some way with Blake's present disappearance, and the thought occurred to him often and often that if, after all, it were true, Blake might have enemies; though who they could be, and what motive for enmity they could possibly have, was utterly beyond his comprehension.

Thus the time passed, and as the months went by without any news from his friend, he began to fear the worst, though such was his ignorance of Blake's movements that he did not know what to do to search him out. The *concierge* of the house where Blake had stopped could tell him nothing except that on a certain morning he had gone in company with another person, and had left directions that his trunk should be taken care of. He did not know who the other person was, and the description which he gave of him afforded no intelligence to Kane Hellmuth. To the police it was, of course, useless to apply, for the meagre information which he could supply them with would not be enough to yield them any clew by which they might be guided to a search. His helplessness in this matter was therefore complete, and that very helplessness made the whole affair more painful to him.

Before this he had been the prey of one great and engrossing trouble, which arose from that mysterious and inexplicable apparition whose visitations he had described to Blake. Now this new trouble had taken up his thoughts more and more, until at length his own affair had come to occupy but a small portion of his attention. It was not forgotten by any means; it was only pushed over into a subordinate place, and ceased to be a supreme care. The possible evil impending over Blake seemed to him more formidable than any thing that could arise from his own experiences; and so it was that, in the mystery which had gathered around Blake, his own peculiar mystery had grown to be a matter of minor importance.

Such was the state of Kane Hellmuth's mind, when one day he was wandering through the streets on the way to his rooms. He was approaching the street up which he intended to turn, and was about six feet from the corner, when suddenly at the opposite corner he caught sight of a figure which at once drove from his mind all thoughts of Blake, and restored in its fullest intensity all those mysterious feelings which he had described in narrating his story of the apparition. It was a female figure. The face was thin, and pallid, and care-worn; the eyes were large and dark, and rested for a moment upon him. The very first glance showed him that this was the face of his "apparition" in very truth, and beyond a doubt; and so profound was the shock that, for a moment, as he stared back, he felt rooted to the spot.

But about this apparition there were certain peculiarities of an important kind. The face was precisely the same—the same pallor—the same deep, dark eyes—the same fixed, unfathomable gaze; yet in other things a

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



change was observable. The expression was no longer one of reproach; it was rather one of sudden terror—a terror like his own; the glance was not long and sustained—it was rather furtive and hasty. Moreover, though this apparition was dressed in black, it was not the costume of a nun; it was simple and sober, yet it was the fashion of the day; and this change from the weird and unfamiliar, to the commonplace and familiar, of itself went far to steady Kane Hellmuth's nerves, and prevent him from sinking into that lamentable weakness which had characterized his former meetings with this mysterious being.

He stopped there for a moment, rooted to the spot, with his brain in a whirl, and all his former feelings overwhelming him; but the emotion was more short-lived than before, since these changes in the form and fashion and expression of the figure were noticed at once, and went far to reassure him. The figure threw one hasty, furtive look at him, and then, sharply turning the opposite corner, walked quickly up the street.

In an instant Kane Hellmuth started in pursuit. It was an irresistible fascination that drew him on. He was resolved now to do what he could to fathom this mystery that so long had troubled him. Every step that he took seemed to bring back his presence of mind, and drive away those feelings of superstitious terror that had at first been thrown over his soul. Every step that he took seemed to show him that he was the stronger, and that the other was the weaker. Every thing was now on his side. Surrounding circumstances favored him. It was broad day. It was a public street, on which people were passing to and fro, and the ordinary every-day traffic was going on. There was no chance here for any of that jugglery which might deceive the senses; or any of those associations of night, and gloom, and solemnity, which on the last memorable meeting had baffled his search. Moreover, the face of the Figure was turned away. It was its back that he saw. The Figure moved rapidly on, yet not so rapidly but that he could keep up with it, or even overtake it. It seemed to him that he was the pursuer, and the Figure the pursued, and that now, if he followed vigorously, all might be at last revealed.

Kane Hellmuth thus followed from one corner to the next. Then the Figure crossed the street to the opposite corner. He followed. Then the Figure turned, and fixed its eyes again on Kane Hellmuth. It was the same glance as before, intensified. It was a sudden glance, and one, too, which showed signs of unmistakable fear. Yet the face was the same—it was the face of his apparition—the face that had haunted him for years—the face that was associated with the brightest and the darkest hours of all his life. The look of fear was something new, yet it seemed to heighten his own resolution and strengthen his own heart; for now it seemed as though the tables had been turned, and all the fear which once had been felt by him had passed over to the other.

The Figure now walked on faster. Evidently it was trying to fly from him. He himself increased his pace. Easy enough was it for him to keep up even with this utmost

exertion of the other. In a race like this he was the superior. He saw it; he felt it. There was nothing of the supernatural here. Could it indeed be? Was she, then, alive? But, if so, why did she fly? What did she mean? It was a living woman that was before his eyes, fearing him, flying from him, overcome with human terror.

The woman hurried on. Kane Hellmuth hurried after. Suddenly she hailed a passing cab. The cab drew up at the sidewalk. The cabman got down to open the door. Already the woman's hand was on the door, and her foot was on the curb, when Kane Hellmuth reached the spot. He did not stand on ceremony. Too deep was his anxiety to learn the truth of this matter for him to observe any of the petty courtesies of life. He was not rude or rough; he was simply earnest, and in his desperate earnestness, and in his deep longing to know all, he laid his hand suddenly and sharply upon the woman's arm.

She turned hastily and stared at him, showing a face that was filled with an anguish of terror. Her lips moved, but no sound escaped them. Then, while Kane Hellmuth's hand still clutched her arm, a low moan escaped her, she reeled, and would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms.

The cabman stood by observing this scene calmly. It was no business of his. He did not understand it, of course, but then it was often his fortune to be a witness of unintelligible scenes like this.

Meanwhile, the woman hung senseless on Kane Hellmuth's arms. For a moment he was puzzled what to do. Where was her residence? He did not know. Where should he take her? No apparition was this—this being of flesh and blood of whose weight he was sensible; but rather a living human being. But oh! who—and why had she sought him out?

He did not hesitate long. He lifted her into the cab, and then, getting in himself, he gave the cabman his own address. The cabman drove there at once, and, as it was not far away, they soon reached the place. Kane Hellmuth then took the woman in his arms, and carried her up to his own apartments. Then he sent up the women of the house, and waited the result.

The usual restoratives were applied, and the woman came out of her senselessness. She looked wildly around, and for some time was unable to comprehend her situation. Then a sudden look of terror came over her face, and she began to implore the women to let her go.

The women did not know what to say. Kane Hellmuth had hurriedly informed them that he had found her fainting in the street, and then they told her.

"Then I am not a prisoner here?" said the woman, eagerly.

"A prisoner!" exclaimed one of the attendants; "mon Dieu! no, madame. How is that possible? You may go when and where you please; only you must rest a few moments. It was a very kind gentleman who brought you here, and sent us up."

The woman gave a low sigh of relief, and sunk back again. She had been placed on

the sofa in Kane Hellmuth's room. She was young, and seemed to have suffered much. She was evidently a lady.

Suddenly she roused herself.

"Who brought me here?" she asked, abruptly.

"Monsieur Hellmuth," said the attendant, pronouncing the name as well as she could.

"Hailmeet," repeated the lady, thoughtfully.

"Would you like to see him—perhaps he can explain—that there is nothing to fear."

"I am not a prisoner, then?" said the lady, earnestly.

"Oh, no—a prisoner? Mon Dieu! impossible!"

"And you are not employed to detain me?"

"Mon Dieu! but mademoiselle is raving—that is a thing altogether impossible. But you must see the good Monsieur Hellmuth."

With these words the woman who had spoken left the room, and informed Kane Hellmuth that the young lady had come to her senses; telling him also, what she had said. Her words excited surprise in Hellmuth's mind, but he was eager to know all, and so he at once entered the room. The woman followed him, and waited there, together with the other attendant.

Kane Hellmuth looked earnestly at the pale face before him, and the lady raised her large, dark, melancholy eyes to his face, and regarded him with equal earnestness, though in her look there was an anxious scrutiny and timid inquiry. But the face that she saw seemed to have no terror for her now, and the first look of fear gave place to one of mournful entreaty.

"Oh, sir," said she, in English, "you are an Englishman; you cannot be capable of injuring one who never harmed you! I have suffered enough, and why I do not know."

At this, Kane Hellmuth felt bewildered. This was, indeed, a strange address from her. He said nothing for a few moments, but regarded her with a solemn face, and a look in which there was nothing save tenderness and longing.

"You do not seem to know me," said he, at length, in a mournful tone.

"I do not," said the lady. "I never saw you before to-day."

"Are you not Clara Ruthven?" asked Kane Hellmuth, in a tremulous voice.

The lady shook her head.

"Is it all a mistake, then?" cried Kane Hellmuth, in a voice that was a wail of despair. "Are you not my Clara? Are you not Clara Mordaunt, who—"

He was interrupted by the lady. At the mention of the name of Clara Mordaunt she started from the sofa to her feet, and stared at him in amazement.

"Clara Mordaunt!" she exclaimed. "Clara Mordaunt! Who are you? What do you know about Clara Mordaunt? Clara Mordaunt!" she repeated, and again the frightened look came to her face. "Oh, sir, if you are in league with those who have so cruelly wronged me, have pity on me! Do not, oh, do not detain me! Let me go. My life is

wretched enough, and my only hope is to have my freedom till I die."

"Answer me this," said Kane Hellmuth, in a hoarse voice, which was tremulous still with deepest emotion. "I am no enemy; I have no evil designs; if you are a stranger, after all, you have nothing to fear from me; if you are in trouble, I swear I will do what I can to help you, but only answer me. If you are not Clara Ruthven, she who was born Clara Mordaunt, in Heaven's name who are you, and why have you appeared before me in so many places?"

"I have never appeared before you," said the lady. "I never saw you before. You ask after Clara Mordaunt. I am not Clara Mordaunt. Clara Mordaunt is dead. She died

appearing and disappearing like a phantom, reminding me of one who you say is dead?"

"Years!" said the lady. "I don't understand you. I have been in Paris only three months, though they seem like many, many years. But oh, sir! you look like one who would not willingly do a wrong. Your face cannot belie you. Will you tell me what you mean by asking after Clara Mordaunt?—what you mean by calling her Clara Ruthven, and tell me what she is to you?"

"To me? O Heavens!" said Kane Hellmuth, "she was so much to me that now it is better not to talk about it. But did you know her? Will you tell me how it is that you have such an extraordinary likeness to

brought up to believe that my name was Wyverne, and—"

But here Kane Hellmuth interrupted her.

"Wyverne!" he cried. "Wyverne! Inez Wyverne! Are you Inez Wyverne? Oh, Heavens! what is the meaning of all this?"

He stopped, overwhelmed by a rush of emotion consequent upon the mention of that name. He recalled the story of Blake, and Blake's love for this girl, who had thus so strangely come across his way. He recalled his conversation with Father Magrath. He had heard from him that Inez Wyverne had been left penniless, but how had she come here? Why did she take the name of Mor-



"He laid his hand suddenly and sharply upon the woman's arm."—Page 399.

ten years ago. Why do you ask me if I am Clara Mordaunt?"

"Dead!" repeated Kane Hellmuth, in a hollow voice. "Well, that is what every one says, but I swear I never saw in any human face such a resemblance to any other human face as there is in yours to the face of Clara Mordaunt! But what do you mean by saying that you never appeared to me before? Were you not at Père-la-Chaise Cemetery?"

"Never," said the lady. "I never saw you before."

"What! were not you the one that I saw at Notre-Dame, in the rail-cars, in the Boulevard where—"

"You are utterly mistaken," said the lady; "I never saw you before."

"Have you not been here all these years,

her? If you are not Clara Mordaunt, who are you?"

"My fright must have been a mistake," said the lady, looking at Kane Hellmuth with greater interest, "and I can only hope that it has been so. I will tell you who I am, for oh, sir, I think I may trust you. This Clara Mordaunt that you speak of was my own sister, and my name is Inez Mordaunt."

"Her sister! Inez Mordaunt!" cried Kane Hellmuth, in amazement. "Why, she said that her sister Inez was dead!"

The lady stared at him.

"Dead? Did she say that? Then she must have been deceived, like me, all her life. For I, too, lived a life that was all surrounded by deceit, and it was only an accident that revealed to me the truth. I was

daunt? How was it that she called herself the sister of Clara Mordaunt, his wife? Who was the other Miss Mordaunt whom he had gone to London to see? Was she, too, a sister of his lost Clara? That this Inez was her sister might be proved by her extraordinary resemblance, which had led him to identify her with the apparition; and yet it was impossible that she could be identical with that other mysterious one, for she had disclaimed it. What was the meaning of this?

Such were the thoughts of Kane Hellmuth as he stood there staring at this lady whom he had brought here, and who, whether Inez Wyverne or Inez Mordaunt, was equally inexplicable in that bewilderment of his thoughts.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE STORY OF INEZ.

THE presence of the attendants acted as a check upon Kane Hellmuth, and he was quick to perceive that this was neither the time nor the place for that full explanation which he wished to have. There was much to be said on both sides, and he longed to hear her story, both for his own sake, and also for the sake of his friend to whom this Inez was so dear. Such a thing would, however, have to be postponed until another occasion.

Instead, therefore, of pouring forth that volley of questions which his first impulse prompted him to do, he checked himself, and began to apologize for bringing her to his room, on the ground that it was an utter mistake, which would have to be explained elsewhere. He informed her that the cab was still waiting, and would take her to her lodgings whenever she wished it. Inez at once accepted the offer with evident gratitude; the fear that Kane Hellmuth had but recently inspired was all gone, and she seemed to regard him as one who might be a friend. With her fear much of her weakness had passed, and she was able to walk to the cab without assistance.

Kane Hellmuth accompanied her, and Inez seemed to acquiesce in his offer of companionship with evident satisfaction. As the cab drove off, nothing was said for a few minutes, when at length Kane Hellmuth burst forth abruptly with—

"All this is the most astonishing thing to me that can be imagined. When you mentioned the name of Wyverne just now, I at once recognized you as one of whom I had heard very much from an intimate friend of mine, who also, I think, is a friend of yours—Dr. Basil Blake."

"Dr. Basil Blake!" exclaimed Inez, eagerly. "Do you know him?"

She spoke eagerly and with agitation, and her whole manner showed that Blake was not without interest in her eyes.

"Basil Blake," said he, "is my intimate friend. On his return from Villeneuve, he informed me of what occurred there."

Inez looked at him earnestly.

"Are you his friend? Then, perhaps, he mentioned your name to me. He used to talk about his friend Kane Hellmuth."

"I am Kane Hellmuth."

At this, Inez looked at him more earnestly than ever, and her face was overspread with a sudden expression of inexpressible relief.

"Oh, how glad I am!" she said, simply and innocently. "Oh, I cannot tell you, Mr. Hellmuth, how very, very glad I am. Oh, how fortunate for me this meeting is! You cannot imagine what I have suffered. This very day I have been in the darkest despair. Oh, how glad, how glad I am!—And is Dr. Blake here too?"

"Well, no—not just now," said Kane Hellmuth, with some hesitation. "He left here a while ago for the south, on business."

"Oh, how glad I am!" said Inez again, speaking half to herself, and in a tone of such innocent and unfeigned joy that Kane Hellmuth felt touched to the heart; and it seemed to suggest to him long and severe suffering

on her part, out of which she now saw some means of escape by his assistance.

This assistance he hastened to promise her, and not long after they reached their destination. The lodgings of Inez were not very far from the place where he had first seen her, and were of a kind that seemed suitable to genteel poverty. The room into which he followed her seemed like a general parlor, and formed one of a suite on the second floor, hired, as she informed him, by the lady with whom she was lodging.

Situated as these two were with regard to one another, there was very much to be asked and to be answered on both sides; nor was it until several interviews that each became acquainted with the position of the other. The position of Inez was one of so painful a character, that she was eager to tell it all to Kane Hellmuth, so as to get his assistance; and he on his part was equally anxious to tell her his story, partly to explain his late conduct, and partly from the hope that she might give him some information about the mysterious apparition which had so troubled him. As far as that was concerned, however, Inez was not able to throw any light on it whatever, and indeed she knew less of that "Clara Mordaunt," whom she considered her sister, than Kane Hellmuth himself. There was no way in which Inez could account for the apparition. If it was ever explained, the explanation would have to be made in some way quite irrespective of her; and her story showed that she could not have been in Paris at all while those mysterious visitations were occurring.

Her own story, however, was one of such an extraordinary character, that it at once aroused his warmest sympathies, and occupied most of his thoughts. It was not all told at once, but in the course of various interviews; and, without reporting any conversation *verbatim*, it may be best to narrate that story now:

When Inez landed in France, she took the first train for Paris, and for some time had no other thought than to hurry on without delay, so as to see her father as soon as possible. At length she began to feel troubled about the meeting that was before her, and wondered how, in the confusion of a railway-station, she could recognize her father's messengers, or be recognized by them. Her anxiety to reach her father increased her anxiety in this respect, and at length she had to tell her troubles to her maid Saunders. She herself could not speak French very well, but Saunders could speak it as well as English, and no sooner had she learned the anxiety of her mistress, than she hastened to soothe her. She promised to speak to the guard, and did so to such good purpose that this functionary came in person to Inez, and with many gesticulations assured her that he himself would look out for her friends, and see that they should find her. Reassured by this, Inez got the better of her anxiety in this respect, and at length reached Paris.

As the train stopped, Inez felt a strange sense of desolation in her heart. She was weak, too, and weary, for she had travelled all night, and it was a raw, gray, dismal morning. She looked out into the station-

house, and saw the twinkling lights, and the crowd moving to and fro. The consciousness that she was in a foreign country, without a home, came to her with oppressive power; nor could even the thought of her father, with which she tried to console herself, enable her to overmaster this sense of loneliness. There was also a time of waiting which seemed unusually long. She had anticipated an earnest welcome, but she was allowed to wait without any, and thus at the very outset her heart sank, and she felt herself a prey to strange, dark fears and forebodings.

At length, Saunders directed her attention to an advancing figure. This one was preceded by the guard, and looked as though he might be the messenger sent to receive her. As he drew near, Inez could see his face quite plainly; for it was turned toward the cars, over which his eyes wandered as though in search of some one. The approach of this messenger might at another time have quelled her rising fears; but the aspect of this man had in it something which Inez did not find at all reassuring; and the face on which she expected to see an air of respectful, if not eager, welcome, had in it now nothing which was not repellent. It was a commonplace face—a coarse and vulgar face—not the face of a man who might be a friend of Bernal Mordaunt. It did not seem bad or vicious; it was simply coarse and commonplace. Nor was the man a servant or a footman, for he was dressed as a priest, and looked like one who might claim the right to associate with Bernal Mordaunt on equal terms. But, though his garb was clerical, there was nothing of the priest either in his face, or attitude, or manner; and the cloth had in this instance failed most completely to contribute its usual professional air to the wearer. Such, then, was the man who came here to receive Inez.

Saunders had already risen, and went outside to speak to the priest. Inez followed shortly after. The priest introduced himself as Père Gounod, and spoke a few words of conventional welcome. Inez was not sufficiently familiar with French to judge whether he was a man of education or not; but there was a certain clumsiness in his manner, and coarseness of intonation, which made her think that he could not be; yet how could she judge? Still, this was a thing of no moment, and her thoughts soon reverted to the one uppermost idea of her mind—her father; and all the deep anxiety which she felt was manifest in her voice as she asked after him.

The priest looked at her with a quick, furtive glance, and then looked away.

"He is very low," said he, slowly.

There was something in his face which frightened Inez. She would have asked more, but could not. She was afraid of hearing the worst. The priest said no more, but turned, and, with a silent gesture, led the way to the carriage. Inez followed. Saunders also followed. On reaching the carriage, Inez saw that it was a close cab. The priest held the door open. She got in, and was followed by Saunders. The priest then went to see about the luggage, and, after a short absence, returned. He then got on the box with the driver.

After about half an hour's drive, the cab stopped. On getting out, Inez found herself in front of a large and gloomy edifice. She followed the priest, who led the way in through a small door, and up a flight of steps, and along a gallery which looked out into a courtyard. He then opened a door which led into a room. It was meagrely furnished, the floor was tiled, and there was a depressing gloom about it which deepened the melancholy despondency that Inez had all along experienced.

The priest motioned toward a sofa, and asked Inez to sit down.

"But I wish to see papa," said she, anxiously.

"I will go and see," said the priest. "You must wait."

Saying this, he left the room. This strange proceeding seemed unaccountable to Inez, and only increased her fears. He was not long gone; but the time of his absence seemed long indeed to her. She did not sit down, but stood, where he had left her, motionless and terrified, and there he found her on his return.

"Will you not sit down?" he asked.

"But I want to see papa," said Inez.

"One moment," said the priest. "Sit down—I have something to say."

At this strange delay Inez grew more agitated than ever. The priest seated himself. She could not move. She stood thus, pale and trembling, and looked at him fixedly.

"I have something to say," repeated the priest, "and I am very sorry to have to say it."

He paused, and leaned his elbow on his knee, bending forward as he did so, with his eyes on the floor. Thus Inez no longer saw his face, but only the top of his head. Now, in moments of the deepest anxiety, and even anguish, it is strange how often the attention is attracted by even trivial circumstances. It was so with Inez at this time. Full of anguish, with her soul racked by suspense, a prey to the gloomiest forebodings, waiting with something like despair the communication of the priest, her eyes, as they rested upon him, noticed this one thing in the midst of all her agitation and her despair, and that was that this priest had no tonsure. His hair was a thick, bushy mass all over his head; and the characteristic mark of his sacred office was altogether wanting. She noticed this, and it was with an additional shock that she did so. Yet it was not till afterward that she learned to place any stress on this one fact, and see it in its full significance. At that time the shock passed away, and yielded to her uncontrollable anxiety about her father.

"Why don't you say what you have to say?" cried Inez at length. "I want to see papa."

The priest raised his head.

"I wish," said he, in a low voice, and speaking very slowly, "to break it as gently as possible."

Every one of these words was terrible to Inez. To such a saying as this, following after such strange actions, there could be but one meaning, and that one meaning must be the worst. Yet, so great was her terror at

hearing this, that she dared not ask another question. She stood as before, with her eyes fixed on him, while he kept his eyes averted.

"I did not tell you before," said the priest. "I wished to prepare you. I wished to do it gradually. I must prepare you for the worst—the very worst."

He paused.

Inez stared at him.

"He—is—dead!" she faltered, in a scarce audible voice.

The priest looked at her with a significant glance, and in silence.

"When?" asked Inez, speaking with a great effort, but in a faint voice.

"Three days ago," said the priest.

Inez gave a low moan, and staggered toward the sofa. Saunders sprang up and assisted her. She sank down upon it, and, burying her face in her hands, remained silent and motionless, yet an occasional shudder showed the suffering of her mind. Nor was this suffering without a cause. True, it was not like losing a father whose love she had always known; but still, ever since the discovery of the portraits, she had thought much of Bernal Mordaunt, and had conceived for him all a daughter's feelings. She had recalled many of the reminiscences of early childhood. Above all, his last letter to her had thrown around these feelings additional strength and tenderness. During her journey these feelings had increased, and all her life and all her hope seemed to refer to the meeting with him which she was seeking. Now, in an instant, all this tender love was blighted, and all this eager hope made forever vain. The blow was a severe one, and Inez wellnigh sank under it.

The priest looked at her with close observation, but with no particular sympathy. Thus far he had been somewhat embarrassed while subject to the searching gaze of Inez. Now, when that gaze was removed, and her head buried in her hands, he was able to speak with freedom.

"He died three days ago," said the priest, speaking somewhat less slowly than before, and in what may be described as a wary and vigilant manner; watching Inez all the while most attentively—"three days ago. He wrote a long letter—a very long letter—too long a letter, indeed—to you, asking you to come here. Well, after that he fainted. It was an hour before he revived. Then we knew—and he knew, too—that he was—dying! But there was nothing to be done, for he was beyond hope. . . . Well," continued the priest, after a pause, in which his eyes never removed themselves from Inez, who still remained with her head bowed down and buried in her hands—"well, then the poor man called for writing-materials again. We supplied him with them. We raised him upon his bed, so that he might be in a position to write. He took the pen, and at first could hardly hold it. But at length he made a great effort, and wrote about a page. That was all that he was able to do, and, in my opinion, it was just one page too much; but we had to indulge him, for he was so eager about it—and what can you do with a dying man? Well, that was too much. He fell back exhausted, and never spoke one word

more. In two hours all was over, and he had barely life and sense enough to receive the *viaticum*. That was three days ago. You received his letter, and waited till you could leave, and have spent this third day in travelling here. This brings you here at the close of the third day. It is a pity that you had not come before, for he loved you dearly. But still his last thoughts were of you, and his last words, too, for the letter that he wrote was for you."

At this Inez started up.

"For me!" she exclaimed. "Is there—did he leave any message for me?"

"The letter that I have been telling you about was for you."

"Have you got it?" cried Inez, eagerly.

"It is here—for you—if you wish to see it," said the priest.

"Oh, let me have it—let me see it!" said Inez, in a tone of mournful entreaty.

"You shall see it, of course," said the priest. "It is for you, and it is waiting for you. It is a pity that you have not come in time for something better than a letter. The poor Abbé Mordaunt would have been greatly cheered. We urged him to send for you before, but he was full of hope that he would recover and be able to go to you. He was unwilling to put you to the trouble of a journey. He never knew how ill he was till the last, and then it was too late. He came home from his mission with broken health. He allowed himself no rest. An affair at Villeneuve agitated him greatly, and preyed on his mind. It was something that occurred there, and other things that he heard of after his arrival here. He sank quite rapidly, poor man! And all the time he persisted in the hope that he would recover. At last the doctor told him the truth, and then he wrote for you. But it was too late. The effort of writing hastened the end, and so, as I said, he did not live out that day. Still he left his last instructions for you, and I have kept that letter to be given into your own hands. And here it is. I took it from his own hands, and put it in this envelop, and wrote your name on it."

Saying this, the priest drew forth a letter from his pocket and handed it to Inez. She took it with a quick, nervous, eager grasp. The envelop bore the address in a strange hand, simply—

"Inez Mordaunt."

This the priest had explained. But this she did not notice. All her thoughts were turned to the letter itself—the last words of her father, now lost forever—her father, found so strangely, lost so suddenly. With a trembling hand she tore open the envelop, and the last words of that father lay before her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## COLOGNE-WATER.

**A**MONG the countless objects belonging to the toilet-table of the polite world, Cologne-water, compounded out of the spiciest, most volatile, aromatic substances which the plant-world generates, takes the foremost rank. While all other odors, owing to the fickleness of the beautiful sex, sigh under the

same fate, Cologne-water alone knows how to preserve the favor of the women, with a steadiness which might well awaken the envy of a disadvised lover. Wherein lies the secret of this phenomenon? Solely and alone in the fulness of good properties which it unites in itself, as in a focus, so that one may boldly assert that Cologne-water is among perfumes what the diamond is among precious stones. It takes to itself the manifold fragrances which the flower-cups conceal in their bosoms, giving to none the preference, uniting all in a bouquet, whose combination, extracting perhaps the injurious of each isolated plant, refreshes and quickens the animal spirits in a light, rapid, and fairy-like manner; for hardly has one experienced its fragrance, than every trace of its existence has flown. This swift evaporation, without leaving a distinct perfume behind, is the characteristic mark of genuine Cologne-water; while, with the spurious kinds, this or that ingredient of the combination so predominates that its atoms are for a time perceptible. Of the really genuine water, there is only one single kind sold, while the imitated manufactures are sold under various labels.

But the great favor in which Cologne-water is held cannot be accounted for solely by its inimitability. It possesses, also, solid properties, valued by every one. It fulfils, as well as its gallant mission on the toilet-table, its humane one at the sick-bed. If any one pours the precious fluid in seething water, it purifies the surrounding atmosphere of hurtful admixtures, without the lungs being poisoned by destructive gases, as is the case with other expedients. Besides the evaporation in seething water, a very practical contrivance has lately been brought into use, consisting of a little flask, out of whose neck, by means of a gutta-percha pipe, filled with air, and a little glass tube, the aromatic fluid is pumped out, and diffuses itself like a fine shower of dust, making the atmosphere spicy and favorable for the breathing-organs—a little machine that cannot be too highly recommended for a sick-room.

The archives of the city of Cologne give first, in the year 1709, reliable intelligence about the family name with which the fame of the Cologne-water seems inseparably connected. In this year lived in Cologne the Italian (adopted as a citizen) Johann Maria Farina, born 1685, at Santa Maggiore, in the valley of Bigezza, district of Domo d'Ossola. He traded in works of art, silken wares, and perfumeries, prepared and sold Cologne-water, and soon chose for his principal employment this latter branch of trade, which became known first through him. We can thus not do otherwise than acknowledge him as the discoverer of this celebrated arcanum.

At the same time that the archives of the city of Cologne mention Johann Maria Farina, they speak of another adopted citizen, Paul Feminis, who, later than Johann Maria Farina, engaged in the sale of Cologne-water; but the firm of Paul Feminis is extinct, and the descendants of this name have eagerly striven to bring their wares into market under the famous name of Farina. In this way considerable Cologne-water firms have arisen, which

are to-day eager competitors of that which rightfully claims to be the oldest, and bears the sign "Johann Maria Farina, opposite the Juelichs Place."

From the year 1709, in which, as already related, the founder of this firm emigrated to the Rhenish metropolis, the family-tree can be distinctly traced out to the present head of the house; and, to satisfy the thirst for genealogical lore, we give below the following authentic information:

Johann Maria Farina associated himself, in the year 1726, after his business had acquired an extension which overtaxed his strength, with his brother, Johann Baptist Farina, for whom he had sent to Italy. The latter died, however, six years later; and then Johann Maria associated himself with the son of the same, who at that time was twenty-two years old, and bore the name of his uncle, who was also his godfather. The nephew survived the uncle, who died in 1766, leaving solely and alone to his companion his trade, and the secret of the preparation of Cologne-water, as a legacy. Johann Maria followed the business of his uncle till his death, in the year 1790, when he left it to his three sons, Johann Baptist, Johann Maria, and Karl Anton Hieronymus. In the year 1806 Johann Maria died, leaving his share of the business to his two surviving brothers. In the year 1830 Johann Baptist resigned his share of the business to his son, Johann Maria, who, however, died three years later, whereupon his widow succeeded him as partner in the business. Karl Anton Hieronymus, in 1841, transferred his share of the business to his son, Johann Maria, the present head of the house.

The sale of the genuine Cologne-water was originally a limited one, and remained so until its admirable qualities had gained general notice, and then its sale increased gradually with its fame. The Seven Years' War brought about a highly-favorable epoch for this branch of industry. The French, who at that time had possession of the Rhineland, eagerly grasping at all fancy goods, immediately commenced using Cologne-water for the toilet, and extended its fame quickly to France and over a great part of Germany. From that time the exportation increased, till it extended over Europe, and finally over the whole world, so that in this respect the sad Seven Years' War redounded to the advantage of the city of Cologne; for, in the course of years, Cologne-water formed gradually one of the city's most important articles of trade. In course of time, however, many imitators—partly in Cologne, partly elsewhere—sprung up, and seized on the name of Farina, without standing in the smallest connection with the founder or with his descendants.

At the end of the last century, Karl Franz Farina, then dwelling in Düsseldorf, sold and transferred his name to a Cologne tradesman, who immediately brought his wares into market under this new name. Scarcely was this example instituted, than six other houses sprung up under the same name, with various Christian names. From this time began, in Cologne even, as well as in other places, the custom of selling and transferring the name "Farina," in which later a cer-

tain Johann Georg Maria Farina, in Düsseldorf, and more recently his sons, actually joined. Many used this name without having even a shadow of right to it. According to the official gazette of the government at Cologne, there existed, in 1819, sixty manufactories of Cologne-water, most of them carried on under the name of Farina, which belonged, as a family name, to only three of the manufacturers. Not only the Cologne-water, but even the name Farina, had become an object of trade. The mode of preparing the genuine Cologne-water, as compounded by Johann Maria Farina, has, however, never by himself nor by his descendants been communicated to any except those who inherited the business, and who were to carry it on; and the pretence that the secret of its preparation has become known through chemical analysis deserves no credit, because it is firmly established that science has never succeeded in determining analytically the quantity and quality of ethereal oils in a mixture.

Simultaneously with the founder of the house, Johann Maria Farina, "opposite the Juelichs Place," other members of the family of Farina (a name very common in Italy) moved to the neighborhood of Cologne, one of whom, about 1750, attracted by the success of his namesake, established a firm which was continued by his descendants. A member of this branch of the family, Johann Maria Farina, established a Cologne-water manufactory in Paris, in the year 1806.

In the year 1828 the Prussian Government decided that it was illegal to sell a name as a ware. Some of the heretofore pseudo Farinas now prosecuted the trade under their proper names. Some gave up the trade, which, without this name, had no value for them. The most part, however, devised new methods to circumvent this judicial edict, and to place themselves within the letter of the law. They went to Italy, and engaged persons bearing the name of Farina to appear in Cologne, either in proper person or through representatives, and to make contracts for the establishment of Cologne-water manufactories under the name of Johann Maria Farina. Most of these contracts, through the mode of their framing, bore unmistakably the stamp of fraud, and the courts declared them null. But still there sprung from this transaction a multitude of new Farina firms. Of the forty-eight manufactories of Cologne-water now existing in Cologne, thirty-six are carried on under the name of Farina. Foremost in the rank of those which bear other names is that of Maria Clementine Martin, a nun. The building in which her business is carried on lies opposite to the western portal of the great cathedral, and is one of the most splendid buildings in the city.

We have spoken above of the usurpation of the name of Farina. Competition, however, has not stopped at that point. Even the ancient and exclusive title, "Opposite the Juelichs Place," has been fraudulently used, so as to deceive and mislead those not perfectly acquainted with the locality and the circumstances. The competitors clung to the word "opposite," and several of them settled themselves in the neighborhood nearest to the Juelichs Place, so as to use the title



"Opposite the Juelichs Place," even though contrary to the truth. Followed by the law, they saw the use of the word "opposite" interdicted them, the clause "Opposite the Juelichs Place" being adjudged in the highest court to be the peculiar property of the firm Johann Maria Farina, which had first used it. Since then they have endeavored to make up for the loss, as much as possible, by the use of such words as "at" or "by" the Juelichs Place, and the addition of a house-number, to retrieve the loss as far as possible.

A not less mischievous device is that of various manufacturers who establish their local business in various open places in the city, so that they may be able to use upon their labels and directions the clause "opposite such and such a place," speculating upon the forgetfulness or inattention of the consumer with regard to the proper name "Juelichs," especially as they strictly imitate the firm Johann Maria Farina in labels, forms, paper, writing, etc.

But not only is the genuine firm the subject of lawless imitation, but the family coat-of-arms, the trade-seal, the fac-simile of the signature, and even the picture of the dwelling-house, printed on their labels, with the title "Johann Maria Farina, opposite the Juelichs Place," are unscrupulously counterfeited. The uninitiated purchaser who compares the flask, the label, the covering—in short, the whole outward appearance—of the fabric of the oldest distiller with those of many of his competitors, if he does not take them for homogeneous at first glance, is at least struck by their great resemblance to the genuine.

One means, and perhaps the most odious, which competitors in Cologne-water apply to their own benefit, and to the detriment of "Johann Maria Farina, opposite the Juelichs Place," is the bribery of hired servants, hackney-coachmen, and other guides offering themselves to strangers, to conduct them where they may supply themselves with "genuine" Cologne-water. Not seldom is a local stand pointed out to the stranger as a depository, or even as the manufactory, of the oldest distiller. This transaction occurs almost daily.

## THE PEASANT - PAINTER — JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THE peasant of France, according to the spirit that contemplates him, is a careless and unambitious being, much like the negro of our Southern plantations; or he is heavy and patient, struck with the sadness of the soil, his back rounded, his eyes always upon the earth, from which he wrings a scanty subsistence. He neither reads nor writes; the horizon of his fields is the only one known to him, for he never travels; and, under the vast skies, and on the level plains of Normandy, or on the coast of Brittany, he feeds his flock, often leaving the burden of its care to the sagacious dogs that so well replace the guardianship of man. Whether he leads his sheep over the cliffs of the sea-coast, or harvests wheat, or digs potatoes, he seems like the primitive man of the fields, a type which is rarely seen here; for here the

newspaper and the railway connect the most remote and rural districts with the great centres of civic life, and more or less press upon the tiller of the soil influences which destroy the simplicity of his character. But, in France, the peasant is shut from all the general influences that form the modern man. He is ignorant of the great fluctuations of the political world, ignorant of "the improvements of industry;" he knows little or nothing of cities; his habit is humble; his thoughts and expressions belong to his home-soil, and hold a modest place beside the towering solemnities of his religious faith. Jaded by work, after the lightness of mere youth is gone, he labors, and eats, and sleeps, heavy and dull, with but little margin to his ordinary life for any thing stimulating and new; he can hardly be said to think. Whether you look at this peasant with the eye of a poet, and think of him as a being unvisited by any thing between birth and death but the influences of Nature and the ceremonials of an august religion; or you look at him simply as an ignorant and superstitious man, useful only because he is docile, of no more spiritual interest to or relation with you than an animal—this, we say, will very much affect your sympathy for Jean-François Millet and his works; for Jean-François Millet, the greatest living *genre* painter, the sincerest and largest poet in art, has associated himself exclusively with the life of the French peasant. The peasant, on Millet's canvases, is often a figure as impressive, and sometimes as grand, as the figures of prophets and martyrs in the frescoes of the Italian painters.

Since Rembrandt, Millet must be considered the most unique man among figure-painters. His pictures in the International Exhibition, at Paris, in 1887, made as distinct an impression as Rembrandt's make in the great galleries of the world. Of the five French painters who were honored with a grand medal, Millet was the least known outside of the artistic body; yet he was nearest to the famous ancient Italian painters by his art, closest to our common humanity by his sentiment and subject. Of the five most illustrious living French painters he alone is broad and tender enough to be called the poet.

You can go to Gérôme's pictures, and see how much historical knowledge an artist may illustrate; to Cabernet's, and see what form the sentiment of pleasure and the perception of beauty take in one of the most accomplished artists of our century; but you will go to Millet, if you have sympathy and intelligence for the unworldly and natural, and witness the sadness of labor, and feel the profound and depressing significance of a life of toil, which is unilluminated by knowledge, unvisited by even the loosening frivolities of society. The toil, the silence of life in the fields, the mystery and depth of the suggestion of that fair apparition which we call Nature, the patient and dumb look of men and women who have no part in the great march of improvement and emancipation to which the people are called; the heavy and lonely and ancient aspect of a life so detached from what we understand as the life of our century, is pathetic and strange to all but the most ob-

durate and mechanical men. The pictures of Millet are neither pretty, nor elegant, nor exquisite; they are serious, pathetic, mournful, impressive, and yet they represent the homeliest men and women in common occupations. Millet does not belong to to-day, but to all time. His pictures are typical, and they might have been painted at any epoch since that of the Roman Empire.

Before calling your attention to some of his finest pictures, it will be well to give you a few biographical facts. JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET was born at Gréville, toward 1815. He went to Paris and studied under Delaroche, and exhibited his first picture in the *salon* of 1844. In due time he withdrew from Paris and established himself in the poetical little village of Barbison, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, and devoted himself to the study there of Nature and the peasants around him; in the mean time living as a peasant and wearing the costume of a peasant. It has been said that Barbison is a place where a man is face to face with himself, with his work, with his God.

Millet is known by many remarkable paintings—all of them so simple in subject that nothing less than the sincerest and strongest talent of a painter could have invested them with the interest they have for all lovers of art and Nature. The titles of his works will indicate how little the great master has employed the dramatic and strange—how far he is from the cruelties and sensualities of a Doré or a Gérôme. "The Sower," "The Reapers," "The Milkmaid," "A Peasant," "Death and the Wood-cutter," "The Harvesters," "A Shepherd," "The Shearers of Sheep," "A Peasant Grafting a Tree," "The Birth of the Calf," are perhaps the best known.

Few pictures have been more diversely judged than most of Millet's, and I believe that it is only within the last five years that the critics have conceded to him the first rank as a simple and strong painter—a draughtsman who recalls the style of the old masters; while his tone and color suggest a not less noble comparison. Millet has struggled in solitude, and painted after the inspiration of his own personal genius, sustained in great part by the practical aid and artistic sympathy of Rousseau, the great landscapist. Rousseau not only aided him, but wrote a letter of remonstrance to Gautier, to what seemed to him his insensibility to the noble and rare genius of Millet. Millet has been called a brutal painter; his figures have been compared to Indian idols; his flesh-color has been said to resemble leather. And yet Millet is now the greatest painter, the most impressive colorist, and he is master of the largest style of expression, of any contemporary French artist. Before he had won his place as a painter of an uncommon and superior order, as a unique individual, a patriarchal man, angelic in his spirit, but without the apparent love of violence of the old Florentine, he was called a wilful exaggerator, who, under the pretext of style, painted peasants in clothes without any folds, and made them as immobile as wooden figures. To-day his pictures give the name to the *salon* in which they are placed, and he wins the appreciation

of the most severe judges. Several of Millet's pictures are in this country. Mr. Hunt, the artist, whose enthusiasm for Millet's works is said to be a beautiful and refreshing tribute to the genius of a great modern painter, a grandly simple man, was the first to introduce a specimen of his genius to art-amateurs on this side of the Atlantic.

Millet is a lover of the Bible—of every thing patriarchal and natural; something of Holbein and something of Rembrandt, and all the poetry and impressiveness of the lonely life of the poor peasant may be found in his paintings. To-day celebrated, ranked with the grandest men in art—one of those rare men who live close to Nature and close to man—yesterday he was poor, and reviled by critics. For more than a dozen years, without name and without bread, he had all the superiority which you find in him to-day. Now, it is mentioned as an honor to have been faithful to his genius in the day of his obscurity, and Diaz, Daumier, Barye, Alfred Sensier, and Théodore Rousseau, are mentioned as having had intelligence and admiration for his genius from the time of its first manifestation. We shall best conclude this introduction of a grand painter with the thought of a critic who cannot be called Millet's eulogist, but who seems just and discriminating: "You may not like Millet, you may even deny his constant research for style in subjects often coarsely treated, but you dare not deny that he has a singular power of brush, and mostly a profound conviction. Those men who make of their art a sincere study, who labor incessantly, who choose exile to be better isolated, who obtain from the privileges of talent nothing but barren pain, who prefer the approval of their own consciences to the facile favors of success, and who ask of the crowd nothing but the right to carry their heads high, are rare, but the painter of 'The Sower' and of 'The Gleaners,' François Millet, is one of those."

EUGENE BENSON.

## HOW THE EMPEROR WILLIAM PASSES HIS TIME.

IN the years 1834-'36, Prince William of Prussia, now the Emperor William, had built for himself, in Berlin, by the architect Langhans, a palace, on the corner of Opera-House Square and the principal avenue of the city, called "Under the Lindens."

The lot at the disposal of the architect was comparatively circumscribed, less in depth—for a portion of it runs through to the street in the rear—than on the front, which is bounded in one direction—on the square some sixty feet from the corner—by the Royal Library, and in the other by the so-called Netherlandish Palace. And yet Langhans erected a structure on this irregularly-shaped lot that is a *chef-d'œuvre*, not only in the simplicity and nobleness of its style, which has been extensively copied, but also in the judicious arrangement of the interior. The structure has a frontage on the *Linden* of two hundred and ninety feet, is two stories high, with thirteen windows in

the second story; while in the end toward the square, between the corner and the library, there are three windows; and yet the rooms in the second story, used on extraordinary occasions, will accommodate eight hundred persons without being overcrowded. By extending the second story over the court, Langhans made three magnificent saloons—the so-called round, white Marmorsaal (Marble Hall), the Yellow Gallery, and the Adlersaal (Eagle Hall)—none of which have an outlook on the avenue; and yet these saloons, together with an adjoining conservatory, are so cleverly arranged that they are admirably adapted to the entertaining of a large number of guests. The royal Schloss (castle)—a vast structure, built long ago, in the very centre of the city—has larger apartments for state occasions; but they are not so conveniently arranged as those of the palace Unter den Linden, which has been the emperor's city residence since 1836. In the interval, there has been only one interruption, which was in the years 1848 and 1849, when the palace came near being destroyed by the infuriated populace, and was saved by the cleverness of some unknown individual in the crowd, who wrote on the front, with a piece of charcoal, "The property of the nation," amid the huzzas of the assembled multitude. To distinguish it from the immense old pile called the Schloss, the emperor's residence Unter den Linden is designated as "The Palace."

The emperor occupies the Schloss only on extraordinary occasions, as, for example, at the opening of the Reichstag or of the Chambers, or when he receives important embassies—such as the Japanese, for example—when he gives very large *fêtes*, or entertains foreign guests. The only guests who are received in the Palace are his daughter, the Grand-duchess of Baden, and the brother of the empress, the Grand-duke of Saxony. At his favorite residence, Babelsberg, his villa at Potsdam, he is never able to spend more than three or four days at a time, as it is only at his city residence that he can well discharge the duties that devolve on him as the head of a great nation.

The Emperor William's day begins, in winter as well as in summer, between six and seven o'clock. No sooner is he up in the morning than he is ready for business. He has no practical experience of a morning hour, so agreeable to many, in dressing-gown and slippers; those articles of wearing-apparel he has never possessed. Booted and spurred, and in a military coat, he goes immediately through the library into the room beyond it—his *Arbeitszimmer* (study, or business-room), which is in the first story and on the corner, having two windows that look toward the square, and one out on the avenue, almost directly opposite Rauch's equestrian monument, in bronze, of Frederick the Great. The emperor's steps, on entering his study in the morning, are usually directed toward a little desk that stands on one side of the room. Suspended from this desk, there is a calendar, on which, under the date, are noted such events as have occurred, on the same day of the year, in the life of his majesty, as are worthy of being recorded. Each day has its motto, selected either from the Bible or the poets. The

emperor's next step is to examine the barometer, which hangs in the adjoining audience-chamber, and in the spring, when the troops are being reviewed, materially influences his disposition of the day.

Before the left window of the corner-room stands a mahogany writing-table, which, with the exception of a space large enough for writing-purposes, is covered with packages of letters and papers, and small objects that are evidently prized by their owner. Among others, there is, to mention one, a small portfolio, worked with different-colored silks on a white ground. Above and around the porcelain inkstand are the miniature pictures of the Empress Augusta, taken at the time of her marriage; of the emperor's sister, the late Empress-dowager Charlotte of Russia; and the photographs of his two children, his son and daughter-in-law, and his grandchildren. Above the table are the statuettes of his father, Frederick William III., and of his great ancestor, Frederick the Great, who is always spoken of by the imperial family as "the great king." In this mute society his majesty takes his coffee, and looks over the morning papers.

All the rooms—seven in number—comprising the emperor's apartments were originally very simply furnished and adorned. What they at present contain that gives them an air of wealth and luxury, and what gives them the impress of the character of their occupant, has been acquired, from time to time, either by purchase or gift. And so it may be said that this corner-room, with its large oil-paintings, its furniture, and almost numberless large and small works of art and articles of *virtu*, which adorn the tables, sofas, chairs, and walls, form a sort of museum which embodies the history of the man, whose life may be reckoned among the happiest, inasmuch as the aspirations of his youth and the ambition of his manhood have been crowned by successes of the most brilliant kind.

Most of the objects in this room are presents from the empress, and many are the product of her handiwork. She herself sees that every thing here is kept in order, with the solicitude of a tidy housewife, in order that nothing shall affect its occupant unpleasantly. On one side of the room there stands a long, wide table, on which there are books, maps, papers, etc., one corner being left free for the reception of whatever may be received for his majesty by mail, express, or otherwise; and every morning this corner is pretty well filled. This daily collection the emperor examines personally, opening every letter and the majority of the packages with his own hands. On the margin of all communications he makes such notes as are necessary for the guidance of his secretaries, or he places them in large leather portfolios that lie around him on the floor, and in which they are conveyed to the several bureaus which they respectively concern. When this is done, his majesty admits the aide-de-camp on duty, who brings the report of the commander of the city garrison, and a list of the audiences that are set down for that morning, whereupon the emperor designates the order in which he will receive the persons named on the list.

The empress usually takes her morning



cup of tea at about half-past nine o'clock, and that is the hour when the imperial couple exchange their morning salutations. An exceedingly artistically constructed iron winding staircase leads from the library to the second story, into the apartments of the empress. By these stairs the emperor ascends to the apartments of the empress, and remains with her while she breakfasts. There and then, as in every other household, domestic matters are discussed. The major-domo enters and presents the bill-of-fare for dinner. The empress makes such changes as she thinks proper, and he goes his way. This done, the empress reads aloud for a while, or they adjourn to the saloons that look out on the avenue. Frequently the crown-prince or the crown-princess joins them at this hour. Here they usually remain till the adjutant advises his majesty through a speaking-tube that the household officials have arrived. The emperor descends to find his *ober-chef* and *hausmarshall*, Count Pückler, and his *hofmarshall*, Count Perponcher. The business of these gentlemen disposed of, the morning audiences follow. The persons to be received wait in the adjutant's room, the windows of which look toward the court, until their turns come, and they are announced by the aide-de-camp.

Military men, who seek an audience with the emperor, are shown into a saloon that adjoins the adjutant's room, and looks toward the Lindens. This apartment is decorated with the colors and standards of the Berlin garrison. In another saloon of this *suite*, on a table, there is a picture of the battle-field of Königgrätz. On another and still larger table, near the window, there is a collection of objects, in *lapis-lazuli*, of all sizes from a seal to a clock. It is a very rare and costly collection, which the emperor has gathered little by little, and evinces his great partiality for the color blue, and especially for royal blue. The emperor generally uses this room when in the discharge of his official duties, while the corner-room may be considered as his private study, in which, for example, he receives the reports of the officials of his household and the court, his first chamberlain, the director of the royal play-houses, etc.—while in the other room he deliberates with the chiefs of the various government bureaus. In the middle of the room stands a long table covered with green cloth. It is at this table that the emperor signs the state papers that require his signature, and around it that the members of the cabinet meet in council; here the important steps taken by the government in the recent past were discussed and decided upon; at this table Prussia and the German Empire are governed. The emperor may be often seen sitting at or leaning against the windows of this room, when he usually wears his military coat unbuttoned, and salutes his personal acquaintances, who pass, familiarly with a gesture of the hand; but, if a troop of soldiers are seen coming, the coat is immediately buttoned to the throat, and the erect, regulation position takes the place of the more comfortable sitting or leaning posture. In the presence of soldiers doing duty, he is himself always the soldier in his bearing.

The religion of his life is duty; he there-

fore does whatever devolves upon him to do each day with the greatest punctuality and conscientiousness, never allowing any slight indisposition to induce him to postpone the discharge of any day's duties. His leisure moments he usually spends in his library, which contains not only books and maps, but also works of art of every description, which his majesty has either bought, has received as presents, or has drawn in the various fairs that have been held in Berlin and other German cities during the last years. He subjects these objects to a regular inspection from time to time, in order to select something for a present for a relation or an acquaintance, or, perhaps, for some one in his service. It is here that he frequently takes his luncheon, which is brought by a lackey on a waiter, and deposited on a certain low case containing objects of *virtu* in copper. Many a man in Berlin, who is not an emperor, would look upon the two or three slices of *Schwarzbrod* and bit of cold meat as very meagre fare. The emperor, unlike his immediate predecessor, is a very plain liver, and to this fact he is said to attribute his unusually good health and extraordinary vigor. Formerly, half a bottle of Moselle wine was brought with the luncheon, of which the emperor drank two or three small glasses, the remainder being reserved for dinner; of late, instead of Moselle, he drinks Tokay. During the intervals that occur between the morning reports and the audiences the empress frequently comes down to spend a half-hour with the emperor.

Until about three o'clock, the day is devoted to business, Friday excepted, when, as a rule, the emperor does not occupy himself with state affairs. This day of the week he devotes to household and court affairs. The last person to be received in the morning is his private secretary and keeper of the imperial purse, Geheim-Hofrath Bork, who receives all his majesty's private pensioners, and all persons who apply to the emperor for pecuniary assistance. The emperor honors him with very large discretionary powers. He is the worthy son of a worthy father, who was his predecessor. Bork is one of the best-known and most popular men in Berlin.

Punctually at three o'clock, when the weather is propitious, an open *calèche*, drawn by two fine black horses, drives up to the side-portal of the palace. The emperor enters it, and is driven along the Lindens, through Brandenburg Gate, into the Thiergarten, the only park of any importance about Berlin. But he is careful not to be gone more than an hour, for he knows that, if he is out longer, he will find on his return waiting for him one whose business usually admits of no delay—Prince Bismarck, the real head and father of the new German Empire. To him the emperor is always visible. Occasionally the great chancellor appears at the palace at another hour, but then it is wise to give him a wide berth—for then he is a *Sturmvogel* (storm-bird). When the state machinery runs smoothly, the prince makes his daily report to his imperial majesty at four o'clock in the afternoon.

When, then, the emperor has discharged the day's duties of his high office, he can sit down to dinner, feeling that self-contentment

which diligence secures; as for his appetite, we need give ourselves no uneasiness with regard to it. If the empress is absent from Berlin, the emperor very rarely has any guests, except on extraordinary occasions, as, for example, the birthday of some reigning prince, after reviews, etc. When she is absent, he generally dines alone, or becomes the guest of some general or minister. And it is by no means a very unusual occurrence that they dine alone, especially in the winter months, when the empress is in the city. The bill-of-fare depends upon whether the dinner is for the emperor and the empress only, or for them and a few, many, or a great many (say one hundred) guests. In the first instance the dinner is very simple. While every Berlin burgher, who is at all comfortably circumstanced, dozes away his little hour after dinner, the sovereign of twenty-four millions of Prussians does not and never has allowed himself such an indulgence. After dinner there are letters, telegrams, and messengers that require his personal attention, and that usually occupy him into the evening hours.

While the royal theatres of Berlin begin their performances for the people at half-past six o'clock, the beginning for the emperor is when he can get through with his duties. He goes to the theatre almost every evening—either to the royal *Schauspielhaus* or to the opera, and frequently he may be seen at both on the same evening. The private theatres he visits comparatively rarely. He has as great a fondness for the drama, in all of its various forms, as his father, Frederick William III., had an aversion to it. The time the emperor spends in the theatre is the only recreation he has during the day; while he, in other places, has a thousand things to think of; while he, the first in the state, in other places must be a continual observer of forms and usages, he feels himself here in his box to be his own master; here he is alone, or is surrounded only by those whose society inclination, and not necessity, chooses. Even the society offered him by the guests, more or less numerous, who, almost every evening, enliven the saloons of the empress, would yield him little recreation. Among these guests there are always those who come "for a purpose"—to attain some selfish end—and the emperor very naturally feels inclined rather to shun than to seek them. When the empress is absent—she passes more or less time every year in Baden-Baden and Coblenz—the emperor usually spends the remainder of the evening, after the theatre, in the corner-room—takes a cup of tea, eats a sandwich, and opens whatever letters and packages may have accumulated on his table since morning. While thus occupied, in order that he may not yield to fatigue, he sits on a high leather-bottomed chair at a desk covered with green cloth. Not till the last letter is opened and the necessary marginal notes are made—which often takes till after eleven o'clock—does he retire.

The emperor's sleeping-room is between the library and the so-called *Adjutantenzimmer*. It has one large window, which looks toward the rear into a little garden. The

floor is covered with a carpet, that is far from being remarkable for its beauty. Several large mahogany wardrobes, containing the uniforms the emperor wears most frequently, stand on one side of the room; on another side stands an iron rack for his swords and sabres, of which he must have more than fifty; the hilts have leather covers, with cards attached to them, on which, in the emperor's handwriting, there is a brief history of the weapon. In one corner there is a pyramid of canes of every sort, kind, and description, each one of which is, doubtless, a *souvenir* of some place or person. Near this pyramid stands a writing-table, surmounted with a sort of *étagère*, on the shelves of which are a number of watches, in their *étuis*, and a large collection of decorations (medals), lying on their cases, on which is written the name in the emperor's hand. On the middle shelf there is a plaster bust of Queen Louisa, the emperor's mother, modelled after a *post-mortem* cast.

The rest of the furniture is very plain. In the corner near the window stands a common tin-lined wash-stand, with a top that opens and closes; the bowl and pitcher are of white porcelain. Attached to the green woollen curtain there is the theatre-bill of the evening, and above the bill hangs a common old watch. Another watch, of a similar description, hangs over his bed, directly under an image of Christ, cut out of wood. These watches are probably highly prized by their owner as *souvenirs*. The bed stands in a niche opposite the window. It is of the style that was fashionable forty or fifty years ago, and, like all the beds in Berlin, is narrow. The spread is of plain green silk. Beside the bed stands a common night-stand, with an oil-cloth cover; one would hardly expect to find a piece of furniture so plain and inexpensive in the apartments of an emperor; but the man whose reign is distinguished by the greatest events in the history of Germany is remarkable for his unostentatious simplicity.

## EXPRESSION.

LILIES by the river-brink  
Grow marvellously fair;  
Fancies pure, that seem to think,  
Perfume the summer air;  
Bunnels kissed by stooping trees  
Dance onward to the meads;  
And, like a lover, moves the breeze  
Among the vocal reeds;  
Fleecy clouds fly overhead,  
Like flocks of angels white;  
The panting rose cleaves, sultry red,  
With uncontrolled delight;  
Loud carolling, the throistle flings  
Its life into its cry:  
"God grant me blossom; give me wings;  
A voice—or else I die!"

HENRY GILLMAN.

## THE WISSAHICKON.

THIS wild brook, with all the wilful beauty of a mountain-streamlet, must be considered as one of the suburban adornments of the staid, rectangular Quaker City.

Years ago the distance between them was

so slight that a short drive, or a not extravagant walk, carried the citizen to the Log Cabin, where the rugged, forest-clad hills and the brown bears furnished a fair presentment of the true wilderness. As the city burst her ancient confines, and the green lanes were changed into stony streets, the space constantly diminished, and now a few moments' journey in a steam-car is sufficient to plunge the traveller into a picturesque gorge, worthy of the toilsome search of the adventurous tourist. The ancient, inalienable claim of the city upon the brook has only found confirmation in the recent purchases, which have placed six miles of the lovely rivulet within the wide, extended limits of Fairmount Park.

The Wissahickon is one of those blessings granted by the lavish hand of Nature to needy humanity; and many a Philadelphia child has received its first impressions of the merry wild-wood from the wooded hill-sides along the stream, while the rocky glens and tangled thickets furnished the ready-made scenery, through which Robin Hood or Leather-Stocking could wander at will.

The stream is not long, but it fulfils its duty completely—condensing into its course all the true characteristics of mountain-scenery, giving precipitous ways that are hard to climb, pools deep enough for real danger, and that delight which a genuine boy derives from venturing into depths in which the coroner has dipped, with all the sylvan wonders of fern and moss and gloomy glen.

The name has been variously derived from the Indian terms Wisamickan, or Catfish Creek, and Wisauckickan, or Yellow Brook. Although the latter word claims closer kindred in sound, the clear waters of the brook must repudiate the stigma upon their fair fame, as no yellow tinge defaces the limpid wavelets; while the thousands of hungry visitors, who have feasted beside the banks, on the anciently-prescribed "catfish and coffee," must bear witness to the stream's legitimate claim to the former title.

The Wissahickon rises in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, among rolling lands, whose altitude is attested by the Welsh names impressed upon the soil, and proudly borne by the inhabitants. A winding, southerly course brings the stream into the Schuylkill River a few miles above Philadelphia, and near the lovely cemetery of Laurel Hill.

Nature planted its banks with defences against the intrusion of man. Lofty precipices and heavily-wooded hills warded off all encroachments; mighty rocks stood as sentinels beside the dark tarns; and, until recently, only by-ways and lanes gave entrance to the labyrinth. Men who, in the early years of this century, spent their boyhood upon the lower part of the stream, remember their home as a complete wilderness, traversed by no travellers from Philadelphia, and rarely visited by chance adventurers from Germantown. Even now the wildness of its primitive appearance is nowhere essentially changed, and, through miles of its extent, trees and vines hang down to the water's edge; and springs, unharmed by the restraining touch of man, creep through the mosses and trickle along the rocks, to drip softly into the quiet stream. Dense woodlands

abound, with sunless recesses, which give the wanderer all the sensations produced by forest fastnesses. The lighter borders fringe upon cultivated fields, furnishing many a breezy upland landscape, where, seated in autumn under deep shades, the silence broken only by the soft sound of the falling chestnut-burr, the eye can see, beneath the overhanging boughs, a distant vista of fields of yellow corn.

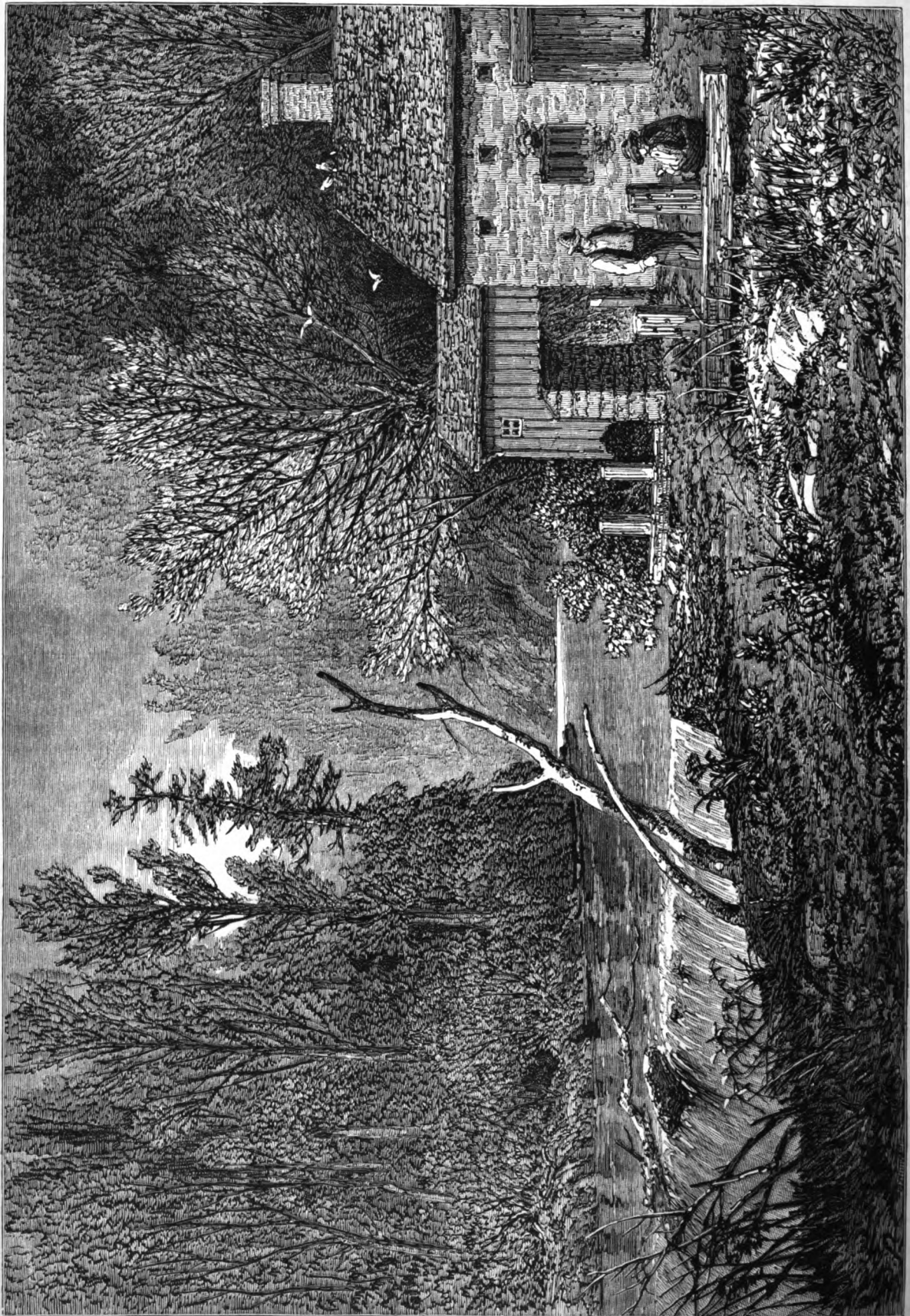
Historically, the Wissahickon may lay claim to the battle of Germantown; for, although the engagement was fairly named, as part of the action took place in the streets of the town, yet the struggle extended along the brook for miles. An encounter between the Hessians and the American forces occurred at the mouth of the stream, where it issues into the Schuylkill within the limits of Fairmount Park. Higher up, cannon were planted on the heights, on both sides of the rivulet, while the opposing infantry met in close conflict at many places on the bank; and one of our patriotic generals lamented that the ill fortune of the day compelled him to leave a cherished field-piece on "the horrendous hills of the Wissahickon."

After the disastrous termination of the fray, the line of retreat followed the course of the stream toward its head-waters. Wounded soldiers fell by the way, and were, by the sad fortunes of war, captured and recaptured by detached bands from either camp. Far up the stream Washington found a resting-place for his army at White Marsh; while, near its source, the Welsh of Gwynedd, their ancient warlike blood tingling in their veins, opened their quiet meeting-house as a refuge for the wounded patriots.

The Wissahickon, with its tributaries, are indissolubly connected with that disastrous winter which had its sad opening on the field of Brandywine, which deepened in sorrow at the luckless affray of Germantown, and which dragged out its dark days of suffering in the snow-banks of Valley Forge. Barefooted American soldiers scoured the country in search of the food as eagerly sought by British foragers from Philadelphia, and winter lingered upon the fields, and chilled the hearts of the patriots, until, with the opening warmth of spring, Philadelphia was once more in the hands of its true masters, and brighter skies unfurled above the devoted followers of Washington.

From the peculiar ruggedness of its banks, the stream is but thinly populated. Mills were built upon it in the early days of the settlements, and many of the sites are still picturesque in ruins, and the occasional residences are generally on the hill-tops, with communications directed from the stream toward the more open country.

At Chestnut Hills the hitherto restricted view opens out upon a wide and varied landscape. The lovely highlands of this region, with the heights about Germantown, border closely upon the stream, and exhibit the wealth of Philadelphia in its brightest aspect. Fine taste has adorned a magnificent landscape, without destroying its primitive charms; and the opulence of modern civilization has bound the beauty of Nature in a graceful and gracious thralldom.



THE WISSAHICKON.

## OUR BIRDS OF GRACEFUL FLIGHT.

NATURE is proverbially frugal. Where she bestows brilliance of plumage, she is apt to deny sweetness of song; and, where there is peculiar elegance of figure, gracefulness of carriage, or swiftness of motion, we may usually look out for something proportionally unpleasant as a counterpoise. The only being on earth capable of excellence in all things is man; and the only country known to have actually produced an "Admirable Crichton," excelling in all arts and accomplishments, and in looks besides, is the bleak "Land o' Cakes" and John o' Groats.

There is one bird, however, extending its flight over the greater part of North America, that is almost an exception to this rule. Seen only in the time of flowers, and rejoicing in flowers of the tubular sort, it can be studied to advantage in the warm season of the year only, and then in the midst of an abundant flower-garden.

Suppose yourself, reader, in a portico embowered with honeysuckles, and enjoying their fragrance. You hear, beyond the wall of vines, a gentle hum-m-m! of that musical pitch which boys so covet with their tops. But it cannot be the sound of a top, because it swells and subsides. It is evidently caused by something that approaches and recedes. Can it be the buzzing of a gigantic bumble-bee, regaling itself amid the flowers? You look inquiringly around. There, through an opening of the soft, green leaves, you see the flash of a burnished emerald, about the size of half your forefinger, projected through the air. It stops at the mouth of a flower, and you are able to scan its parts and peculiarities. Oh, what a glorious little creature! How trimly built; how admirably adapted to its mode of life, by inserting its long, slender bill to the bottom of the flowers, and extracting thence whatever it may find! And it needs no support from the flower in its probing, nor from its stem; it is poised in mid-air by its own wings with as much steadiness as if it rested on a perch. You discover also that its color does not consist wholly of gem-like green; there is, intermixed with the emerald, the flash of enamelled gold, and its throat is a ruby red, glittering, like the back, with metallic lustre. As for its wings, there is nothing to be seen of them except an indistinct outline of something in rapid motion; but its breast and under parts are of a soft, grayish white.

You make all these observations while it is engaged at a single flower. Having finished with this, it darts quickly to another; and now, having gone the rounds of all on the farther side of the vine, it has come on the side next you, and now hums within reach of your hand. The temptation is too strong to be resisted. You make a quick grasp, in the hope of catching it. Catch it! You might almost as well try to catch a lightning-flash; it has gone like an arrow, and will return no more until your change of position promises it greater safety.

This humming-bird—for, although nat-

uralists number sixty or seventy species, there is but one\* of them that frequents the United States—the *Trochilus colubris*, is about three inches long, with slender bill about half the length of its body, containing a long, bipartite tongue fitted for darting deep into the cups and tubes of flowers, and extracting thence its food. Most people suppose, probably in view of its butterfly size, and habits, and brilliancy, that it lives solely on the nectar of flowers, and there is no doubt that it does so live in part, for it has been kept alive for months on sweetened water dropped into the bottom of artificial flowers. But it is scarcely possible for *deu-fed* animals to be as fierce as these tiny creatures are, for they are desperate fighters, and are so passionate that, it is said, they will sometimes tear in pieces a flower that has disappointed them. Their nest, neatly made of the softest possible materials, and about the size of a half egg-shell of the ordinary hen, is usually concealed in the midst of a leafy fruit-tree, and seldom contains more than two eggs, which are about the size of a moderate pea.

Passing away from this diminutive race, which, with the exception of a few fishes, embraces the smallest of known animals furnished with a backbone—some species being less than a pennyweight in weight, and being exceeded in size by the larger bumble-bees—our attention is arrested by the remarkable flight of another class of small birds only two sizes larger, the *swallows* and *martins*, known by the family name of *Hirundines*.

Of all land-birds familiar to us, these remain *longest on the wing*. The chimney-swallow flutters out of its sooty home at early dawn, returns to it at deepening dusk, and repeats all day long its cheerful twitter in the air overhead; but who ever sees it at rest? Its little wings vibrate with almost invisible rapidity, yet they move with as much vigor at even-tide, when the swallow bids the fading world "good-night," and drops into its hole, as they did in the early morning. The same, with abatement, may be said of its first cousins, the *martins*.

This whole family belongs to the class of *Fissirostrals*, or *split-beaks*, all of whom gain their living on the wing, and whose bills, although small to first appearance, are not small in fact, but are capable of opening "from ear to ear," to afford them greater facility for catching insects in the air.

Whoever will watch the swallows and martins about sunset, when they are making preparations for their night's retirement, may see that they *drink* as well as feed upon the wing; for, as they skim above the surface of river or pond, a slight ripple now and then shows that a mouthful has been scooped up. Indeed, it is reported by close observers that they not only feed *themselves* upon the wing, but, in like manner, feed their fledglings as

\* An observant friend informs the writer that not only the ruby-throated but "the black-throated humming-bird (probably *Trochilus alexandri*) is occasionally to be seen in these parts—Upper Georgia. The throat is a velvety black, with a whitish border, but is without metallic lustre. In some parts it is marked with violet or steel-blue reflections; the upper part of the body with golden green, as if coated with a transparent enamel."

soon as they are able to accompany them through the air.

Highly-interesting scenes are often to be witnessed when, in their breeding-time, a bird of predatory character has intruded too near their nest. The courageous martins dash after it, without asking any questions as to relative size, strength, or swiftness. Sometimes alone, sometimes in pairs or in larger numbers, they make their defensive attack by hurrying to a position a few feet above that of the intruder, then darting down with all force, and sticking their sharp bills into its back. Crows and buzzards, under these circumstances, are as helpless as a horse at a hornet's-nest. It is amusing to see how they hasten away, dodging as best they can the attacks of their nimble foe. The hawk, however, is a more dangerous adversary, being retortive as well as resentful. He, too, hurries off, fast as he can, from the well-guarded neighborhood, but, after dodging a few times, like the others, he becomes wrathful, and, as the martin swoops down, he turns upon his back and makes a grab with his talons. In most cases this grab is adroitly evaded, but woe to "Betty Martin" if it is not; for in an instant she is torn to pieces between talons and beak, and dismissed from her airy height to the earth, no longer a bird but a thing!

The length of time they can remain on the wing, and the distance they must overpass, is amazing. Twelve, fourteen, fifteen hours a day, at more than railroad speed—but say thirty or forty miles the hour—will figure out from three hundred and sixty to six hundred miles as a day's work in flying. Nor is this wing-work confined to the height of a few yards above the tree-tops. Far up yonder, so high that it is barely visible as a black speck against a snow-white cloud, one of these little birds has clambered into the deep-blue sky. What is it after? Insects? Hardly, so high up as that. Perhaps it is led there by the pleasure of trying its powers; perhaps to enlarge its views of this "wide, wide world;" perhaps to determine a path through the pathless air, to be used when the time comes for it to migrate. No doubt it has an object, but we do not know what it is; and, having never ourselves been martins, so far as we or Mr. Darwin can remember, we can only conjecture.

Before leaving this class of *Fissirostrals*, there is another family, generically distinct from the swallows and martins, though marked by the same peculiarity of beak, and by the same insectivorous proclivities, which claims our attention. The naturalist will instantly recognize its family by the name *Caprimulgus*, which is only the aristocratic Latin for what the Englishman knows in his homely Saxon as *goat-sucker*. The most noted of these species in America is the *whippoorwill*, of which two sub-species, the *chick-a-willa*, and *chuck-wills-widow*, are common on the Southern seaboard, and are sometimes heard ginging all three together.

But it is not of whippoorwills that we wish to speak, for they are birds of *ungraceful* flight, and, moreover, are very seldom seen, being decided nocturnals. There is another species which is not wholly a night-bird, although known far and wide by the



name of night-hawk,\* whose flight is not only graceful, but peculiar.

Late of a clear afternoon, in spring or summer, a sound of *quak*! or *quek*! uttered short, high up in the air, and succeeded every few seconds by another *quak*, informs all who care to know that there is a male night-hawk far above gunshot, paying assiduous attention to a female of his species within easy gunshot of the earthy surface. The term "gunshot" is used as a unit of measure, because the bird, being highly prized for the table—for it is well flavored, and fat as a butter-ball—is a favorite game for those who love easy shooting on the wing. The female is silent. With very business-like air, she flits hither and thither, over perhaps half a mile square, intent apparently upon nothing but a supper of mosquitoes and other gnats, yet no doubt keeping a pleased ear open to that complimentary *quak*, sounding so earnestly above, and an eye open, too, to the graceful climber there. Climber, we say, with intention, only regretting that the idea of *ascending by ladder* cannot be expressed with it, for then it would picture more precisely the motion alluded to. The male bird, with every utterance of his note, gives several vigorous flaps with his wings, which cause him to shoot up some feet higher. This ascent, by jerks, is very uniform, but the direction otherwise seems to be capricious and aimless. The secret of this is, that his motions are governed by those of his lady-love near the earth, who is not usually visible, and whom he is preparing to approach in such manner as to insure her admiration. Having attained the height necessary for the purpose, his *quak* suddenly ceases; he no longer beats the air; his wings are folded back, and his head sloped downward. He descends—slowly at first, but with rapidly-increasing velocity, having his course directed toward that matter-of-fact female who is so soberly searching for gnats. Just before coming to her level, his course gracefully curves from a slope downward to a horizontal, then to an ascent, in performing which feat he so disposes his feathers that, in the moment of passing, at his greatest speed, a foot or two above her head, there is produced a peculiar *whooping* sound, which is sometimes so loud that she darts away in pretended fear. The moment his coveted whoop has been produced, he begins his climbing motion as before, ever governing his course by hers, and preparing to repeat, at the earliest moment, his odd but earnest serenade.

From the order of *split-beaks* we pass now to that of the *climbers*, or *Scansoriale*, which are all marked by having their toes divided into pairs, two before and two behind.

What poet has ever sung of the graceful flight of the woodpecker? yet who that hath eyes to see has not observed it? The whole family, from the great-grandfather, *log-cock*, the noblest of them all, down to the tiny *sap-sucker*, no larger than a sparrow, are characterized by a peculiar *up-and-down* motion, that reminds us of Hogarth's "line of beauty."

\* By some known as bull-bat, but why, it is hard to tell; for its only *vespertilian* trait is a love for twilight, and any thing *laurine* must be matter of fancy. Wilson, the ornithologist, names it *Carpodacus Americanus*.

Of all these birds, the most noticeable when seen—yet the least frequently seen, because, although an inhabitant of all the Atlantic States, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he is a shy bird, loving the deep, wild woods, and shunning the haunts of man—is the *large black woodpecker* (*Picus pileatus*), or woodcock, wood-hammer, log-cock, as he is differently called. It measures usually a foot and a half in length, and has a wing-spread of two or two and a half feet. While on the wing there is a great show of white, but when at rest, or while climbing a tree, there is little seen except the black of its body, with a large crest of brilliant red. Wherever the woods are dense and widely extended, it may be heard through the greater part of the year, hammering upon the trees in quest of worms, and sometimes uttering a loud *clack! clack! clack!* which is regarded by the weather-wise as a sign of rain. If you live in the midst of a forest, it will not hesitate to alight on a decayed stump in your yard, which it soon hammers to pieces, or on a tree near your house, which it will climb with a bobbing motion that brings its breast almost into contact with the trunk. You may suppose, from its fearlessness, that it is not aware of your presence; but watch its movements, and you will see that it always climbs the tree on the side opposite to you, and that, with every few feet of ascent, its big red head peeps at you from behind the safe cover of the tree-trunk. The moment you approach too near, its broad wings are spread, and, under cover still of the trunk, it flaps its wavy way to another tree, up which it climbs with a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.

The *sap-suckers*, of which there are four or five species, are the smallest of our climbers. Instead of being the orchardist's enemies, feeding upon the life of his trees, as their name imports, they deserve to be numbered among his best friends, by destroying worms and insects from bark, leaf, and root, and especially the *borer-worm*, which enters the tree just where it joins the earth, and which can be reached by no bird except the *sap-sucker*, hammering at it with head down.

The most interesting, and at the same time the smallest of these species, remains with us all winter. It is a pretty little thing, about the size of a sparrow, with a coat of bluish gray, contrasting strongly with stripes of black, while its vest is of dark white. All its motions are quick and nervous, its flights being only from tree to tree, the trunks of which it examines in every part, moving with equal ease, around or perpendicularly, head up, head down, or sideways. It is exceedingly tame and fearless, coming within reach of your hand for crumbs laid upon your window-sill,\* but watching jealously lest you intend evil, flying off with its crumb to some place

\* Since the above was written, a *sap-sucker* has come to the writer's window and peeped in, calling his attention by a short, cheerful note, no doubt remembering in this hard weather (December 23d), the crumbs that had been laid there for it last winter. It is almost superfluous to add that its appeal was not disregarded. . . . It must have told its mates the story, for there is a visitor at the pile of crumbs every fifteen or twenty minutes through the day.

of safety, where it will fix it in a crevice and peck it to bits. While feeding, no other bird of its size dare approach. Its trimness of figure and elegance of plumage place it in the list of prettiest birds, despite its short legs and odd motions, and, more than all, its bill, turned up with such an air of Lilliputian sauciness as to provoke a smile.

Midway in size between the *log-cock* and the *sap-sucker* are two beautiful species, too well known to allow describing, the *red-headed woodpecker*, with its familiar *c-r-r-r*, and the *golden-winged woodpecker*, so widely known as flicker, yellow-hammer, wood-lark, high-hole, wittock, etc.

It might be supposed that, long ere this, something would have been said of a class of birds, primal in their repute for grace and easy swiftness through the air—the *doves* (*Columba*)—by which are to be meant pigeons as well. But patience, to say nothing of paper, would fail, had we no rule but that of merit. Hitherto we have confined our attentions mainly to those whose peculiar excellences of flight have seldom, if ever, been described; whereas this class of birds has been famed, both in song and sober prose, ever since the day when the weary-hearted poet sang, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!" (Psalm lv. 6.) There is but one American species that has not been made well known to readers, and that is the beautiful little *ground-dove* of our Southern seaboard, not much larger than a well-fed swamp-sparrow, and of exceeding gentleness of appearance—of *appearance*, we say, for it is in reality very fond of fighting; but it is not so remarkable for flight as for its softly-tinted plumage and its plump elegance of figure.

We will now close this series of descriptions by our notice of a bird which, under our title, it would be *rank* injustice to pass by, yet which we actually dread to approach. If the inverse be true of the rule with which we set out, that there are no Admirable Critchons in Nature, then the *Vultur aura*, or *turkey-hazard*, ought to possess some very great excellences. For, to say nothing of certain horrible habits which incline us to grasp the pocket-handkerchief at a mere mention of its name, we can scarcely conceive of any thing endowed with legs and locomotion more ridiculously awkward in every "hop, skip, and jump" by which it moves upon the earth. It utters no sound except a discordant hiss, and, as for *personal appearance*, its bald head, and big, brutal bill, surmounting a rough body, encased in a coat of *very* rusty black, reminding one, at its best, of Dominic Sampson's suit at its worst, impress us painfully with a sense of the *unartistic*. Among the much that is repulsive, there is nothing to be seen that is redeeming.

But this is true only while it is on the ground, or on a perch near by. Only let it get upon the wing and in full flight, and the whole aspect is reversed. Of all graceful movers through the air, there is not one in this or, perhaps, in any other country, that is its peer. The eagle and the hawk approach nearest, and sometimes, at a great distance, may for a moment be mistaken for it; but, whatever may be its distance or its height, there is a peculiar elegance of motion by

which a practised eye distinguishes it from all others. In its first efforts to rise from the ground, or to gain headway after leaving its perch, it labors, like most other birds, by flapping the wings; a half-minute, however, suffices to set it in full motion, after which there is seldom any movement of the pinions, except what seems intended for *balancing*, rather than for propelling. This seeming movelessness of wing is kept up for minutes at a time, even when wheeling against a strong wind; and the flapping, when indulged at all, is at such distant intervals, and with such moderation, as to leave the spectator puzzled to know how the speed is kept up. Indeed, this is still an open question; for, to the closest observers, the only motions visible, which can possibly propel, are—first, the rocking or oscillatory motion, just now alluded to, which is generally seen as the bird, after sailing rapidly with the current, suddenly wheels into the eye of the wind, and appears to work its way by means of this rocking; and, secondly, a gentle bend of the pinion proper (i. e., of the joint farthest from the body), but so gentle as to be perceptible only when the bird is near you and flying so directly along the axis of vision that its wings and body appear as tapering lines against the sky. But, to a person skilled in mechanics, neither of those motions, nor both of them combined, appear adequate to generate *one-sixth* part of the force necessary for the work accomplished. True, natural philosophers are very much unsettled of late on the subject of physical force; or, rather, they have cut loose from all the old theories, and are settling down to the conviction that all the once physical forces—*light, heat, electricity, magnetism*, and, so far as we can see, the attraction of gravitation, and chemical affinity, too—are but different *modes of motion*, each convertible into the others, and therefore being one and the same in essence. But, if these be only so many “modes of motion,” measurable by what are called *foot-pounds*, then two questions may legitimately arise: first, What is *motion*? and, when that is answered, then, secondly, May not the buzzard, the eagle, and other birds which *sail* like them, without visible effort adequate to their propulsion, be endowed with some galvanic or other internal apparatus, by which they generate, and hold in reserve, “foot-pounds” of force sufficient to accomplish their mysterious work of flight?

As to swiftness, there are many birds superior to it, as is proved by its vain efforts to escape their worrying beaks when it has innocently intruded into the neighborhood of their nests; but its usual speed is probably between twenty and forty miles per hour; and there is no bird which seems to soar upward or to sail around with such ease, as to give the impression that *its locomotion is easy*. The characteristic difference of the impression made by watching the flight of the turkey-buzzard, on the one hand, and of sea-eagles, albatrosses, and other sea-birds, on the other, is expressed in two words—*never-weary* and *ever-weary*. Perhaps no person, working his toilsome way along some dusty road, and seeing one of these graceful birds sweeping past on easy wing, has not

caught himself saying, “Oh, that I were—no, not a buzzard!”

There is another surprising faculty, connected indirectly with flight, exhibited by this remarkable bird, and that is its power of detecting its food at almost incredible distances. Whether this is accomplished by sight or smell, or by some sense unknown to man, is a question as much in suspense as that concerning its mode of flight. Its habit, in search of food, is to soar, in circles, over a large extent of country, oftentimes at very great altitudes. One fact in favor of believing that its food is detected by smell is, that it usually comes to it *against the wind*. For instance, if the body of a horse be buried a few inches only below the surface, there will be seen first a solitary buzzard, then others in succession, which will come against the wind, look eagerly in every direction, overpass the spot, then return, while some of them take their places on trees in the neighborhood. This looks as if the sense of smell had something to do with it. In those cases where its food has been detected by the eye, it will sail in circles around it for hours, then perch upon a neighboring tree, and watch it, with gloating eyes, until by natural process it has been cooked and made sufficiently tender for its rough carving. It is a great epicure, and practises in perfection the rule adopted by Kamtchatkans and at fashionable restaurants, of having the meat “high.”\* But, although patient enough while waiting for the auspicious moment, there is no loss of time afterward.

The writer recollects, in childhood, watching a congregation of these birds at a luscious feast by a river-side, when suddenly he was alarmed by an unearthly screech far up in the sky. We looked eagerly up. Nothing was visible but a black speck, which rapidly increased in size. We watched until that speck was developed into a hungry buzzard, which, having discovered from an immense height the signs of a feast, and being anxious for a share, had put its wings close against its sides, and come down with such accelerated velocity that the wind, quivering through its wing-feathers, produced a shrill sound that might be heard a mile away! It continued its stone-like descent until within a few yards of the earth, when, by a change in the posture of the wing, assisted by its caudal helm, it made a sudden turn in its course, shot upward a few feet, then dropped gently down amid the festive throng.

It has been noticed that these birds are seldom visible during a thunder-storm, unless overpowered by appetite and the temptation of a feast. They are not to be seen perched

\* “I expect some friends to dine with me to-day. Please have the best dinner that you can provide,” said a young American, flush with money, to the lady proprietor of a European eating-house.

“Will you have your game high or low?” she inquired.

He, not knowing the peculiar force of the word “high” in this connection, but being ambitious to have every thing in best style, replied: “Oh, *high*, of course, *high as you can have it*.”

The game was high—too high, in fact, for the olfactories of the company, and proved a dead loss in the dinner.

on the trees, nor hopping on the ground, nor sailing through the air. Then, where are they? Watch, as the dark masses of cloud come rolling up from the west, uttering their growls of distant thunder, and you may answer the question yourself. If the end of the cloud is visible either to the north or to the south, you will see these birds, in numbers, hurrying straight that way, evidently intending to pass beyond reach of the storm. If, however, as is sometimes the case, the clouds gather too fast or stretch too far for escape, what shall the buzzard do? Watch him again, and you will see that, although his flight is rapid, it is not straight, but *circling*; his course is upward. Keep your eye on him, and, after a while, you will see him far up yonder in the clear blue sky, higher than the angry clouds; or if they come too fast for him to escape at any of their edges, you will see him ascending by airy circles, until, in an instant, he is lost to sight. He has boldly plunged into the vapory mass, and yet he may occasionally be seen through a rift, urging still his steady flight to the region of undimmed sunshine.

This bird is emphatically a *soarer*; and, though the whole family of *Falconines*, or *Raptorial*, to which he belongs, partake more or less of this characteristic, from the eagle down to the sparrow-hawk, he is, beyond comparison, in this respect, the most accomplished of them all.

F. R. GOULDING.

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER LIX.

#### HARRY'S SECRET OZZES OUT.

WE forgot to say that, when the races were over on Tuesday, it was settled that the Heath Lodge party should walk over on Wednesday morning and see the grounds at Ouzelmere.

“It will be something to do,” said Lady Pennyroyal, “before the races begin.” Lady Charity, kind old soul, at once consented, for she wished to bring Alice and Edward as much together as possible. Amicia did not object, nor Florry, of course; the latter, because the arrangement would please her sister; the former, because Florry could do her no harm, now that Harry Fortescue was away.

Amicia awoke very early that Wednesday morning, quite as early as Harry Fortescue in fact, but for a very different reason. She was pining because she had lost her love; he, because he was just about to find her. In the one case it was the wakefulness of despair; and, in the other, the watchfulness of hope.

“I think we had better start for Ouzelmere as soon as we can,” said Lady Charity.

“The sooner the better,” said Amicia. “The sooner we go, the sooner it will be over.”

Edward Vernon was naturally anxious to go, and so it happened that they were off and away to Ouzelmere, by that short cut across the heath which belonged to the lord of the

manor, before Harry Fortescue's letter to Edward Vernon arrived.

When they reached Ouzelmere, they found the whole party walking on the terrace, and they set out at once to explore the domain of fifty acres.

It so happened that Alice and Edward led the party, a good way in front. Those behind respected the feelings of young lovers, and would not hurry them by treading on Love's heels; so it was that, when they came to the turning-point, when they must either double back to the house or push on through the wood, Alice said to Edward:

"The fragrance of that pine-wood is so balmy, let us go on. We have had enough of art, now let us try the charms of Nature."

To hear was to obey with Edward, and they were well on among the tall trees before the rest came up.

"I suppose we must follow them," said Lady Pennyroyal, as she crossed the boundary; and where she went the others followed.

"See," said Florry to Amicia, "there is a gypsy encampment on the heath. Let us turn back."

"Let us rather press on," said Amicia. "Who can tell whether we may not have our fortunes told?"

It was the usual gypsy-wagon, the same sharp-eyed, middle-aged women, the same wrinkled old crones, the same brown, half-clad children, and the same bright-eyed, olive-cheeked maidens.

But there was one of them whom Amicia recognized at once. It was Sinaminta, the woman whom they had met under King Edward's oak at High Beech, whose nomad family had been attracted to Ascot by the races.

Nor was the recognition on her side alone. When Amicia went up to her and said, "We have met before," Sinaminta answered in a moment:

"Yes, we have met before. I see many here whom I met before," she added, glancing round the rest of the party, who had by this time come up. "But I miss one, and that one the gentleman who spoke most to me. Where is he? Does he not come to the races?"

"It is for you to tell us where he is," said Amicia.

"Yes," said Florry; "do tell us where he is!"

"Can't you guess where he is?" said Sinaminta, mockingly. "Two pretty ladies, both asking at once of a poor Romany where a handsome young man is. He was with you under King Edward's oak; why has he not come with you to the heath?"

"We will not tell you, Sinaminta," said Amicia. "It is for you to tell us where he is."

"We do not know where he is," said Florry, passionately; "and we both wish so much to know."

"Ah!" said Sinaminta, still in the same mocking tone, "you both want to know so much! I can tell you. He is with a third lady, whom you do not know. That same young lady, of whom I spoke to you under the oak."

"Do you mean the dark young lady in the

background?" said Amicia, very incautiously, in her anxiety of heart.

"Yes," said Sinaminta, "he is with her. How can you doubt it, if he is not with you?"

"I don't believe it," said Florry. "I believe he is somewhere else."

"Believe it or not, as you like," said Sinaminta. "I will say no more."

"Then she turned to Edward Vernon and Alice, and wanted him, with a whine so different from the free way in which she had just been speaking, to have his fortune told, "and the pretty lady's."

"We don't want it told," said Edward; "we know it already."

"You had better give her something, dearest," whispered Alice to Edward, "or she will be saying something dreadful, and I shall never get it out of my head."

"Any thing rather than spoil our holiday," said Edward; and, as he spoke, he crossed Sinaminta's hand with half a sovereign.

"Those gypsies are a great nuisance," said Lord Pennyroyal, as they slowly retraced their steps through the wood. "They ought to be put down by the good sense of the community, as well as by act of Parliament."

By the time he had ended, the party were again on Ouzelmere land; and, shortly afterward, Lady Charity and her two chickens struck off from the rest across the heath, and got back to Heath Lodge before twelve o'clock. The first thing that met Edward's eyes was the railway parcel, directed in Harry's hand.

"Here's a letter from Harry. Now we shall know all about him."

Lady Charity stood ready to listen; but we are sorry to say that Amicia was rude, very rude.

As soon as Edward opened the letter, and his face changed on reading it, she snatched it out of his hands, read it, threw it on the ground without saying a word, ran up to her room, and was not to be seen by any one but Lady Charity for the rest of the day.

The blow had fallen when she least expected it. She had made Edith Price safe, as she thought, and at Ascot she felt herself quite a match for Florry Carlton; but here something providential had happened, something which it had never entered into her calculations to guard against. The mother of the rival she had so much dreaded had died; and the mere intelligence of that calamity had been enough to recall Harry Fortescue to London, and to throw him into the power of Edith Price. It was too dreadful. She would not and could not bear it. And though, at last, Lady Charity mounted the ladder, and forced her to unlock the door of her cabin, she found her deaf to any words of comfort, and quite resolved not to go to the races that day.

"What is to be done?" said Lady Charity, in despair; for Lady Charity was the pink of politeness—the carnation or picotee, we might almost say, she was so polite—and you must know that her last words on leaving Lady Pennyroyal had been:

"Well, remember we reckon on your making your way to our box to-day."

"I don't care what's to be done," said

Amicia. "They may go to the box, and welcome, only I won't go to it." And then she burst into tears of mortification.

"I think I will send Mr. Vernon over to say that you are unwell, and that I am staying with you to nurse you, and that they are welcome to the box. Poor fellow! it will be very dull for him here."

"Do as you like," said Amicia, sobbing. "I am quite broken down, and can't go."

"But, darling, did he say any thing horrible in that letter?" asked Lady Charity. "Is he going to be married?"

"Not so bad as that, quite," sobbed Amicia; "but very bad. Edith Price's mother has died suddenly, and Harry Fortescue rushed back to town to see about the funeral; and Edith Price is coming back to town. And by this time they have met, and all my plans are wrecked and ruined."

"I don't see why a young man should marry a governess, however pretty she may be, when it is only proved that he has gone back to town to bury her mother."

"That's only because you don't know Harry," said Amicia. "He would marry any one he likes, governess or no governess. And now this artful little wretch will get hold of him and marry him. Did you not hear what the gypsy said?"

"Don't be so silly," said Lady Charity.

But Amicia would not be reasonable, and so Edward Vernon ran across to Ouzelmere just in time to catch the Pennyroyals, and to accompany them to the Charity box, as he called it.

Lord Pennyroyal was still resolute about his horses, and so the whole party had to trudge across the short cut and along the dusty road.

Long before Edward Vernon had reached the Charity box, Alice Carlton had found out that he had heard from Harry Fortescue, and she was now bent upon that explanation which had been promised to her at High Beech.

"If you love me, Edward," she said, in that sweet lover's voice which is not quite a whisper, "you will tell me all about it, for Florry's sake."

"I had much rather tell it for yours," said Edward.

"Then tell it for mine; only tell it, and tell it at once, or I won't love you one bit."

Whether Edward Vernon was really afraid that Alice would pout and play the tyrant, as she had threatened, or whether he was so much in love with her that he forgot every thing else but her desire, we cannot say; but certain it is that, before they left that Charity box, Edward Vernon had told Alice the whole story of Harry's connection with the Prices, and that Alice and he had now no secrets on the subject.

"Was I not right in saying that it could all be explained?" he asked, as they sat side by side and alone, though in the midst of their friends.

"Yes, and nobly explained," said Alice. "It makes me proud of you, and," she added, "of having Harry Fortescue as my friend. But tell me one thing more—is Harry in love



with Edith Price, and is she very charming?"

"She is not nearly so charming as another young lady I could name," said Edward; "but, as for Harry's being in love with her, all I can say is, I know nothing about it. If he is in love, he has not taken me into his confidence."

"Thank you so much, for poor Florry's sake! I feel, when I see you, that Harry is not in love yet with Florry; but it will be a comfort to know that he is not in love with any one else."

So now Harry Fortescue's "inviolable secret" was revealed, for when three people know a secret it is no secret. As soon as Edward Vernon's back was turned—for, as in my bound, he returned to dine at Heath Lodge—Alice Carlton repeated what she had heard to Florry, and Florry told it all to Lady Pennyroyal.

"How very noble in those young men to have supported a destitute family so long!"

"Very noble," said Florry, with a sigh; "she could not help feeling, if Harry Fortescue's generosity were to end in his marrying Edith Price, it would have been much better for her if he had not been generous at all."

"And this explains all that mystery about the advertisement," added Lady Pennyroyal. When we were all so hard upon Mr. Fortescue after breakfast at High Beech, some of us thought he would turn out to be very wicked or very silly; but, though he could never justify himself, he never opened his mouth. He was, in fact, a martyr to his meanness."

"Yes, we were all very unjust to him," said Florry, cut to the heart at the recollection of that scene she had with him in the conservatory.

"I really must tell Lord Pennyroyal all about it," said Lady Pennyroyal. "He, I now, thought the advertisement was mixed up in some way with gambling debts, and there is nothing he hates so much. But there is one thing which he admires above all things—generosity in others; and, though you will scarcely believe it, my dear, in great things Lord Pennyroyal is one of the most generous men in the world."

"I think every one who had an unfavorable feeling against Mr. Fortescue is bound to make him amends," said Florry, hardly restraining herself from bursting into tears.

So Lady Pennyroyal that very night before dinner told the whole story to Lord Pennyroyal, who said it was very generous and very Quixotic, and in such young men so.

"I have heard of young men being generous to this person or that, but that they should take upon their shoulders the support of a whole family for so many years passes my comprehension. It was very noble, but, I repeat it, very Quixotic."

That was all that Lady Pennyroyal could extract from her husband in praise of Harry and Edward.

But, for all that, Lord Pennyroyal, though

he was no gossip, went and told the story to Mr. Marjoram, and Mr. Marjoram told it to his wife.

"I do think," said Mrs. Marjoram, "it's the most noble, unostentatious act of munificence I ever heard of. Depend upon it, these young men will have their reward in heaven. I am quite proud to reckon them among my friends."

"So am I," said Mr. Marjoram; and so the whole world at Ouzelmere knew the "inviolable secret," and thought it a great feather in Harry's cap that he should have gone away from the races so quietly to help the fatherless and motherless in their affliction.

"O Alice," said Florry, when she went to bed that night, "how unjust I have been to him, and how wicked to quarrel with him in the conservatory at home! Do you think he will ever come back to me?"

"Who can tell?" said Alice; "or, rather, why should he not come back? We have no proof that he has ever breathed a word of love to Edith Price."

"No proof except a woman's instinct. But of one thing I am really glad, that he is not in love with Lady Sweetapple."

Next day was the Cup-Day, and it quite kept up its character for dust and discomfort. The country generally finds the dust and the company the discomfort; for, if there be no room to move, and many thousand vehicles and human beings are all concentrated on Ascot Heath, how can any one be comfortable? But, of all the uncomfortable people present on that day, Amicia was the most. There she sat in the Charity box, staring into vacant space. She hated the races, and all that belonged to them, now that she knew too well that Harry Fortescue was wasting his time in town with Edith Price. When the interval of an hour allowed for luncheon after the New Stakes came, she was sulky and would not stir from the box. The Pennyroyals walked home to luncheon as usual, but Amicia would not go with them. "She was not at all hungry; she would sit there;" and there she would have sat till six or later and starved, had not that dear Lady Charity run over to Heath Lodge and brought her some sandwiches and a glass of sherry in a flask.

"Thank you so much," said Amicia, munching the food mechanically. "But, do you think Harry Fortescue will return to us to-day?"

"I am afraid not," said Lady Charity. "You know, he rather implied in his letter that he should not be able to return to the races at all."

"Rather implied!" said Amicia, with indignation; "why, he said outright that he would not come. It is all on account of that Edith Price; I am sure of it."

"We do not know that he has the least intention of marrying her," said Lady Charity. "Why vex yourself with idle fancies?"

They could not discuss this very interesting matter at greater length, for by this time the Pennyroyals had come back, and Edward with them.

## LAKE ERIE IN SEPTEMBER.

Oh, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sullen beaches!  
Oh, gray and sullen billows, coming rolling,  
rolling in!

Oh, are ye not aweary of chill September dreary,  
With days so gray the earth knows not when  
its gray nights begin

All through the summer noons, all through the  
summer twilights,  
Came the vessels, snowy-winged, gayly sailing,  
sailing, by;  
Your waters then were dancing, your beaches  
gold were glancing,  
While the south wind blew the sunbeams and  
moonbeams through the sky.

At times the east wind came, the east wind off  
the ocean,  
And vessels from Ontario went sweeping,  
sweeping past—  
From prairies blew the west wind, of all the  
winds the best wind,  
And Huron's fleet went scudding down the  
lake upon its blast.

But now your winds are still, your sluggish  
waves are sullen,  
The cheerless rain, nor fast nor slow, is drop-  
ping, dropping down;  
The beach below is soggy, the air above is  
foggy,  
And one dark ship, with ragged sail, is lying  
off the town.

Oh, gray and sullen sky! Oh, gray and sul-  
len beaches!  
Why lie ye here in lethargy, all glooming,  
glooming pale?  
If not the summer's soft rest, then why not  
have the tempest?  
If ye cannot have the zephyr, then why not  
have the gale?

And since the summer's gone, gray sky, to  
winter darken,  
And shadow all these sullen waves to inky,  
inky black—  
Let these dull forests bristle, as loud the fierce  
winds whistle,  
And sweep that one dark ship, a wreck, adown  
the foaming track.

Wake up, wake up, O Lake! and lash your  
sluggish waters  
In fury, till your whole expanse is raging, rag-  
ing mad—  
Well may it be wrong-doing if it but be strong-  
doing!  
Give us one thing or the other; strong!  
whether good or bad.

For the very heart is sad with this monotone  
of Nature,  
The very soul is palsied with this half-drawn,  
half-drawn breath,  
A gray sky is most dreary, a gray life the most  
weary;  
If all our sunny life is gone, then forth! to  
fight with Death.

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

[CONCLUSION NEXT NUMBER.]

## TABLE-TALK.

THE condition, aspirations, and employments of women, in relation both to politics and to business, are being as vigorously—perhaps more vigorously—discussed in England than in this country. In a modified form, woman suffrage has been recognized among our English cousins; for they may now vote for parish officials, who are political, and not, as their designation would imply, ecclesiastical officials; they have a voice, too, in the choice of the newly-constituted school-boards; and the question of their admission to the national universities, as regular undergraduates, is evidently only one of time. The English post-office authorities have taken a step which, indirectly at least, encourages what is broadly known in that country as the “woman’s movement,” by appointing forty young women to positions in the savings-bank office, which is attached to that department, and this is announced to be only introductory to similar appointments throughout all the branches of public service under the control of the postmaster-general. In this country women have, for some time, received positions as clerks in the Washington departments, and as postmistresses and post-office clerks; and, as they continue to enjoy the confidence of their superiors, it may be taken for granted that the experiment is a success. In both England and America there is certainly a large class of women who, while they must support themselves, are unfitted for the manual work and drudgery of factories and stores. Many of these become successful book-keepers, accountants, and copyists; but the fact still remains that these occupations satisfy but a very small portion of the demand for employment existing among intelligent, well-educated, but impecunious women. The positions for which such women are best fitted are, doubtless, those which bear the least heavily upon the physical powers; and this is the case with most government offices. In England, the action of the post-office chiefs is a novelty; and as such, has been bitterly denounced, especially by the male clerks, who are the most interested in the case; yet that their policy is well considered, is evident both from the success of the experiment here, and from the shabby-genteel misery which is but too common among the educated but unprovided women of England. Respectability is a terrible word, and frightens many a poor matron and spinster into a doom of life-long make-shifting and browsing on the confines of penury. The well-educated daughter of a country rector, who has died leaving “no assets,” shrinks from the career of a seamstress or a governess, nor can she think for a moment of the loom of a cotton-mill, or the counter of a London shop. What shall she do? Respectability says she must choose

some quiet and genteel employment. It may be said that she, who is virtually a beggar, has no business to heed the voice of this worldly tyrant; the more practical and prosaic post-office says that it will do its share to concede to the national prejudice, which, after all, is not without its good points, and will supply the needed grade of work, as far as its exigencies will allow. The woman question, or rather the position of women in the world, must be determined, as most questions are, by practical experiment; and it is well that the experiment should be fairly tried.

— The returning tide of the fashionable world cityward indicates the close of the social summer season, and the beginning of that interval of breathing and resting time which prepares the votaries of Mammon for their winter festivities. That such rest is needed, after what is nominally summer recreation, betrays how laborious, in the more fashionable resorts, that recreation is, and how exhausting an existence, divided into listless loafing and spasmodic excitement, is led “out of town.” The day’s routine at the large seaside or mountain hotels is one in which a great majority have to force themselves to consider themselves happy. To “the old campaigner,” who, as delineated by Thackeray, is reproduced quite as often at Saratoga, Niagara, and Newport, as at Scarborough, Brighton, and the German spas, the summer season is a continued period of anxiety, suspense, plotting, scheming, much mental worry, vanity, and vexation of spirit. She is ever on the watch for an “eligible match,” and leads her daughters as miserable an existence as that to which she has doomed herself. For the rest, the amusements at the great fashionable hotels are very limited after all, and soon pall upon the taste already jaded by city luxuries. The favorite rides and promenades are speedily exhausted; the springs soon become intolerable, even as trysting-places of flirtation; the voice of the “sad sea-waves” gets to be distressingly mournful and monotonous; people realize, after a little, that a mountain is only a mountain, and the changes of its hues pass in a very narrow range; croquet, billiards, boat-rides, mountain-excursions, languish before the season is half gone. A very large proportion of the children of fashion, having in one season experienced all the sensations offered by their favorite place of resort, eschew them on subsequent occasions, and lead a life of singular inanity, mainly within the limits of the hotels themselves. They breakfast late, and linger long over the perplexing variety of dishes set to tempt their languid appetites; they smoke, if men, promenading or lounging on the wide verandas, or loll and gossip, if women, in the too spacious parlors and bleakly high-studded corridors: dinner is the event of the day; supper is an oasis in the desert of indolence; some music, and much

flirtation, and perhaps a little lazy dancing, fill up the evening; and thus, to many, day after day drifts away, always leaving a sense of weariness and ennui behind. The landlords should offer prizes for the invention of a new amusement; their guests are starving for a sensation. Meanwhile, habits are formed, in many cases, in the dearth of any healthy and novel pastime, which are worse than mere indolence, though that is bad enough. It is said that at some of our fashionable resorts young women may be seen indulging in sherry-cobblers and cocktails at breakfast, champagne at dinner, and hock or claret at supper, and this regularly with the coming of each day’s meals. Idleness, it is alleged, begets a craving for this dangerous means of hilarity; fashion permits it; and foolish mammas and inconsiderate beaux encourage it. We hope these reports are exaggerated. Nothing of the kind has come under our own observation, which, to be sure, has not been very extended in this direction; and we are inclined to think that our informants have mistaken exceptional cases for general habits. If they have not, so much the worse for society, and so much harder will become the work of the “old campaigners.”

— We read in the English papers that a certain reverend gentleman has set himself to attack the modern practice of clergymen wearing the beard and mustache. His principal point against these hirsute appendages is, that, “while beard and mustache interfere with distinct utterance, impeding clear and effective speech, both together, or even one or the other separately obstructs the play and expression of the mouth, and thus hides and hinders the manifestation of feeling.” The position taken seems to us to be a false one. The gentleman will find it difficult to prove that the wearing of the beard affects the utterance or impedes the speech. On the contrary, we believe it to be demonstrable that the muscles of the throat are stronger when they are protected by their natural covering, and the bronchial organs are less liable to disease. If such be the fact, the voice, also, must necessarily be stronger, and more capable of the varied effects which, taken together, go to constitute successful oratory. As to whether the beard obstructs the play of the features or not, that is a mere matter of individual opinion. To us, it adds to, rather than detracts from, the expression of the mouth; but, even if it were otherwise, it would be of less consequence than the reverend gentleman ascribes to it. The mouth is by no means of the supreme importance he seems to imagine. Cicero was better advised when he declared that the eyes bear sovereign sway in oratory. It is a question, too, whether the loss of the grave and reverend appearance imparted by a full beard would be compensated by the more perfect exhibition of the muscles of the mouth, even if the latter were of the imputed conse-

quence. A worthy clergyman of Queen Elizabeth's time gave as a reason for wearing a very long beard—"that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." We commend this sentiment to the consideration of the author of the new crusade against man's natural ornament.

— We gave in our last number a translation of an article by Edmond About, on the meeting of the three emperors at Berlin last month, in which the Emperor William was pleasantly described as "a hypocritical and sanguinary old brigand," guilty of "treachery" and "crimes," and "capable of any thing," who had "extorted" from France five thousand millions of francs, half of Lorraine, and all of Alsace. About is himself a native of the ceded territory, and the article we have published is only one of many in which he has employed his powerful pen with the evident purpose of inflaming French feeling in the conquered provinces, as well as of stirring up the natural animosity of France itself against Germany. Not content, however, with assailing the German lion with paper pellets from a distance, he at last ventured personally into the lion's den, and entered Alsace with ostentatious announcement that he intended to see for himself how far the province had been Germanized. He made a sort of public progress, receiving popular demonstrations from those opposed to German authority, and addressing large though private meetings, in which he entreated the people to remain faithful to France and the French flag. Naturally enough, the German Government has ordered his arrest as a disturber of the peace, and at the moment of our writing the intrepid novelist is in durance vile, and is the subject of an energetic correspondence between the French and German authorities. He has succeeded in advertising himself largely, and that is probably just what he wanted to do.

— It may be interesting to many persons to know that, at a certain point, Ireland and Scotland approach within just about the same distance of each other as France and England. This passage has now been reopened, after being closed, so far as steam-communication was concerned, for eight years, and a fine Glasgow boat put upon the route, from Larne, in Ireland, to Stranraer, in Scotland. It is announced that, by this short sea-route, London will be brought within about sixteen and a half hours of Belfast, Birmingham about fifteen hours, Manchester or Liverpool about twelve hours, and Carlisle about seven and a half hours, and that this can be accomplished with what will be so highly prized by so many cross-Channel passengers—only two hours of a sea-passage, and forty minutes of loch-sailing. This may be interesting news to some of our tourists, who, having "done" Killarney, can see the Giant's Causeway, and thence pass almost direct to the Scotch lakes.

## Correspondence.

[The venerable Elizabeth Peabody, whose life has been devoted to good works, and especially to education, has addressed to us the following letter on Kindergartens, on which subject she is an authority.—ED. JOURNAL.]

### Kindergartens.

"To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

"SIR: Since I believe that the principle of the activity on which children are led in the Kindergarten, as set forth by Froebel, is (to use the words of the first report of the Boston Kindergarten Association) 'nothing short of that which organizes the universe on the one side and the human understanding on the other,' you will permit me to say a word in reply to your little paragraph on the Kindergarten, in which you make mention of it 'as a shrewd compromise between play and study,' and of me as favoring a mode of education which does *not* involve 'lessons of self-denial and a habit of energetically buckling to serious work' as its necessary issue.

"The true Kindergarten, considered in its separation from the schools of instruction which follow it, takes children between the ages of three and seven only. Its object is entirely that of *preparation* of the child by adults for the duties of life, among which the acquisition of knowledge through object-teaching or the study of books is only one. The principle of the Kindergarten is *not* object-teaching, though, necessarily, some study of objects is involved in directing the playful activity of children in a general manner upon the lines of law, while they are learning to use their fingers and exercise their senses to see the differences and resemblances of the materials of their play, which is 'serious work' to them, and involves quite 'an energetic buckling' to whatever they take upon their hands to do.

"I see, by the advertisement of Miss Haines, that at last a model Kindergarten is to be established in New York. As yet, there has been but one model teacher in the country. The attempt which I made myself in 1860, to which you allude, was an ignorant, and therefore mischievous one, like a multitude of others on both sides of the Atlantic, that have really put back the great reform of Froebel. But I detected my error in the failure of the results promised by Froebel, and therefore went to Europe to learn the truth from those whom Froebel had personally instructed in his method. Since that time it has been my aim to establish the proper training for Kindergartners, as the only means of preventing 'the corruption of the best,' which 'is the worst.' To this end it has been a special object of mine to bring to this country the very lady whom Miss Haines has now engaged, as well as to sustain Mrs. and Miss Kriege in Boston.

"But a speedy method of rectifying the current error which your paragraph expresses, and of appreciating that the object of the Kindergarten is to begin the education on the method of Nature, which, properly understood, is *identical* with suffering little children to go to Christ, and forbidding them not, would be to read the recent circular of information on Kindergartens, issued by the National Bureau of Education, and which will be sent free to any one who writes for it to General Eaton, the Commissioner of Education, at Washington.

"I will take this opportunity to state what is most desirable should be widely known—

that one of the most eminent of our educators, Mr. A. S. Kissel, of Des Moines, Iowa, who, like myself, has been studying the subject for twelve years at home, in books, and in Europe, has just founded a normal school for training Kindergartners in the art and science of Froebel, in connection with a model Kindergarten, under the direction of Miss Fritsche, whom he selected as the ablest person of many who became known to him in a recent tour of Europe, which he made for the purpose. It is so much cheaper to live at Des Moines than at the East, that this place presents great advantages to those who wish to study Kindergarten for professional purposes, especially to those at the West.

"Yours, respectfully,  
"ELIZABETH PEABODY."

## Dramatic.

THE Union-Square Theatre, last season given over to what is called variety business, has this year been freshly painted and decorated, and promoted to a more honorable place among our dramatic temples. It begins its new career by the production of a play, written by Sardou, the French dramatist, especially, so it is said, for Miss Agnes Ethel, and named, with little hint as to its character, simply "Agnes." Sardou is always effective in dramatic situations, and usually builds up his dramas on a good basis of story. "Agnes," in the latter particular, at least, resembles the dramatist's other productions. The story is of a husband desperately enamoured of a beautiful dancing-girl. He plunges into debt in order to bestow costly presents upon his innamorata, and this circumstance is the means whereby the wife discovers her husband's infidelity. She disguises herself as a dress-maker's attendant; finds occasion, in this disguise, to visit the dressing-room of the *danseuse*, where, concealed behind a screen, she overhears her husband plan an elopement with the object of his infatuation. The wronged wife, who is passionately devoted to her scape-grace husband, is determined to rescue him. She endeavors to win back his errant affections by wiles and cajoleries, and, failing in these, she conceives the desperate plan of causing his arrest and confinement in an asylum as a lunatic. This extreme measure proves successful. The elopement is prevented, the man's illicit infatuation cools, and the wife is rewarded for her devotion by the restoration of her husband to her arms. Some of the situations in the drama are very good, but the story is not so well worked out as might be, and the *finale* is too sharply precipitated. Miss Ethel is good in the character of the wife, especially in the pathetic scenes, but she is not always fully up to the requirements of the situation. When, near the close, she learns that her husband has become insane in truth, she is especially effective. The other personations are mainly acceptable. A *grisette* part is excellently played by Miss Laurens; and Mr. Mackaye, as the prefect of police, calls for special commendation.

The play is put on the stage with all the resources of the theatre for upholstery and gilt and satin furniture; and the ladies dress with the usual devotion to lace and silk exhibited by the heroines of the stage. We would advise the manager to have the text revised by some one competent to correct its numerous grammatical errors; we would suggest to Miss Mordant that her dress begins too far down; we would hint to Miss Ethel that a wife, visiting her husband in an insane asylum in such splendor of ap-

parel, might be suspected to be more concerned about her toilet than in the welfare of her affections. The play, as a whole, is an effective one, and likely, we think, to be popular.

### Literary Notes.

DR. BASTIAN'S "Beginnings of Life" is a contribution to the question of spontaneous generation likely to provoke as great a general discussion as Darwin's "Origin of Species." "When," says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "Dr. Bastian about a year ago published a small treatise on the 'Modes of Origin of the Lowest Organisms,' it was our duty to warn the author of the enormous onus which lay upon him to prove his argument that the simple forms of life may arise *de novo* in certain fluids containing organic matter independently of previously-existing living things. The two present bulky volumes illustrate the amount of evidence which he has since that time brought to annihilate nearly all the popular and preconceived doctrines with regard to the origin of life. Before Wöhler announced to the scientific world that he had succeeded in building up an organic compound in his laboratory with the aid of mere chemical reagents, and before other chemists had corroborated his facts, Dr. Bastian well points out that there was more reason than at present for the belief that the forces in living things are altogether peculiar, because it appeared that certain compounds of carbon with other elements known as organic substances were capable of being produced only within these laboratories of Nature. The proof that inorganic matter, under certain conditions, may be converted into what has been termed organic, rests upon the accuracy and veracity of the hundreds of experiments cited in Dr. Bastian's work. To annihilate the distinctions between what have been termed 'living' and 'not living' matter, and to reply to the careful and plausible arguments of Dr. Lionel Beale, was a task of sufficient difficulty, and one in which we cannot say that Dr. Bastian has acquitted himself unsuccessfully." This favorable opinion of Dr. Bastian's work is also shared by the other English publications. The London *Examiner* says: "One after another our ablest scientific workers are bringing the fruits of their labors and dedicating them, as it were, humbly to that profound philosophy of evolution of which Mr. Herbert Spencer may be said to be the prophet. In the work before us Dr. Bastian has attacked the enemies of evolution in what they have hitherto considered the very citadel of their strength. His chief point is that, out of dead matter, containing neither spore nor germ, nor any such thing, living organisms are evolved; and that, too, without the intervention of any mystic principle of life distinct from the ordinary forces of Nature. This opinion is opposed to such a mass of educated prejudice, to so many established theories, that Dr. Bastian has found it necessary to occupy a large portion of his work with preparing the minds of his readers to give him an impartial hearing. This he has done very thoroughly. The most striking and important facts, considerations, and opinions, favorable to his view, are set out in imposing array. And it is to be hoped that the pains he has taken in elaborating this necessary part of his work will be sufficient to secure for his own contribution to the settlement of the long-standing problem of the origin of life the unbiased consideration that his patient labors richly merit." The American edition of this work is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The veteran Whittier has appeared with a new poem which opens fresh scenes and characters, and will serve to immortalize a period in our history that poetry has hitherto scarcely touched. The title of the poem is "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim;" the scene is on the banks of the Schuylkill; the time is two hundred years ago; and the hero of the verse is Francis Daniel Pastorius, a learned quaker of German birth, a hero of that early period who first raised his voice against the sin of slavery, who made the Indian his friend, who guided the councils of his people in the ways of wisdom, and who

"... set his hand to every work—  
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting clerk;"

who, although fond of learning—

"Whatever legal maze he wandered through,  
He kept the sermon on the mount in view,  
And justice always into mercy grew.

"No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail,  
Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief grew pale  
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

"The usurer's grasp released the forfeit-land;  
The slanderer flattered at the witness-stand,  
And all men took his counsel for command.

"... greeting all with quiet smile and word,  
Pastorius went his way. The unscaured bird  
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel stirred

"At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;  
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or trod,  
He felt the peace of Nature and of God.

"His social life wore no ascetic form,  
He loved all beauty without fear of harm,  
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm."

This noble portrait will take a foremost place among the creations of art. The poem illustrates a period hitherto half hid in the mist of the past, and delineates scenes that have a rare pastoral beauty, while the verse exhibits in every line the rich qualities of the poet's genius.

"Ebb-Tide" is a new novel, by Christian Reid, author of "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," etc. Christian Reid, it is now generally understood, is the *nom de plume* of a young lady of North Carolina, who would do well to drop the fictitious signature, and appear before the public in her own name, on which her talents and her character are certain to confer high and lasting distinction. Her novels already published have won much favor from the public, and her reputation is already such that a new work from her pen commands a large sale as a matter of course. Her style is good and always interesting, and the tone of her books, while free from cant, is that of a well-bred, pure-minded woman, who has no sympathy with the new-fangled notions about morals and manners which prevail among some of the novelists of her own sex. "Ebb-Tide," though not her best work, is a good specimen of her style. The scene opens in Charleston, South Carolina, and in the course of the story is transferred to the West Indies and to Europe. The plot is interesting, and abounds in picturesque situations. The volume contains three good, short stories by the same author.

Mr. Brassey's "Work and Wages" is a valuable contribution to a subject which now transcends in importance almost any other relating to our social well-being. Mr. Arthur Helps has written a preface to the volume, in which we are assured that "such a body of evidence, so comprehensive and so various, bearing upon the whole subject of labor generally, and not

even favoring any particular section of it, has never, I think, been brought together in the comparatively small compass of a single volume." The conclusions arrived at by Mr. Brassey—who, the son of an extensive operator, has possessed unusually favorable opportunities for studying the whole question of labor and wages—are not generally new to political economists; but the aspects of these conclusions, and the practical effect which should be given to them, vary much according to the circumstances of the times, a fact which the author has not lost sight of. It is very satisfactory to find that the most recent facts are entirely in accord with some of the chief principles laid down by Adam Smith.

One of the best novels we have of colonial life is Mr. Esten Cooke's "Virginia Comedians," published nearly twenty years ago; and we now have the same author in another portrait of Old Virginia manners. "Doctor Vandyke," however, is scarcely the equal of the earlier novel as a picture of life and manners; it is more strictly a romantic and picturesque narrative, the main incidents of which, although conceivable perhaps as occurring in colonial Virginia, are scarcely probable in any country or at any period. Nevertheless, those who like a compact, well-constructed story, in which mysterious situations, stirring narrative, and a startling climax form the elements of interest, will find "Doctor Vandyke" greatly to their liking. Mr. Cooke's style is essentially dramatic; his story advances swiftly and without digression, and at times he carries his reader breathless over pages crowded with adventure.

Mr. Whyte Melville's industry is marvelous, and his range of subjects for his novels almost unlimited. Only recently he gave us a graphic and stirring picture of ancient Assyrian life in "Sarchedon," and of Roman life in "The Gladiators," and now we have three new novels from his pen, illustrating widely-different phases of life and character. "Cecile" is a romance of the court of Versailles during the last century; "White Rose" is a society novel of modern English life; and "The Brookes of Bridlemere" is also an English novel, but essentially different in many of its characteristics from its companion. Mr. Whyte Melville is always vivid and picturesque. Whether portraying pictures of Babylonish luxury, Roman contests, French intrigues, or English every-day life, he works out effective plots, is frequently happy in his characterizations, and has a good, perspicuous style.

Among new novels of interest, special mention may be made of George MacDonald's "Vicar's Daughter," which exhibits all the qualities of description, character-drawing, and the power to enlist the interest of his readers in the persons and incidents of his story, which have so marked the books of this now highly-popular author. "The Vicar's Daughter" is a domestic narrative; it is related by the heroine in her own person, and it is made up largely of the joys, vicissitudes, hopes, and experiences of home, told simply but also effectively, and marked throughout with high religious feeling. Roberts Brothers, publishers.

The world of novel-readers will, in honor of Mr. Edmund Yates's visit to this country, make haste to peruse his last novel, just issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co., and entitled "A Waiting Race." This story is a photograph of modern life, far from flattering in some of its details, and marked by a truth-



ful but unsparing picture of many of the vices and some of the crimes of society. The story is abundantly interesting, but one could wish for more hopeful and pleasing portraits of human character.

## Miscellany.

### American Habits.

**D**R. E. M. MOORE, of Rochester, N. Y., an eminent physician, recently sketched in a public address the dietetic habits of our people in the following manner: "As the merchant represents the wealthier and more luxurious class, let us follow him and his household through the day. He rises from his bed at reasonable hours, not pressed by the urgency of his business, and his breakfast at seven, or even later, makes a good preparation for the day. The day's work is begun. By ten the flow of trade is well set in, acquiring its height during the middle of the day. Then the dinner-hour has arrived. The work has not diminished, and master and man must put forth extraordinary exertions in order that each may steal away for this event, which should be the important one of the day—the special foundation of life, as well as the grand reunion of the household. But, like John Gilpin on his wedding-day—

'The loss of time, although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him much more.'

"A run home for the noon meal, composed of the substantial of life, an immediate consumption of these hearty aliments in the most rapid manner that teeth and fluids can accomplish the feat, and, without one moment's rest for the function of digestion, another run brings him back to the place of business, where details which have accumulated during the minutes given to the meal he calls dinner, necessitate extra mental exertion at the very supreme moments that the nerve-forces controlling digestion are trying to borrow from every centre the means of executing their functions. By four o'clock the activity declines; at six he goes to a meal of a light character, but with a stomach wearied with the effort at digesting the dinner, and which it has imperfectly performed. Is it surprising that the American merchant is a dyspeptic? But the day is not quite over. The evening, we may admit, is well spent—social intercourse, the concert or other gathering, if it were not for the badly-ventilated rooms, which are the places of such meetings, are reasonable and proper pendants of his toil. His house is built of good materials, the ceilings are high, the plate-glass windows are elegant, and the carpets smother his foot-fall. But the refinements of heating have entirely ignored the laws of ventilation. The furnace has destroyed not only the poetry, but the reality of the fireside.

"With the tight-fitting windows and doors ventilation is feeble, for the register admits but little air where no provision has been made for its exit. Headaches and general malaise are the result. Indeed, the attempts at refinement without knowledge, as far as the health is concerned, have remanded him to the condition of the cave-man. He retires to rest. The air of the house heated at the demands of luxury, does not usually give place to the cold but healthy atmosphere outside.

"But let us look at the state of things where there is not so much wealth. The mechanic leaves his home, and usually spends his noon at his place of employment from neces-

sity. Here the cold meal, if well cooked, affords the means of health, and, under the circumstances of the case, is perhaps as well as can be obtained, where his cook, who is also usually his wife, has the skill necessary to provide for the exigency. But at this point I think the advent of civilization is small. His house has the warmth of the single stove, the cook-stove, of which I have something to say. The heat is not ordinarily maintained at night, and a less luxurious house is found to procure ventilation as an accident of its imperfections, but not of its intentional construction.

"But what of the agricultural population? the most prosperous and abundantly (I wish I might say) well fed of its class in the world. The farmer rises early to and retires late from his labor. He spends too much time in toil; it is excessive. But, on the score of health, this cannot be said to often do harm. The out-door life should make him a giant and a Methuselah, if the surroundings and management were commensurate with his possibilities. But every physician knows that even here the most common disease for which he prescribes is dyspepsia—a disease that should be rare. What cause, then, so ever present, that this hateful torment of life should be so common? I find it in the want of scientific knowledge, in the preparation of food. Now, I do not expect or desire that every cook should be a chemist, other than a practical one, carrying out the plans that others have developed. The land overflows with plenty. Now, I venture the assertion that, more than half the time, the breakfast of the farmer is composed of materials saturated with grease. If a beefsteak is procured, it is fried in grease, every fibre, on the principle of capillary attraction, is coated over with a layer of fat, which the gastric juice does not dissolve, a most ingenious contrivance to prevent solution of the albuminoid substances. If a good piece of pork is used when it is all fat (and to which I raise no objection if properly prepared), he finds the accompanying vegetables, especially that physical basis of life, the potato, completely saturated with grease. Now, if the pancreas could pour its fluid on these materials first, the plan might be good, but no contrivance for interfering with proper digestion could be more perfect. Hard toil, immediately after food, will also interfere with the process. Similar food for dinner, and kept hot to meet the irregularities of serving, are the hard conditions presented to the stomach."

### A Jewish Library.

The congregation of the Hebrew Temple Emanu-El, situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street in this city, have collected, in their magnificent edifice, one of the rarest and most valuable libraries in this country. It comprises several thousand volumes, and was collected by an Amsterdam bookseller, who made it the work of his life. On his death, the congregation purchased it, and have put it in charge of M. Heilprin, one of the most learned men in the country, under whose care it is open to the public on Sunday and Thursday, from 2 to 5 P. M.

It is not too much to say that no such collection existed heretofore in this city or this country. The Jews, it must be remembered, have become cosmopolitan in both time and space. It requires all the languages of civilized peoples, ancient and modern, to represent their literary activity. And here we have Latin jostling Hebrew, Greek touching German; Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and English, in proximity, and all having a unity of purpose—the glory of Israel and Israel's God. Looking

through this library, one is astonished at the preservation of the inks and paper of the fifteenth century, the typography of works printed before the year 1500 being as clear and as easily read as the latest book in the collection. Indeed, these early specimens of printing will not suffer by comparison with any thing that has since been done. The number of Jewish works printed during the first half-century after Gutenberg's invention is surprising, and is indicative of the intense activity of the Hebrew mind when it was but just struggling through the shackles under which it had pined during the mediæval times. One of the most stupendous of the undertakings of which record is contained in the present collection is the translation of Avicenna's medical works from Arabic into Hebrew, and its printing at Naples in 1491. This work is as large as a good-sized dictionary, and makes as good a typographical appearance as could be desired. The number of Bibles is large, as also that of Talmuds, works on grammar, belles-lettres, philosophy, casuistry, criticism; and anti-Jewish writings—for one of the speakers of the evening boasted that the Jews are not afraid of them—are numerous.

The editions most frequently met with in this, as in almost every other Hebrew library, are those of Venice and Amsterdam, besides which Italy is conspicuous through the publications of Mantua, Soncino, Ferrara, Naples, Parma, Rome, Sabionetta, Bologna, Pesaro, Fano, and Leghorn; and the Netherlands through Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, Gröningen, Franeker, Dort, and Rotterdam. Next come the German publications of Fürtli, Augsburg, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Leipsic, Berlin, Göttingen, Dyhernfurth, Rödellheim, Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, Vienna, Prague, Altdorf, Cologne, etc. Warsaw, Wilna, Lemberg, and the other Polish towns, are less fully represented. Presburg appears more frequently than either Pesth or Buda. The Hebrew issues of Basle vie in number and value with those of Paris, London, and Oxford. Portugal is better represented than Spain. The prints of Constantinople and Salonica are very old, but poor. Smyrna and Jerusalem are the only representatives of Asia. Among the oldest prints of the library, some of which are quite remarkable productions of the first half-century after the invention of the printing art, we find those of Pieve di Sacco (1475); Mantua (1480, 1484, etc.); Soncino (1484, 1485, 1488, 1490, etc.); Ijar, in Spain (1485); Casal Maggiore (1486); Naples (1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, etc.); Brescia (1491); Constantinople (1505, 1506, etc.); Fano (1506); Pesaro (1508); and of some unknown Italian presses. The manuscripts of the library are chiefly remarkable as curious specimens of mediæval and modern Hebrew writing.

### The Orleans Family.

A correspondent, writing from Versailles, July 25th, says: "The Duke d'Aumale has just been cruelly tried by the death of his only son, the Duke de Guise, and this event may exert a great influence on the political life of the Orleans princes.

"The duke is reported to have said, this morning, to one of his many friends who made him visits of condolence: 'I have nothing now to live for.'

"The best-informed of the Orleans party seem to think it probable that the duke will retire to private life, which would be a step that would materially lessen their influence. He is the acknowledged head of the Orléanists, who would consent to support the republic if they were confident that he would be elevated to the presidency. The Count de Paris, on

the contrary, together with a handful of the faithful, thinks that he cannot accept the position of head of the government unless it be accompanied by the sceptre of Louis Philippe.

"If the Duke d'Aumale retires from public life, the Prince de Joinville will follow his example; and the Orleans party, no longer having its natural leaders in the Assembly, will have but one course to pursue—that of uniting with the conservatives of the Left Centre in support of the policy of the present government.

"There is a report in circulation that, before the Assembly adjourns, the Right and Left Centre will publish a manifesto which will be a formal adhesion to the government of M. Thiers.

"Some of the members of the Right still indulge in the illusion that the Count de Paris, freed from his engagements with his uncles, who retire from political life, will come to an understanding with the Count de Chambord; but the most zealous monarchists themselves hope for little from the activity and energy of the grandson of Louis Philippe.

"The death of the Duke de Guise may, therefore, be followed by great changes in the political programme of the partisans of the Orleans family."

#### Hydrophobia.

Whatever charlatans may say, there is no known remedy for canine madness. When bitten, the surest means to escape infection is the application of red-hot iron with a firm hand, and as soon as possible. A curtain-rod, a small poker, a bit of stout wire, a knife, any iron nearest to hand, heated to a bright red, will suffice. With this the wound must be sounded and burned. It is good to put the iron again into the fire, and repeat the operation effectually. The pain is quite supportable. M. Leblanc, senior, says that the cauterization gives the person bitten, not exactly pleasure, but decided satisfaction, because the sense of preservation and safety completely overpowers the pain inflicted. In Hayti, where canine madness is common, they apply gunpowder to the wounded parts, and then set fire to it. After this a blister, and mercurial treatment carried to salivation, complete the cure, or rather prevent the disease. Of course, after these necessary precautions, any known nostrum may be employed. Old women's precepts and popular prescriptions can do no harm, and may do good by keeping up the patient's spirits, and inspiring him with hopes of a favorable result.

It is a great consolation to know that a person may be bitten by a really mad dog without contracting the disease. A bite through clothing has rarely serious consequences; the saliva—the only vehicle of infection—being thus wiped from the animal's teeth. Out of twenty individuals bitten, it is uncertain how many will go mad; perhaps none. But it is quite certain that they will not all go mad. The cause of their escape is unknown; but such escapes make the fortune of charlatans, cunning men, and practisers of superstitions. Bitten persons, who have taken such and such drugs, or have gone through such and such devotional forms, and remain unharmed, never fail, they and theirs, to attribute the result to the means employed. But it is a reassuring thought, likely to have a favorable influence, without hindering the employment of rational precautions, to know that, although bitten, it is quite possible not to be touched by the poison. Infinitely better it is to persuade the patient of this than to hazard remedies which will make as many

victims as there are persons foolish enough to try them.

#### The Sea-swallow and the Fishermen.

An interesting association exists between the sea-swallows and the fishermen of Lake Pallageri, in Lapland. In the centre of this lake is an island, on which the fishermen build their huts in summer. At early dawn, the sea-swallows gather round these huts, and their cries admonish the occupants that it is time to begin the day's work. The boats are hardly loosened from their moorings when the birds start out to find a spot where the fish are abundant. The boatmen are governed entirely by the movements of the swallows. When the birds stop and redouble their cries, the fishermen know they have found a spot where they will be repaid for their labor. They hasten forward, cast their nets, and soon have the satisfaction of finding them well filled. In accordance with the old maxim that the laborer is worthy of his hire, the swallows receive their share of the booty. Every fish that the fishermen throw up in the air is gracefully caught by the birds; and, indeed, they are so tame that they sometimes come into the boats and help themselves out of the nets. If one spot becomes non-productive, the birds lead the way to another. Toward evening, men and birds return to the island, and the birds hasten to clear the boats of the share left behind for them by the fishermen.

#### A Good Settlement of a Lawsuit.

If the Irish law-courts are occasionally the scene of very ugly contention, it must, at the same time, be admitted that causes, especially those which admit of any display of gallantry, are sometimes arranged in them in the most charmingly easy way. For instance, we read that, at the Tipperary assizes, Mr. Clark, Q. C., in the Record Court, tried an action in which Mr. Anglim was the plaintiff and Miss O'Brien the defendant, to recover a portion of the lands of Rosegreen. While the defendant, a good-looking young woman, was under cross-examination, the plaintiff was ordered up to confront her with reference to a portion of her testimony. Mr. Clarke: "It just strikes me that there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this lawsuit. The plaintiff appears to be a respectable young man, and this is a very nice young woman." (Laughter.) "They can both get married and live happily on this farm. If they go on with the proceedings it will all be frittered away between the lawyers, who, I am sure, are not ungallant enough to wish the marriage may not come off." The young lady, on being interrogated, blushed, and stated she was quite willing to marry the plaintiff. Mr. Clarke (to the latter): "Will you marry this young woman?" Plaintiff: "Most undoubtedly." (Great laughter.) Mr. Clarke: "It is odd that this course was not before adopted. The suggestion came to me by instinct on seeing the young couple." (Laughter.) A verdict was subsequently entered for plaintiff on condition of his promising to marry defendant within two months, a stay of execution being put on the verdict till the marriage ceremony is completed.

#### The Advance of Woman.

A circumstance which should be gratifying to the Sorosis, is the recent appointment of a widow lady as surveyor of roads in a parish in Westmoreland, England. The lady had complained to the surveyor of the state of the roads, and at the next election he prevailed on the rate-payers to elect the widow herself.

She accepted the office; and, as she keeps a clerk, and has ample means, she has no difficulty in obtaining a thorough supervision. It is said she has made some awkward discoveries as to the state of the accounts. The refusal to undertake the duty of a surveyor of roads may entail a 'maximum penalty of twenty pounds. The word used in the clause relating to the appointment of a surveyor is "person;" therefore, women rate-payers are liable to be elected, and may be fined if they refuse to serve.

#### The German Losses.

The official statement of the losses sustained by the army of North Germany alone, during the late war, has recently been published. The number of dead amounted to 40,881; of missing, 4,009, the greater part of whom are supposed to be dead; 17,537 were killed on the field of battle; 10,710 died eventually of their wounds; 818 were accidentally killed; and 80 committed suicide. Of dysentery there died 2,000; of typhus, 8,595; of bronchitis, 500; of other acute diseases, 531; of small-pox, 261; of gastric fever, 159; of various chronic diseases, 240; of apoplexy and heart-disease, 94. The entire loss of the German armies, north and south, amounted to about 58,000.

We call the attention of those of our readers, who have funds for investment, to the advertisement of Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co. of the bonds of the Chicago and Canada Southern Railroad Company. Of the needs that this road meets, of its probable success, of the advantages it will confer, the reader is as good a judge as we are; it is simply within our power to bear testimony to the uprightness of the banking-house who are placing the bonds of the road, and to assure those of our readers who may be inclined to invest in these securities, that the reputation of Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co. makes it certain their representations are made in good faith.

### Foreign Items.

IT seems strange that so many Europeans allow themselves to be duped so frequently by American adventurers, who represent themselves as near relatives of distinguished citizens of the United States. The most recent of these cases is that of Henry Schweppe, formerly a journeyman barber, of St. Louis, who has swindled several banks in Milan, by presenting forged letters of credit, in which he is described as a brother-in-law of Vice-President Colfax. He was treated with the utmost respect, and even dined with General Trovati, the military governor of the city. His true character was not discovered until, after his flight from Milan, his trunks were opened at the hotel. They contained only worthless papers and letters addressed to him by several American accomplices.

Laboulaye intends to offer, at the impending session of the French National Assembly, a motion recognizing the republic as the definitive form of government for France, and that all members of the Assembly shall take an oath pledging themselves not to do any thing for the restoration of the monarchy. It is believed that the motion will prevail, and that the Legitimists, rather than take the oath, will withdraw *en masse* from the Assembly.

Lord Bulwer left a clause in his will to the effect that all his papers, documents, and manuscripts, should be sealed up and delivered to his

two brothers (Lord Lytton and Mr. Bulwer), who will decide what is to be kept. Probably his long and important diplomatic career led to the accumulation of very interesting papers.

Japan has now a regular ambassador at the court of St. James, as will be seen from the following notice in the *London Gazette* of Friday, August 16:

BORNE, August 12, 1872.

"This day had audience of her majesty, Iwashima Munenori, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from his imperial majesty the Tenno (Mikado) of Japan, to deliver his credentials," etc.

According to the Munich gossips, the King of Bavaria refuses to marry any of the numerous princesses whose hands have been offered to him, for the simple reason that he is already married. His morganatic wife is said to be an actress, considerably older than he.

King Amadeus of Spain has his father's predilection for botanical and entomological studies. He can be frequently seen hunting for beetles in the gardens of the royal palace in Madrid, and no present is more welcome to him than a rare insect.

Further disclosures have been made in regard to the crimes of Rev. Olaf Olafsen, who was recently executed at Tromsøe, in Norway. He committed murder in order to gratify his penchant for expensive manuscripts and rare books.

A new eminent chess-player, hailing from Roumania, has astonished the lovers of the noble game in Berlin by his wonderful skill. His name is Arthur Raeder, and he is only twenty-three years old.

The geographers of Germany are greatly divided as to the genuineness of Dr. Livingstone's letters brought from Africa by Henry Stanley; but Dr. Petermann sustains the latter.

The Academy of Belles-Lettres, at Antwerp, offers a prize of one thousand francs for the best brief tale on the adventures of Belgian emigrants to the United States.

The "Watch on the Rhine," the German national hymn, has thus far reached the extraordinary sale of eight hundred thousand copies.

Henry Boernstein, formerly proprietor of the *St. Louis Anzeiger des Westens*, is about to become managing editor of the *Vienna Neue Presse*.

The younger Alexandre Dumas is so rich now that he owns a large interest in the *Banque des Marchands de Paris*.

The Queen of Sweden is writing novels for the Stockholm press under the *nom de plume* of Annie Arden.

The Sultan of Turkey is very fond of light French literature, and he is as familiar with it as most educated Frenchmen.

Prince Richard de Metternich has recently added largely to his vast fortune by speculations in real estate at Nice.

Victor Hugo has been advised to pass several months in Madeira, for the benefit of his shattered health.

Lord Henry Loftus has written a book on love and marriage in Germany.

In the canton of Uri, in Switzerland, flogging is the penalty inflicted upon indiscreet journalists.

The most trusted functionaries of Prince Bismarck have formerly all been radical democrats.

President Thiers has consented to have his statue, in bronze, erected at his native place in Aix.

The Paris *Moniteur* prints at present only five hundred copies daily.

Twenty-nine of the present cabinet ministers in Europe are freemasons.

## Varieties.

A CASE of some interest was lately decided in a London police-court. A gentleman had entered a restaurant with two other gentlemen and two ladies. The accused called for two cutlets as a part of his order for dinner, but when he asked for the bill three cutlets were charged upon it, because three had partaken of the dish. The gentleman refused to pay for the third portion, whereupon he was violently assaulted by the waiters of the establishment, by direction of the proprietor, his hat taken away, himself ejected from the restaurant and given into custody. The magistrate declared that the charge for the third cutlet was wholly indefensible, although the bill-of-fare gave notice of the custom; and he fined the assailant heavily for the assault, at the same time dismissing a counter-summons against the plaintiff for an assault on the waiter. It is good law in this country also, that a person may give a part of the dinner for which he pays to any person dining with him, and the custom of charging double is an imposition to be resisted always.

As a flock of between thirty and forty sheep were being driven through a street in St. Louis recently, their leader, a sagacious-looking ram, saw his reflection in one of the large plate-glass windows. Lowering his head, he charged straight for his supposed rival, smashing the window and going clear through into the store, followed by the rest of the flock. The proprietor and the employes, amazed at the sudden and startling attack, fled from the store, leaving the drove in full possession. Several of the sheep were badly cut by broken glass; and the blood, the broken glass from the window, and an overturned and broken show-case, gave the place the appearance of being a total wreck. It was nearly an hour before the sheep could be driven out and order restored.

A hypochondriac editor of a London paper has just made the melancholy discovery that croquet is a most dangerous and unhealthy game. He states that it gives to the unfortunate croquet-player a curved spine, a disproportionately large right arm, and an equally ill-arranged left leg, with painful bunions and permanent lameness, and he finally perishes miserably from consumption, induced by the unnatural constraint to which the chest is subjected when stooping over the ball.

The *Pittsburg Commercial* says the recently published "Life of Abraham Lincoln" was not written by Ward H. Lamon, whose name appears as the author, but by Chauncey Black, son of Jeremiah Black, Mr. Buchanan's attorney-general. Lamon gathered much of the material, and, as a close friend of Mr. Lincoln, permitted his name to be used by Black as the author. The two have had a falling out, Lamon being of the opinion that some things in the book should have been omitted.

The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is

such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used; and for a larger width as many as eight hundred on the same pillow.

Michigan has a law making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to aim a fire-arm at any person, whether it be loaded or not; and if harm come of such an act, the perpetrator is responsible criminally and pecuniarily. This is a salutary statute, and should be adopted in every State. Then there would be fewer fatal accidents, with "nobody to blame."

A clergyman, meeting Barnum, the showman, the other day, after inquiring for his health, physical and spiritual, said:

"Barnum, I always liked you. You are a good fellow, and I trust we shall meet in heaven."

"Oh," said the imperturbable showman, with a twinkle of his eye, "I have no doubt we shall—if you are there!"

A bridal couple, visiting some mountain wonders in West Virginia recently, approached too near the edge of a cliff, and were precipitated over it, both being instantly killed.

An improvement on the Cardiff Giant has been invented in Iowa in the shape of a petrified buffalo, found "standing and in the act of eating."

The Omaha *Bee* doesn't mean any thing personal, but opines that if the Omaha postmaster would resign, "many persons would feel less anxious about their money-letters."

It's of no use any longer for ladies to wear expensive jewelry; the imitation cannot be told from the real article.

The old-fashioned high Spanish comb is about to resume its place in my lady's hair—or at least in the hair she wears.

A Georgia editor refuses to support Greeley, on the ground that it is as much as he can do to support himself.

A wild girl is the sensation in Nevada. Wild girls have ceased to be a sensation in the Atlantic States.

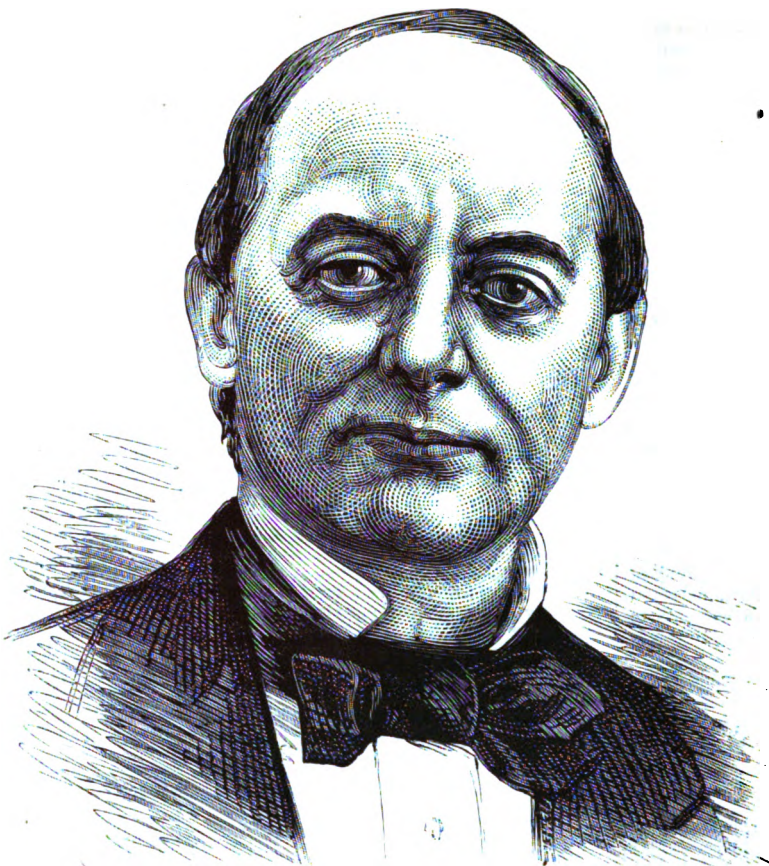
In Arizona there are "many men of many mines."

## Contemporary Portraits.

The President of the Mexican Republic.

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA was born at Jalapa, in the State of Vera Cruz, April 25, 1825. His early education prepared him for entering the Church, but, having taken a dislike to the ecclesiastical profession, he went to the city of Mexico, and studied jurisprudence. Before many years he held a high position as advocate, and between the years 1855 and 1857 he held the position of magistrate of the Supreme Court of Justice. Comonfort was then president of the republic, and Señor Lerdo entered on his political life by taking office under him. The Robles *pronunciamento* occurred in 1860, and during the three following years Miramon and the church party ruled the republic. Lerdo withdrew from politics, and gave his attention entirely to his profession, which brought him both fame and a handsome income. In 1861 he was offered a seat in the cabinet under Juarez; this he refused, but, on taking his place in Congress in the same year, he gave his powerful support to the liberal party, and the most important event of the session was his energetic and successful opposition to the Wyke treaty, which was an arrangement for the payment of dividends on the English debt out of the customs' revenues. When the French invaded Mexico, he threw up his profession,

and followed the fortunes of Juarez. On the northern frontier he did every thing to keep alive the spirit of republicanism, and, on the withdrawal of the French army of occupation, an army was speedily organized, well drilled, and equipped, which hemmed in Maximilian at Queretaro. When the United States minister petitioned on behalf of the fallen emperor, Señor Lerdo, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, stated his belief that the death of Maximilian was necessary to the future welfare of the country, inasmuch as it would prevent any further insurrection in his name. On the government entering on its duties in the capital, Señor Lerdo was appointed president of the Supreme Court of Justice, and vice-president of the republic. The sudden death of Juarez has elevated him to the highest position he can attain in his coun-



SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA.

try. Let us hope that he will exercise his talents and patriotism in the endeavor to restore order among the discontented factions which perplex and harass the industrious portion of the community. *Provinciantes* and brigandage should be put down with a strong hand, life and property made secure, railways and roads constructed. It seems ridiculous that the only road worth the name should have been made by the English Mining Company, at Real del Monte. These are the first steps toward developing the vast mineral, agricultural, and commercial resources of Mexico, and, while these are being accomplished, Mexicans will see the necessity of attending to the question of their foreign engagements, and of meeting them in such a spirit as will remove the character of bad faith in their dealings, which has made their country a by-word among nations.

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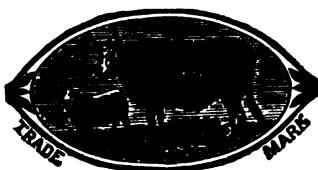
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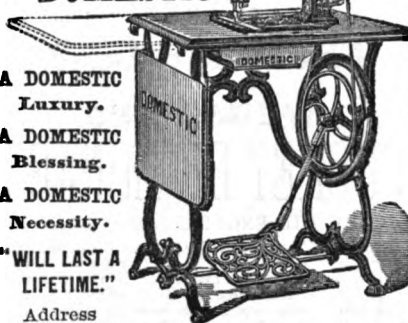
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## LILY AND DIAMOND.

A SUMMER hotel stands on the shore of a lake near a Western city. Originally a farm-house, it had grown as the city grew, pushing out wings and throwing out cottages, season after season, very much as the city

hotel like an overgrown farm-house; neither had any plan, and the inhabitants of both places enjoyed themselves in a multiform fashion. If freedom from rules was desired, "Surely in a country-town like Southport, or

owe it to ourselves to preserve all social requirements intact," they observed to each other, with dignified importance.

Families from Southport moved out to Shorelands early in the season, and remained



"Loose your hold, or I will strike."—Page 481.

pushed out its straggling streets and took in suburb after suburb with irregular haste, as though each time it was taken by surprise, and had no idea it would again be called upon to enlarge its boundaries. Thus the city looked like an overgrown village, and the

in an old farm-house like Shorelands, we can do as we please," they said; and, if others craved a close following of fashion and etiquette, "Surely in a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, or in a summer hotel containing more than a hundred people, we

until the September rains drove them away; husbands and fathers came in and out on the railroad-trains morning and night; wives and mothers remained there the season through; brothers and cousins visited the place occasionally; and sisters and daughters sat under



the trees talking the idle talk of midsummer, and furtively watching the road.

"A genial, good-hearted man, a man whose nature is like the winter-apple mellowed by the slow ripening of a long season, and far richer in its mature perfection than the half-developed summer fruit or the crude vintage of early fall," observed Eleanor Rarne one midsummer morning.

"Yes," said Dakota Weston, "Mr. Coast's nature is like an antique painting, as different from the raw attempts of amateurs or the unformed pencillings of beginners as he himself is different from the ordinary race of men and boys one meets at such a place as Shorelands."

"I must not be left behind if comparisons are the order of the day," said little Mrs. Starr, looking up from a doll's dress she was making for the young Starrs. "Let me see, Mr. Coast's nature is like a well-baked mince-pie. What richness! What mature crispness! Who cares for the raw, green-apple turn-overs of July? Who hankers after the underdone pumpkin-pies of November? No! give me the winter-mince, baked through and through. Give me Webster Coast, aged fifty-eight, and let any man under those figures order his tombstone immediately."

"How absurd, Janet!" said Eleanor Rarne.—"I am surprised at your laughing, Kota. Ridicule is a petty weapon, and the greatest men are ever assailed by it, since their very elevation above the crowd makes them an easy target for the buzzing arrows. For my part, I have a sincere admiration for Mr. Coast. Look at his generosity. Recall the sums he has given to the poor."

"He had them to give," replied Mrs. Starr; "he counts his dollars by hundreds of thousands."

"So much the more honor for him that they do not smother his kindly feelings, as is so often the case with rich men, Janet. And then, in addition to generosity, where can you find a more accomplished conversationalist?"

"He has never had any thing but the cream of life," said Mrs. Starr; "no wonder his words flow smoothly."

"I never liked skimmed milk," answered Eleanor, with a disdainful expression in her dark eyes; "but, even with your prejudices, Janet, you cannot deny that Webster Coast is a model of manly beauty."

"For that age, perhaps he is, Mrs. Rarne; but the appearance is so evidently the result of painstaking rules and a system of elaborate consideration for self that the effect is spoiled for me," replied the little wife, smiling to herself as she thought of her Adam, aged thirty-two, to whose good looks no aids were necessary.

"Think of his goodness, then," pursued Eleanor. "Where can you find a more beautiful little church than the one he built at Green Park?"

"Building churches may be mere ostentation," suggested Mrs. Starr.

"Come, Janet, that is too severe," interposed Dakota Weston.

"Well, Kota, I do not mean to be severe," replied Mrs. Starr; "but I cannot understand why you two invariably spend so much time every day in praising Webster Coast. It is

impossible, you know, for him to marry both of you."

"How prosaic!" said Eleanor Rarne, with a curling lip. "Such a thought would never have entered my mind, Janet."

"But he can marry both of us if Fortune is favorable. One of us may die, and then, after the usual despair, he can take the other, you know," suggested Dakota Weston, with eyes dancing with merriment.

"Prosaic I may be, Eleanor," said little Mrs. Starr, collecting her spoils; "but I have always noticed that there is no vista so long but that the feminine imagination can see a wedding at the end of it. And, as for you, Kota, your heartless speech is, I hope, due to your ignorance of the subject. A widower's grief is a sacred grief. It brings the tears to my eyes to think of my poor Adam's loneliness if I should be taken from him."

So saying, Janet Starr called her brood together, and went back to the house.

"Soft-hearted little thing!" said Eleanor Rarne, with a low, musical laugh.

"Yes, but Adam Starr seems very fond of her, and what she says is true, I presume," answered Dakota, thoughtfully.

"Of course Adam Starr is fond of her. But who is Adam Starr? A nobody, as you know very well, Kota dear. Webster Coast is a man quite beyond the ken of such a woman as Janet Starr. He, too, is kind, but his kindness has a very different flavor from the mere good-nature of Adam Starr. It is the part of jealousy and hypocrisy to decry wealth. I am no hypocrite, however, and I am frank enough to acknowledge its fascinations. O Kota! what is there in this life equal to it? Wealth, when united to a cultivated taste, and a mind with the capacity to enjoy life in its most refined aspect, gives us the perfection of existence. Think of winters spent floating down tropical rivers, with perfumes from gorgeous flowers rising in the air, and ruins old as the gods of Olympus shining white through the moonlight on shore! Think of summers in the far North by the side of mountain-brooks whose sources are among the glaciers! Think of the pictures and the music, the velvet and the diamonds, the ease of a superb city home and the delicious luxury of a life whose course rolls over gold!"

Eleanor Rarne was leaning back against a mossy bank, and speaking as if in a half-dream, but from under her drooping lashes she cast a searching glance toward her companion, who reclined opposite under a beech-tree, with her head supported by her clasped hands.

Dakota Weston had the vivid beauty of June—a blonde; but not the faintly-colored blonde who fades away into a dull pallor—a blonde; but not the tall, angular blonde who grows into a tan-colored giraffe. Dakota's eyes were blue as the deep June sky, her cheeks and lips red as the sweet June roses, and her hair yellow as the vivid gold of the June sunshine. No mere prettiness was there about her, for her features were nobly cut, her form nobly moulded, and, young as she was, there was yet a look in her deep eyes that told of the soul within. Oh, fair blossom of the June! Words cannot describe your rich

beauty; but, since words are all we have, we must take them, poor as they are, to give expression to the loving admiration we feel for you.

Lying there under the tree, the young girl listened to Eleanor's rhapsody, and the quick-coming blood suffused her cheeks as her mind followed the panorama of luxurious delights unfolded by the art of the elder woman.

"I like it all, Eleanor," she said, after a pause; "more than that, I love it. I do not know whether I ought to be ashamed or proud of the feeling which makes the surroundings of poverty so odious to me. A barren life, cramped tastes, stifled longings, and bitter disappointments, unusual to poverty, and all these things seem unnatural to me."

"They are doubly unnatural to you, Kota, because your nature requires luxury, as a flower requires sunshine. Even if I did not love you, I should dread to see your youth dwarfed by privation, and your bloom nipped by the cold hand of Care."

Dakota made no reply, her eyes closed, and she seemed lost in reverie.

"There are so many prosaic details in the life of a poor man's wife," continued Eleanor, in a musing tone. "Household labors are degrading to a delicate organization. Such a wife has no time for reading."

"I must have my reading," interrupted Dakota, still with closed eyes.

"No time for music."

"I will have my music."

"No luxuries for the table."

"Corned-beef I hate."

"Raw, ill-trained servants."

"And none at all on washing-days, with that odious smell of steam from the kitchen," added Dakota, shuddering.

"No dainty dresses," pursued Eleanor.

"Brown calico and a waterproof," said Dakota, with a groan.

"Truly, life would be hardly worth having at such a price," concluded Mrs. Rarne, with emphasis.

"Bargains on Time's cheap table, with Cupid thrown in to make weight," suggested Dakota, demurely.

Mrs. Rarne sat up and looked searchingly at her companion, but the young girl's eyes were still closed, and no smile lurked on her lips. She sank back again as she said, quietly: "But, Kota, it is all a mistake about Cupids being thrown into the bargains. He is far more likely to nestle among the silks and velvets. All other things being equal, a man loves his wife far better in fresh, lovely attire, than in faded, limp calico; and even Petrarch would not have long adored his Laura if he had seen her, day after day, washing dishes and mending his old coats."

"Oh, don't bring up those ghosts, Eleanor, I beg. For my part, I am like Mark Twain. My sympathies are for Mr. Laura; as Mark says, I don't know his other name. Did he ever get even one sonnet? Was he ever bedewed with even one tear? Not one, no, not one!"

Eleanor laughed her low, musical laugh, but there was a line between her dark eyebrows which deepened into a frown, and she turned her head away and looked out over the lake. In the distance a sailboat, putting

out from the city harbor, attracted her attention, and, quietly taking a strong opera-glass from her pocket, she scanned the schooner rapidly before the high shore, jutting out below, hid it from her sight. But the momentary view was enough, apparently, to give her a new impulse. The sail disappeared, nor would it become visible again from Shorelands grove until the last tack toward the little dock on the beach below; Mrs. Rarne had herself made the trip too many times in the same wind not to know the exact course which would be followed.

"Kota, dear," she said, after several minutes, as if rousing herself from a dreamy lethargy, "we are both of us half asleep. Come, I will arrange you luxuriously in the hammock, and fasten a parasol so as to shade your face before I go to my room for a *siesta*. You like open-air sleep, you vigorous child, but I must have more shade."

In truth, Dakota's physical nature was somewhat slumberous; she could fall asleep at any moment like a child, and awaken with like ease, for nervousness formed no part of her organization.

"Yes, the idea of the hammock is rather tempting," she answered, opening her eyes and lazily rising, by slow degrees, to her feet. In five minutes she was rocking in her nest under the beech-trees, and in ten she was fast asleep, with the sunshine flickering through the close-set leaves down upon her loosened golden hair.

Eleanor Rarne went to her room, and, after locking the door, she sat down before the mirror with the strong light full in her face, and looked at herself with scrutinizing care. She saw a woman whose youthful bloom was gone forever, and whose charm was owing to a determination to be charming. This inflexible determination goes a great way toward beauty, and, when combined with delicate tact and taste, it deceives all but the most critical eyes, and even triumphs at times over real beauty, when that beauty is simple, so strong is the perfection of art over the ignorance of simplicity. Eleanor Rarne's complexion was dark and colorless, her features irregular, and a set expression around her mouth betrayed the will which her low, modulated voice and studiously gentle manners strove to conceal. But large, dark eyes lighted up this face, and in their depths lay the magic of varied expression, now blazing anger, now dreamy softness, now shy timidity, and at rare intervals a quick upward glance, which revealed a world of love; at least, so thought he who caught it on the wing. Added to this powerful charm was the grace of her attire and attitude, and so alluring was its success that other women, beguiled by its apparent simplicity, followed in her track, and found themselves impaled on the rocks of ridiculous failure.

"If I should go to a ball dressed like a Quaker, with my hair in a plain Grecian knot, I should be a laughing-stock for the whole room," said young lady number one to young lady number two, the previous season; "and yet Eleanor Rarne does it, and the gentlemen, young and old, rave about the simplicity of the antique."

"Don't try to do any thing of the kind,"

answered young lady number two. "Eleanor has a way of bewildering people so that they see and say just what she wishes. If she should go dressed as a Turkish pacha they would rave in the same way about the gorgeousness of her oriental opulence."

The subject of these comments sat long before the mirror, and the line between her eyebrows deepened as the pitiless morning-light betrayed the want of that delicate evanescent charm which belongs to youth, and to it alone. Then she sighed, and, burying her face in her hands, gave herself the luxury of gloom for a few moments. The most determined woman has her moments of uncertainty, the strongest woman has times of yearning for some support. Eleanor Rarne's heart was failing her for fear. "Oh, my rival, my rival," she thought, bitterly. "Can I ever win the battle against such fearful odds?" Long and earnest were her musings, and gradually her will woke up again and her hopes rose. "Why should I fear her, a mere child, shallow and ignorant of life? Pretty, I grant; but a painted image is pretty, too. Surely he looks beyond mere pink and white." So the dark-eyed widow rose, and began creating one of those personations which gave her a magical charm above simple-minded women who never thought of being other than they were, and knew nothing of magnetism, will-power, and all the kindred influences which a subtle intellect uses with so much skill. Another look in the glass as the dinner-bell rang, and Eleanor Rarne was satisfied.

"What a picture you are!" said Dakota Weston, as Mrs. Rarne sauntered into the dining-room after all the guests were seated, and took her seat by the young girl's side.

"There! That is what I mean!" whispered young lady number one to young lady number two. "If I should dress myself up in that way for dinner, I should be called a lunatic."

"And a lunatic you would be, my dear," replied young lady number two, helping herself to broiled chicken. "Try to be more philosophical, and prepare yourself to hear rhapsodies about the graceful Spanish style from every man and boy about the place."

"Why, there is John Vinton!" said little Mrs. Starr. "Dora, child, don't skin the butter of your bread in that way! I wonder how he got out here at this time of day."

"I cannot imagine," replied Eleanor, indolently fanning herself. "He looks sunburned, does he not, Kota? By-the-way, how well Mr. Coast looks in that cool linen."

"White linen suits are expensive, on account of the washing," commented practical Mrs. Starr.

"Happily, Mr. Coast is not hampered by such petty considerations," said Mrs. Rarne, loftily.

After dinner (a three-o'clock dinner, as was the custom at Shorelands), groups loitered on the piazzas, or sauntered toward the grove.

"How did you get out here, Mr. Vinton?" asked Mrs. Starr; "you must have flown."

"Over the water, with snowy wings, Mrs. Starr. Weatlake, who lives beyond here, was

coming down with his schooner, and offered to take me as passenger."

"I hope you will stay a few days this time; Adam says you work too hard," continued the little wife.

"A poor man must work, you know," replied John Vinton, carelessly.

"I hate poverty," said Dakota, abruptly.

"Oh, Kota, it is you young girls who are the most pitiless realists, after all. You have no conception of heart-depths, because your hearts have not themselves been touched," said Eleanor, with a look of dreamy retrospect in her dark eyes.

Dakota's cheeks flushed. The dinner-bell had roused her from her sleep, and she had come to the dining-room just as she was in her plain morning-dress, with hair somewhat disordered, and eyes only half awake; she looked not unlike the picture Eleanor's words had called up, a school-girl ignorant of life, and untouched by any deep feeling.

"Let us go to the Nook," suggested Mr. Coast, joining the group. "I have some new books from New York, and it will be more pleasant there than it was last week, for I sent my gardener to return it, and put up some rustic seats."

"Perhaps you will wish to make some changes in your dress, Kota, dear," suggested Mrs. Rarne, in an audible whisper.

"Not I," answered Dakota, aloud. "What do I care how I look!" and, tossing back her hair, she started down the path.

"Foolish child!" thought Eleanor, in secret triumph; "she never appeared to worse advantage. It is not often that I can overshadow her young beauty, but to-day the chances are all on my side. I feel as though I should win the game;" and, thinking these thoughts, she smiled upon Mr. Coast as he opened her parasol, while John Vinton sauntered along by her side. Kota went on alone in front.

The Nook was a natural arbor formed, half-way down the lake bank, by wild grape-vines turning around the water-maples. Eleanor took her seat in a shady corner; her shapely feet in dainty black-satin boots were just visible from under her black draperies, while above was a mist of black lace with the flash of diamonds and the glow of a crimson silk vest outlining her graceful form. Mr. Coast deliberately scanned this tableau; a man of the world, rich and fastidious, he admired beauty, and that intangible charm called "style," wherever he found them, and there was a singular fascination about Eleanor that afternoon which made her seem like a new creature. "Many-sided and dramatic," he thought; "but how enticing she looks to-day! I do believe I am more than half in love with her, after all."—"I have him in my power, I see," thought Mrs. Rarne, divining, without looking, the language of Webster Coast's face. "Oh, if I could but take his fortune and throw it at John Vinton's feet! I am tempted to throw myself there, Heaven knows! This day cannot, and shall not, end as the others have. I know I shall betray myself! If it were not for that girl—but, after all, why should I fear her? My sharpest observation has not been able to detect any signs of interest on John's side. And, as for her, I can fling her over to Webster Coast,

when I am sure of my own success." In the mean while Dakota was thinking, "I don't care at all how I look! He shall see how I hate him. Flinging his poverty up in my face again! I am tired of hearing about it, and consider it positive ostentation. He always treats me as though I were given up to mercenary ideas, and I suspect he thinks I am trying to capture that odious old Webster Coast! Well, I shall take this afternoon to show him how I despise him; I shall take up the millionaire just to see how enraged he will be, and then to-morrow I will make Aunt Martha take me East, away from the whole set. But I cannot quite make out Eleanor this afternoon; I have always thought she liked Mr. Coast, and I was going to let her have him after a while. But her eyes look different to-day—can it be that she is thinking of John?" and Dakota looked gloomily at her dearest friend as this new suspicion flashed up into her mind.

During these soliloquies, John Vinton also had his, after this fashion: "They are both interested in Coast, of course. Well, it's all one to me! Luckily I don't care for either of them." But, in this, John Vinton told a lie to his own heart, and he knew it, too.

In the mean time, while these thoughts were circulating inwardly, the following words were circulating outwardly.

Eleanor: "It is a lovely afternoon."

Mr. Coast: "The afternoon is the best part of the day."

John Vinton: "Yes; I think so too."

Dakota: "It is a lovely day."

Thus do words skate over the dangerous edge of things; thus do they tide over the rocks which menace below. Blessed be words; how well they serve to hide our thoughts!

Mr. Coast read a poem, John Vinton read a story, and there was the usual inconsequent talk of lazy summer hours; but gradually a deeper current came to the surface.

"The island looks like dream-land with those purple shadows resting on it," said John Vinton, looking off over the lake.

"There are water-lilies in a little pond there," said Eleanor. "I love water-lilies; they are rich, royal flowers, so different from puny violets."

"You are not unlike a water-lily yourself," said John Vinton, looking at the regal picture before him with cool deliberation.

Mrs. Rarne colored, the deep red flushing her very forehead. Dakota saw the blush, looked at her friend a moment, and then, taking off her straw-hat, she threw it on the ground; she had wilfully seated herself in the full glare of the afternoon sun, and now its blaze lit up her falling hair and brought out all the vivid colors of her face, and the ordeal only rendered more striking the perfection of her youthful bloom. "I must have a water-lily this very night," she said suddenly. "Mr. Coast, shall we go and get one?"

"On the whole, she is the handsomest," thought Webster Coast, transferring his admiration with ready facility from meridian to dawn; "she is like an opening rose."

A pang shot through Eleanor Rarne's heart. "You will burn your face scarlet, dearest," she said, taking up the discarded

hat and placing it on her friend's head. But Kota threw it off again. "The lily, the lily!" she repeated gayly; "how shall we get it, Mr. Coast? I must have it before midnight." "I accept the quest," answered the old bachelor gallantly, "and I put up my ring as a gage."

"Oh, the perfect gem, the deep-bright, peerless beauty!" cried Dakota, looking at the superb solitaire, and making it gleam in the sunshine. John Vinton watched this scene with contemptuous eyes; it is well known that a poor man feels a lofty scorn for diamonds.

Eleanor changed her position. "Do you not intend to take part in this lily-and-diamond tournament, Mr. Vinton?" she said, with an upward glance into his face as he stood leaning against a tree near her.

"I have never been governed by whims," replied the young man, with inward wrath.

"There you show ignorance, friend John," said Webster Coast; "a woman's whims are her greatest charms."

"To you, perhaps; not to me," said John, stiffly. Eleanor's eyes sparkled. "The trumpets are sounding," she said gayly. "How will you gain the lily, Mr. Coast? Shall you summon the mermen to bear you over the water?"

"I shall drive in to town and go out in my steam-yacht," replied the millionaire; "I will take you all with me, if you like."

"Charming!" exclaimed Dakota. "You have so many resources at command, Mr. Coast! There is nothing so delightful as wealth, after all."

A woman's cruelty is pitiless. But she generally wounds herself as well as her victim; the weapon cuts both ways, and cuts the deepest where the flesh is softest.

John Vinton felt the thrust. "You must excuse me, Mr. Coast," he said, coldly; "I shall not be able to join your delightful excursion."

"Mrs. Starr would like the ride so much," interposed Eleanor. "Poor little woman, she has but few opportunities of the kind!"

"She shall go, then. I will take my open carriage and four," said Webster Coast. "Let us go back to the house and ask her."

"I will stay here and smoke a cigar, with your permission, ladies. I hope you will enjoy the drive and the sail, and obtain the lilies," said John Vinton, bowing with the best assumption of indifference he could muster.

"Of course we shall enjoy ourselves," replied Dakota, with enthusiasm. "A four-in-hand and a steam-yacht! Could any thing be more exhilarating!" So saying, she turned away with the others down the shady path, and John was left alone in the Nook.

Mrs. Starr was invited, and joyfully accepted; the carriage was brought round, and Webster Coast, with a flower in his coat, stood jauntily holding the reins over his four fine horses when Eleanor Rarne appeared with a handkerchief pressed to her forehead. "My poor head!" she murmured; "a sudden attack of neuralgia, Mr. Coast. I shall not be able to go. But you can fill up the carriage with Mrs. Starr's children, it will be a real

treat to them, poor little things, and then Kota can ride with you on the front seat."

"This is odd," thought the bachelor. "Playing right into the other one's hands! What can she mean? But I'll take her at her word, though. Kota is a blossom of a girl, and simple-minded as a child, which is more than I can say of Eleanor Rarne."

In a few moments Miss Weston appeared, freshly-attired in muslin robes.

"So sorry, dearest, but this tormenting neuralgia has come on again," said Mrs. Rarne, going through with her excuses.

"If you do not go I shall not go," replied Kota, with a suspicious glance at her suffering friend.

"Do not let my absence make any difference, dear," replied Eleanor, quickly; "Mrs. Starr and several of her children will be delighted to accompany you."

"I shall not go," repeated Dakota, decidedly.

"There is something underneath this," thought Mr. Coast; "it is evident they are both in dead earnest. Well, I'm sorry, but I cannot help it;" and the millionaire smiled with secret complacency over this contest, which he fully believed was caused in some way by rivalry for his favor. "Come, come, Miss Kota," he said aloud, "you forget your lily."

"And the diamond-gage also," added Eleanor.

"I hope, Kota dear, you are not imitating Mr. Vinton's obstinacy."

This was enough. Miss Weston was perched on the high seat in a moment, the back of the carriage was filled with little Starrs—a happy galaxy—and the four-in-hand swept away down the avenue, and turned into the broad road leading toward the city.

In the mean time John Vinton was stretched out on the turf at the Nook. He tried books; he took out his note-case and began summing up some legal matters; he lighted a cigar; but all in vain. His mind would wander off, and he anathematized himself for his folly. "Why should I care, after all?" he thought. "What are diamonds and lilies, four-in-hands and steam-yachts to me, a poor, drudging lawyer, tied to an office eight hours of every day! One thing is certain, I will not make a fool of myself. No one shall so much as suspect the truth. I rather think I can hold my own the rest of the day, and Shorelands won't see me again this summer. Venus herself shall not entrap me unless I so choose."

A rustle, a gleam, and Eleanor Rarne stood before him. "They have gone," she said, sinking down on one of the rustic seats. "Of course they did not want me, and so I have come back to hear you read a poem, Mr. Vinton."

"They have gone, did you say, Mr. Rarne?"

"Yes; they went together. I suppose you have long seen the truth, as I have, Mr. Vinton. Dear Kota, she positively needs wealth to make her happy. Such a luxurious little puss! But she will have it now." (A glance.) "The world looks very different to me, however; wealth has no charm in my eyes. I have enough for my wants, and I ask no



more. Such a man as Mr. Coast, estimable as he is, could never win my heart." (If a woman wishes to crush a man verbally, let her call him *estimable*.) "I look for a heart, a soul, akin to my own." (A sigh.) "I have wandered too long in the cold world not to know the value of a true friend," concluded Eleanor, turning her dark eyes, misty with feeling, upon Vinton's brown eyes looking up at her from his couch on the turf.

"Trying to enslave me for pastime, is she?" thought John. "Well, I see no reason why I should not amuse myself for an hour or two. This kind of sparring is about the only amusement left open to a poor man nowadays."

Half an hour afterward his thoughts changed. "Can it be possible that Eleanor Rarne has taken a fancy for me? But no; Coast is the man. How well she acts, though!"

Another hour, and the young man, fairly aroused, seized an instant to commune with himself. "Either I have lost my senses or Eleanor is losing hers! At any rate, this trifling has gone far enough. A little further and some kind of an explanation must come, and then *vae victis*!" Then aloud: "My cigars are out, Mrs. Rarne. Thank you for a delightful conversation. When I go back to my dingy office, I shall often think of this afternoon—often recall your figure seated there, and the memory will brighten my dull labor. A man like me has little else besides memories, you know. Shall I carry back the books and your shawl? No? Well, then, farewell. I shall see you this evening." Thus John Vinton bowed himself away from the enchantress, and Eleanor sat alone in the Nook, with the bitter certainty of failure chilling her heart; she had shot her last arrow, and missed the mark.

We will not laugh at her. Some of the bitterest disappointments are those which come after the flush of youth is gone; some of the deepest loves are those which come after the meridian of life—beauty's life—is passed.

Married when scarcely more than a child, a widow when still youthful, Eleanor Rarne had lived on the surface of existence, winning general admiration, and amusing herself with the cream of society's pleasures for many bright years. But her time had come, as it comes to all with any depth of feeling, and John Vinton, a poor lawyer, with nothing in his favor save his own sturdy personality, had involuntarily become her Nemesis. "Oh, why, why am I powerless to win him?" she thought, as she sat with her face buried in her hands. "He little knows how I could love him! Oh, wretched woman that I am, what can I do?"

In the late twilight a four-in-hand came up the Shorelands avenue. At the entrance of the hotel it paused, an astonished and sulky millionaire handed down a defiant and ill-tempered young lady, who forthwith proceeded into the house, leaving the galaxy to clamber out as best they could.

"Heavens and earth!" thought Webster Coast, as he sought a secluded corner of the back piazza to smoke a soothing cigar, "would anybody have imagined such a tem-

per? Wasps, gnats, and mosquitoes, are nothing to Dakota Weston! What a ride! But I am well out of it—well out of it!" and the perturbed old bachelor wiped his glowing face, and sent in for a refreshing compound, served in a tumbler.

A fine-looking man, with hearty health, Webster Coast enjoyed life and enjoyed his wealth with good-natured selfishness. When it caused him no trouble, he would assist a friend; but, in general, he preferred sitting still and receiving the homage which came to him from all sides. "Some time I will marry," he said to himself, "but there is no hurry." He thought he had only to choose among the fairest in the land; and may not his egotism be pardoned, when we reflect how ready are the fairest in the land to be chosen—by millionnaires?

Eleanor Rarne was lying on a couch in her room, devoured by bitter thoughts. A knock at the door roused her.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It is I, Dakota Weston; let me in," said an imperative voice.

The name was enough. As though she was set with new springs, Mrs. Rarne sprang up, smoothed her hair, rubbed her pale cheeks, and then opened the door, with a smiling face.

"Home so soon, Kota dear?" she said, sweetly, and kissed her.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" demanded the young girl.

"What a strange child you are!" said Eleanor, laughing.

"Where have you been?" repeated Dakota, standing in the middle of the room, and eying her friend sternly. Her cheeks were flushed, and her beautiful eyes like stars; looking at her beauty, a sudden revulsion swept over Mrs. Rarne. "She shall suffer, too!" she thought, vengefully.

"Out in the Nook, dear Kota," she replied. "Mr. Vinton and I were there together all the afternoon."

"And your neuralgia?" pursued Dakota, with withering emphasis.

"Oh, it passed off under the influence of the warm sun, and—and Mr. Vinton's conversation. Don't press me to answer you more explicitly, you inquisitive darling; but, tell me, did you enjoy the excursion?"

"Extremely! Ask Mr. Coast."

"Of course, Mr. Coast was pleased?" said Eleanor.

"No, he was not, Eleanor Rarne. He was a miserable millionaire, if that is possible."

"Well, Kota," replied Mrs. Rarne, sweeping round on a new tack. "I am very sorry, indeed I am; but what can I do? I have tried my best to subdue the poor man's infatuation for me, and I stayed home from the ride for that very reason. Really, my life will soon become a burden, if I am to be pursued so constantly by despairing lovers."

Dakota stood, as the French say, suffocated by this calm assumption; evidently dawn was no match for meridian. "Do you mean to insinuate that John Vinton," she began, and then paused. "Do you mean to insinuate that Webster Coast," another pause. "What do you mean, Eleanor Rarne?"

"Nothing, dearest. How excited you are to-night!"

"Where is John Vinton now?" asked Dakota, abruptly.

"Down on the beach," replied Eleanor, guessing at probability in order to appear to know the certainty. The young girl went to the window, which commanded a partial view of the shore; in the dusky twilight she saw a little sail-boat starting from the dock.

"The men have all gone into town to see the circus, and the evening train is not in. Who can be in that boat?" she asked, impetuously.

Eleanor Rarne came to the window also "I do not know," she said, with her heart chilled by the language of Dakota's face.

"It is John Vinton; he is going out for a sail!" cried Kota, straining her eyes to see through the haze. "And the danger-flag is flying in town; that is the reason the steam-yacht did not go out."

Eleanor turned, and gave her companion a strange look. "Suffer, shallow child!" she thought, bitterly. "Suffer as I am suffering, if you can! Yes, it is John Vinton," she added, aloud, "and he knows nothing about sailing. That boat is sure to capsize if there is a gale coming up."

But Dakota was out of the room and house like a flash, and Mrs. Rarne saw her muslin draperies fluttering down the path toward the beach.

She followed, but the instant's delay was fatal; Kota was already in her skiff, with the rope cast off, and her oars in hand. Eleanor grasped the bow, which was drawn up on the beach. "Come back, Kota," she cried; "you shall not go!"

"I will go," answered the young girl. "You know I can manage the skiff perfectly, Eleanor. Loose your hold."

"You can never reach him, silly child."

"Yes, I can. The breeze is dying down before the storm; I can reach him before the squall strikes. Let go, Eleanor."

"I will not let go," cried the older woman, tightening her grasp. "You shall never reach him, Dakota Weston."

Red rose in the young girl's cheeks, and her form dilated with anger, as she stood balancing herself on the seat, with an oar held high in the air. "Loose your hold, or I will strike," she cried, with gleaming eyes.

Mrs. Rarne's arms dropped by her sides. "Even if you do reach him, you will both be lost," she called, as the boat shot out to sea.

"What do I care, if I am with him," said the voice, coming back over the water. And this was the bitterest drop of all, for Eleanor Rarne would gladly have said the same; but even this desperate chance was withheld from her reach.

The wind had died away, and there was an ominous stillness in the sky; the lake was like a dark mirror, and out in the west a mass of black clouds, and a white line on the water, showed the incoming squall. Dakota bent to her oars. She rowed well, with a long stroke and practised dip, and the muscles on her rounded arms, and her vigorous physique, did good service. She was a skilled oarswoman, and often had she distanced the white-handed gentlemen who visited Shorelands; but now

the race was for life, and, bold as she was, she did not like to look toward that fearful white line in the west, which she knew was coming rapidly toward her.

Long strokes, and the little skiff flew over the still lake. Would that dim sail never seem nearer! The twilight darkened, and the clouds deepened the darkness. "John is near-sighted," she thought; "he can see nothing in this gloom. Oh, help me, kind Heaven, or I shall never reach him." Long strokes, and breath coming in throbs. "He knows nothing about sailing, Eleanor said. I wonder how she knew. Oh, that dreadful white line! John, John, how could you go out at such a time!" Another look at the sail-boat; it is certainly nearer, and seems to be motionless. But the squall is nearer, too. No time for further thought. Heart, mind, and body, went into those oars; the darkness deepened, and the inky lake began to heave in long swells before the coming tempest. One more effort, and the goal is reached. "John, John," said an exhausted voice, "I have come to help you;" and the skiff floated up alongside.

"Good Heavens, Kota—Miss Weston—is it you?" exclaimed John Vinton, in blank astonishment. "Out here at this hour! Didn't you see the squall coming?"

"Yes; but you didn't," gasped the breathless oarswoman, almost speechless with fatigue.

"I didn't? What do you mean? But never mind now. Step up on the seat, and let me lift you in here. There, now you are safe. The squall is almost upon us, but do not be alarmed. We shall weather it out easily."

"I came out to help you; I know all about sailing," began a trembling voice. "Oh, there comes the squall! Oh, what shall we do?" and the bold mariner sank down in the bottom of the sail-boat, and buried her face in her hands.

Squalls on the Western lakes are often dangerously violent, and so well is this fact known that pleasure-yachts are rare, and, even in fair-weather regattas, provision is made for the customary capsize, and the dripping navigators, after more or less time in the water, come dismally home on a tug. But the Scud, the Shorelands sail-boat, proved equal to her name, and, under the skilful management of John Vinton, she flew over the water, tilted over on one gunnel, and, beyond shipping a sea or two, escaped without harm, and, getting under the lee of the island, was run ashore safely. Then John jumped into the water, hauled the bows up on the beach, and lifted out his would-be preserver, who lay half fainting in his arms. It was quite dark, the wind blew furiously, but no rain fell.

"It will be only a flurry after all," said John, as he put Kota down behind the shelter of some thick bushes. "But we shall be obliged to stay here until it is over. I am sorry; it will be very unpleasant," added the hypocrite, sitting down and interposing his broad shoulder as an addition to the shelter of the bushes.

"Oh, I do not mind it, as long as you—as long as we are safe," murmured a voice strangely unlike the defiant Miss Weston.

"And now tell me how you came to venture out in your skiff at such a time, Kota," pursued John, adding the name to the shoulder, with an audacity which no doubt surprised himself—at least it ought to have done so.

"Oh, the danger-flag was up in town—even the steam-yacht could not go out—and, when I came back, I heard—that is, I was told—I mean, I saw you starting in the Scud—and I knew—that is, they told me that you knew nothing about sailing—and so—and so—and so, of course, I could not let you drown before my eyes," said Dakota, trying to bring out a dramatic climax.

John Vinton burst out into a laugh.

"You dear little preserver," he said. "And so she came out alone in her cockle-shell skiff, with those soft little fists, to rescue a great, strong man like me, in a steady old sail-boat like the Scud, did she?"

Dakota withdrew from the shelter of the shoulder.

"You may laugh, Mr. Vinton," she said, in a voice that trembled in spite of all her efforts at self-command, "but I really thought I was saving your life."

"And so you have saved it, though in a different way, Kota," said the young man, catching her in his arms. "My life has been sad enough for death itself lately, and I have never dared to think that I could win you. I love you, darling—love you with all my being—have loved you ever since we first met. But I am a poor man, and I thought you—well, never mind what I thought! I will never let you go now, no matter what happens."

"I do not want to go, John," murmured the voice, and an arm stole up around the young man's neck as he bent over the hidden face; there was no half-way in Dakota Weston's nature; whatever she did, she did with her whole heart.

"I have only one fault to find with you, John," she said, half an hour afterward, as they paced up and down the beach.

"What is that, Kota?"

"How dared you weigh love against money? How could you so mistake me? Didn't you know that, if I loved you, I would rather have your love than all the rest of the world?"

"That is right, darling. You may find fault as much as you please now. But life is a hard taskmaster, and it is not so easy to guess at the real feelings of a young person who openly says she hates poverty, and openly parades her love for diamonds."

"And cannot you give me one diamond, John? Just one wee little diamond," pleaded the voice.

"I am afraid I cannot, dear," answered honest John, with a strange pang at his heart as he spoke.

"Oh, you foolish old John! How easily I can deceive you. Do you suppose I want diamonds when I have you?" And, standing on tiptoe, with tears in her eyes, Dakota gave her lover her first kiss.

"I wonder what they are thinking at Shorelands," said Kota, some time afterward. "I suppose Aunt Martha is perfectly distracted about us."

"Who cares?" said that heartless lover.

"O John! that is cruel. Aunt Martha is a dear, kind woman at heart."

"A little rough on the surface sometimes, isn't she, Kota? Perhaps she is not fond of poor lawyers, though."

"She is fond of me, and she will like what I like, sir."

"Love me, love my dog," I suppose," quoted John.

"Let us build a fire here on the beach, to show them we are safe," suggested Kota.

"Mr. Coast, you know, will be so anxious, poor man," said John, gayly. He could afford to jest now.

"Mrs. Rarne, too," added Dakota, but not so gayly; those magnetic, dark eyes still seemed to menace in the distance.

The fire was soon built of dry brush, but Kota was very silent; the excitement which had sustained her died away, and memory began to work. John Vinton, in a state of happy exaltation, laughed, jested, and heaped the fire with bushes, but, after a time, the silence of his companion attracted his attention, even in the midst of his high spirits.

"What is it, Kota?" he said, tenderly; "something troubles you."

To his astonishment, Dakota burst into a flood of tears, sobbing as though her heart would break. In great perplexity, poor John tried to soothe her, but, the more he tried, the more violent seemed her grief. Exhausted with the rowing, worn with excitement and its subsequent reaction, there was nothing for it but a good cry, as girls say. But John was not versed in the ways of girls, and he was reduced to a state of abject humility, when, of her own accord, Dakota wiped her eyes, and her sobs ceased.

"What was it, Kota?" asked the lover, with a beating heart; he thought nothing less than a final renunciation was coming.

"Eleanor Rarne said—oh, oh—she said—she actually told me that her neuralgia passed off under the influence of your conversation," murmured Kota, with symptoms of a relapse.

"Is that all?" exclaimed John, with a sigh of relief. "Well, Kota," he continued, with a short laugh, "her neuralgia certainly passed off, and with a vengeance, I should say. Mrs. Rarne is a strange person; this very afternoon she allowed me to infer that you were engaged to Mr. Coast."

"John, that woman loves you!"

"No, I do not think that. But she craves admiration from all quarters."

"John," repeated Kota, solemnly, "I tell you that woman loves you."

"Well," answered John, smiling to himself a little glimmer of a complacent smile, "what if she does? I cannot help it, can I?"

"I hate her!" said Kota, vehemently.

"So do I, then," answered John, sturdily.

"And now, Miss Weston, how about Mr. Coast?"

"Oh, that was nothing!" said Kota, hastily. "I regarded him in the light—in the light of a father—"

"Gay old father," commented John, *adieu* voce.

"Mr. Coast is an accomplished, pleasant man," pursued Kota, "and I like him very much."

"So do I, then," said John. "From henceforth I propose to regard him in the light of a dear and venerated grandfather!"

"You absurd John," said Kota, laughing.

"O bewildering siren! Is this the way you are discussed and discarded?"

O princely Monte Cristo! Is this the way you are ridiculed and relinquished?"

Before eleven o'clock a boat manned by a strong crew came out from Shorelands and took back the shipwrecked mariners; but, before she left the island, Dakota sent her lover to gather a lily from the little pond.

As the two entered the brilliantly-lighted hall of the hotel they met Webster Coast and Mrs. Rarne. Eleanor was attired in sweeping robes of rose color, and on her hand glittered the royal solitaire. Mr. Coast's face was a strange mixture of exultation and bewilderment; it was evident he had taken the fatal plunge at last, and floundered somewhat in the unknown waters.

Dakota's eyes were vivid with happiness, and her face shone with peach-blossom bloom; she stopped full under the chandelier.

"You see I got the lily after all, Eleanor," she said, holding up the closed flower.

Mrs. Rarne moved her hand so that the gem flashed like a ray of light; her face was serene, and her voice even and sweet.

"And I took the diamond," she replied, calmly, and swept away with her conquest.

The next day the world, the wise world of Shorelands, commented in whispers with its usual sagacity.

"Poor Kota Weston," it said; "after all, she will have to give up Mr. Coast. Her aunt will be bitterly disappointed. Well, it only shows that manoeuvres will not always succeed. Mrs. Rarne is a fascinating woman, isn't she? By-the-way (don't mention this for the world), I suspect that John Vinton was a rejected suitor of hers. That was the reason he went off in that boat yesterday; desperation, you know! I have always noticed that he was desperately in love with her; haven't you? Well, then, when he was just in that state of mind, out goes that wild Kota Weston in a skiff after him. What could he do? Of course, he had no other alternative but to let her get up a sort of half engagement. But, mark my words, Mrs. Brown, there is no real love there. If we want real love, we must turn to Webster Coast and that beautiful Mrs. Rarne!"

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

## LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

SHORN of their antique pageantry, and bereft of their ancient significance, the procession of the lord-mayor and corporation of London, from the city to the Queen's Court, at Westminster, every 9th of November, with the subsequent banquet at the Guildhall, yet remain events of considerable importance in the eyes of most Englishmen.

London, on that day of all others, is prepared to deck itself with flags, and to enliven the November dulness of its streets with

martial music; to ring joyous peals from countless steeples, and to clothe the thoroughfares with mediæval pageants and countless spectators. Besides which, the after-dinner speeches at the inauguration banquet—to which all the cabinet-ministers are invited—are expected to explain the policy of the Imperial Government, for the year next ensuing.

This annual *fête* of municipal London may have little in it now to appeal to the respect of those who, in this age of utilitarianism, are inclined to sneer at "old institutions," and "the ways and manners of our ancestors;" but, when viewed by the light of other days, the celebrations have much in them to command our attention. In an age gone by, when the law of trading was little understood and ill defined, a mayor was a person of some importance. He was the king of a city, and poets of no mean fame celebrated his election, and invented pageantry for exhibition in the streets and halls, rivalling the court-masques in regal splendor. In the great struggle that overthrew feudalism, the most important combatants were those engaged in the difficult conduct of trade between the great Continental and other cities of Europe. The poor nobility, and their proud and impoverished descendants, for the most part lived only by rapacious tolls exacted from merchantmen passing through their territory, or by the castles over which they held the supreme command. Traders were frequently seized, and their merchandise detained until a large ransom had been extorted; sometimes they were robbed and murdered outright. The "robber-knights" of Germany were the terror of all travellers by land; and boats navigating the Rhine or Danube were compelled continually to pay toll on passing the strongholds of the nobles situated on their banks.

The law at that time was powerless to punish the offenders, and sovereigns scarcely ever thought it worth their while to interfere with armed force on behalf of mere traders. It became, therefore, necessary for merchants to band themselves together for self-protection, and to pay for armed escorts, as they do now in many parts of the East. This, in its turn, led to the formation of trading-leagues—ending in the famed Hanseatic League of the North-German States—which first established trade on a firm basis, and gave to the people wealth and municipal institutions. In course of time *hôtels-de-ville* and mayoralties came to be established, and these soon outrivalled the *châteaux* and stately pomp of the old nobility. The magistrates, chosen by popular voice to protect the municipality, were inaugurated with popular ceremonies, and such public celebrations took the same place in the estimation of the people as did the court ceremonies and tournaments in that of the aristocracy. By-and-by the wealthy traders became as proud as the nobles, and rivalled or outdid them on all occasions where public display was needful. We have only to carry ourselves back to that period of English history when Henry of Agincourt was seated on the throne of England, and Sir Richard Whittington was Lord-Mayor of London, to be assured of this fact. Speaking of the entertainment given by the "thrice Lord-Mayor of London" to his sovereign, at the Guildhall, the

chroniclers of the time inform us that "never before did a merchant display such magnificence as then was exhibited." There were precious stones to reflect the lights from the chandeliers. Choicest fish, exquisite birds, delicate meats, were on the tables in rich profusion. Choirs of beautiful females sang during the repast. Wine-conduits ran through the streets. Rare confections and precious metals were presented to the guests, and there was altogether such a time in old London as has never been seen since.

"Surely," cried Henry of Agincourt, "never had a prince such a subject! Even the fires are filled with perfumes!"

"If your highness," said Sir Richard Whittington, "inhibit me not, I will make these fires yet more grateful." As he ceased speaking, and the king, nodding, acquiesced, he drew forth a packet of bonds, and, advancing to the fire, resumed: "thus do I acquit your highness of a debt of sixty thousand pounds," and threw them into the flames.

Alf that now remains of the once splendid city pageants is the procession of the lord-mayor and the city companies of London, on the 9th of November, to Westminster, to be presented to the barons of the Court of Exchequer. At noon, on that day, the lord-mayor-elect, heralded by trumpeters in gorgeous uniform of crimson and gold, leaves the Mansion House for the Guildhall. Here, in the open space in front of the wonderful old building, the procession is marshalled, and, at a given signal, marches on its way. First the band of the Grenadier Guards, to make the old streets reëcho with its grand outbursts of military music. Then men in quaint costume bearing the distinctive banners of the great civic companies—the lormers, the skimmers, the painters, the wax-chandlers, the fishmongers, the goldsmiths, the cutlers, the grocers, the tallow-chandlers, and spectacle-makers, and many others. These are escorted at intervals by more bands of music belonging to regiments of the line, stationed in and near London. Then come the under-sheriffs, each in his state-chariot, followed by the officers of the corporation, according to degree, and preceded by footmen in state liveries. After these ride the sheriffs of London and Middlesex in state-carriages—and they are state-carriages with a vengeance—drawn by four horses, and attended each by his own chaplain. More bands of music; and now, bearing along stout poles, with banners and streamers flowing from them, appear a host of Thames watermen, clad in curious coats of scarlet and green, with huge plates of silver on their breasts. These are the winners of an annual boat-race, founded by one Doggett, many years ago a member of the Fishmongers' Company. The watermen wear "Doggett's coat and badge," a distinction much coveted by all the young watermen that ply for hire on the river Thames. After these ride the aldermen who have, and the aldermen who have not, passed the civic chair, followed by the lord-mayor resigning office, in his state-carriage, attended by mounted farriers, and by trumpeters, in state-liveries. Last of all is the lord-mayor himself, in the old state-coach of the city of London, drawn by six horses, attended by his chaplain, sword-bearer, and

mace-bearer, escorted by a troop of cavalry, and preceded by the band of a regiment of the Life Guards. Servants in gorgeous state-liveries, with the city marshal in his uniform of scarlet and gold, bring up the end of the procession.

Such is a brief description of all that now remains of the once pompous shows of the metropolis of Old England. The presentation to the judges of the Court of Exchequer—an interesting memento of the state of things after the Norman conquest of England—has now no historical significance at all. The lord-mayor-elect is simply introduced by the recorder of London to the judges in a flowery speech; the senior baron present on the bench congratulates the chief city magistrate on his attaining to the dignity; the mayor invites the judges to the banquet; and, after a few other formalities of a like nature in each of the other courts of law, the ceremonies, so far as “Westminster” and the “Queen’s Court” is concerned, are at an end. The procession—now joined by the lady-mayorress in her state-chariot—makes its way back to the city in the same order in which it set out.

The inauguration banquet at the Guildhall is now the great feature of the day, and yet retains something of feudal magnificence in its character. The lord-mayor and his distinguished guests—the great officers of state, the queen’s ministers, and the foreign ambassadors—advance to the feast by sound of trumpets. The huge barons of beef, borne in procession from the kitchen the evening before, stand upon lofty pedestals in the middle of the hall, guarded by portly cooks in the city livery. The tables are weighed down by profuse display of costly plate, and decorated with wonderful designs in curious confectionery. Bands of military musicians play in the galleries during the time the company is at dinner. And the superb dresses and official costumes of those present give additional brilliancy to a scene already one of the most striking the imagination could devise. Since 1501 these annual feasts have been held in the Guildhall of the city of London, and for some centuries it was the custom for the king to come to the mayor’s banquet. Curious are the tales that are told of those good old times when prince and subject thus made merry together. When Sir Robert Clayton (the prodigious rich scrivener, as Evelyn terms him) entertained his sovereign in 1674, both got so merry at the feast that the mayor lost all notion of rank, followed the king, who was about to depart, and insisted on his returning “to take t’other bottle.” Charles good-humoredly allowed himself to be half-dragged back to the banqueting-hall, singing the words of an old song as he went—

“The man that is drunk is as great as a king,” and gratified the hospitable desires of his convivial host.

A loose familiarity was indulged in by the citizens of those days rather startling to our modern ideas of courtly etiquette.

In 1687 James II. dined with the lord-mayor, and introduced the papal nuncio at the foreign ambassadors’ table for the last time in England. The pageants for the day were got up, as the city-poet declared, to express “the many advantages with which his

majesty has been so graciously pleased to indulge all his subjects, though of different persuasions.” The worth of this poet’s flattery may be judged from the fact that the song he composed in honor of James was used in praise of William of Orange two years afterward, when he and his queen honored the civic feast with their presence. Kings no longer present themselves at the inauguration banquet, though it is yet customary to extend the hospitality of the city of London to any foreign potentate who may happen to be visiting England on the day of the lord-mayor’s feast. It is a marvellous scene that—the Guildhall of London on the 9th of November. Let us peep into it at, let us say, the hour of ten, on Lord-Mayor’s Day. Crowds of workmen are busy laying down matting and carpets, hanging up flags and festoons, arranging guns and cutlasses in fancy devices over the doors, setting out pots of flowers and boxes of shrubs, nailing, sawing, planing, and hammering, so that all may be splendid, dazzling, and gorgeous, when the company begins to arrive at six o’clock. Table-cloths and napkins are being brought in on the shoulders of stout porters in bales. The plate is being served out of a wagon. Legions of waiters are laying acres of damask-cloth upon a vast perspective of festive tables. Two plates, a commensurate number of knives, forks, and glasses, and a little gilt fruit-stand, are being placed for each of the fifteen hundred of the lord-mayor’s guests. Every thing is being done in military order, and with military precision. The regiment of waiters advance at the word of command and execute “plates;” at another word of command they advance and place on the “glasses;” at another “flower-stands;” and so on.

As for the good things for the feast:—The turtle down below in the kitchen is already bubbling in a hundred pots. Forty of these huge reptiles have been slaughtered to make two hundred and fifty tureens of soup. Here is a store-room filled with cakes and jellies; there is one devoted to fowls, and pea-hens, and pheasants, and woodcocks, and ducks, and goslings, ready trussed for the spit; a third, a very large apartment, is purple with hundreds of bunches of hot-house grapes. Grapes on the floor, grapes on the chairs, grapes on the tables, grapes everywhere. A step farther on is a room filled with bottles of Champagne - Epernay and Veuve Clicquot; next it is another, in which are arranged hundreds of bottles of the wines of Southern France, the Rhine, Spain, and Madeira. Piled up in every available spot are sirloins of beef, savory pies, jellies, cheeses, and little dainty rusks of bread. There is good old ale for those who may call for it. Every thing is being done, as the play-bills have it, “on a scale of magnificence never before attempted, and utterly regardless of expense.”

Hey, presto! A shake of the kaleidoscope. The whole scene has changed. It is just six o’clock. Chaos has given place to Order. The magnificent old building is now lit up for the banquet. The lighting of the vast hall with gas is by stars, mottoes, and devices of six or seven thousand jets in the large, painted windows. The architectural lines of

the edifice are marked out with gas-jets. At the end of the hall, over the lord-mayor’s chair, is a stupendous crystal star, and a Prince-of-Wales’s plume, in spun glass, nine feet high. From the roof hang two painted chandeliers, each twelve feet in diameter. And the whole of this flood of gas-light is poured down upon the dazzling field of damask, plate, glass, and flowers, on the tables below. The halls and corridors are now neatly draped, the pictures are hung, the statues have taken their places, the flowers and shrubs have been tastefully disposed around them, and every thing, most miraculously it seems, has found its proper place. Nothing now remains but for the company to sit down.

Another shake of the kaleidoscope. Half-past six o’clock. The silver trumpets are sounding, and the distinguished guests, male and female, are passing onward in a glittering stream to the reception-room. The cabinet-ministers are in official uniform—blue coat, with a great deal of gold collar, and ribbons and stars. The judges are in their scarlet gowns, wigs, and square, black caps. The lord-chancellor is one mass of black silk, and gold, and horsehair. The foreign ambassadors are in wonderful uniforms of dark blue and gold and of dark green and gold, blazing all over with decorations. There are foreign consuls in abundance; and military men in scarlet, and blue, and black, and green; and naval men crisp with bullion; and barristers in black-silk gowns and full-bottomed wigs; and gentlemen in court-costume of black velvet; and ladies with wonderful tiaras of family diamonds. The glittering throng passes on, crushing, pushing, shoving—through the pretty corridors draped with red, blue, and white, to the room where the lord-mayor receives his company. The “industrious apprentice” is there, smiling and affable, on a raised dais of crimson cloth, with a gold chair of state behind him; on his right the lady-mayorress, his wife; on his left a throng of the most distinguished citizens of London. Industry, frugality, and skill, seconded by good fortune, have helped to place the “industrious apprentice” where he now stands—the chief magistrate of the wealthiest city in the world, and Lord-Mayor of London. Each new-comer is introduced to his lordship by the city chamberlain, and, as any one of especial dignity arrives, his coming is heralded with loud outbursts of applause by the assembled company.

At seven, more silver trumpets sound, and the lord-mayor, with his distinguished guests, passes through the hall to dinner.

Was there ever such a dazzling scene? Hush! The old Latin grace is being sung by a choir of distinguished singers in the quaint old Gothic gallery, the company all up-standing. And now the feast commences. What a Babel! Eight thousand changes of plates are to be used. What a fearful clatter! Two hundred dozen of champagne is to be drunk. What a popping of corks this will necessitate! Two hundred waiters are hurrying about. What indescribable confusion! Fifteen hundred guests have to be served. Will they ever get what they want? The bill of fare is a grand one, and there are at least five



good hours before midnight; no doubt every one will get his fill. By-and-by a stentorian voice shouts from the upper end of the hall: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, please silence for my lord-mayor." When every thing is quiet, again the stout voice is heard: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, my lord-mayor drinks to you all in a loving cup." Whereupon the lord-mayor rises from his chair, and, with a huge silver tankard of spiced drink in his hands, drinks; turning to his neighbor on his right, he bows to him, wipes the rim of the tankard with the damask cloth around it, and passes it on to him. The right-hand neighbor bows, faces about, drinks, bows to his right-hand neighbor, wipes the rim of the tankard, and passes it on to him. And so it goes right through the whole of the fifteen hundred—one tankard to the right, another to the left. Before either tankard has got half through, the voice is again heard: "Please silence for my lord-mayor." And then up rises the lord-mayor, very nervous perhaps, and stammering a little, and playing with his fruit-knife may be, and gives the toast of the "Queen." The great company stands. The voice is again heard: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, please to charge your glasses. The Queen." Crash, grand crash, loud crash; the national anthem; and now the company sits down again. Yet toasts, and more toasts, and then the health of the queen's ministers is proposed and drunk. Now all are on the *qui vive* to know what Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Lowe, or some other official of high rank, has to say. If the subject is a pleasant one to speak upon, the company "cheers" the speaker loudly; if otherwise, no great notice is taken. About eleven, or half an hour past that time, all the toasts are got through, and by midnight most of the company have left, and the lord-mayor is on his way to his new home at the London Mansion-House.

C. EYRE PASCOE.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

THE sudden resolution which Kane Hellmuth had taken was not without a sufficient cause. The connection which Mrs. Klein's information had established between the children of Bernal Mordaunt and Mordaunt Manor gave rise to numerous suspicions in his mind. If they were the heiresses of Mordaunt Manor, then there was supplied that which his mind had long sought after—namely, a motive for the plot against Inez, and for that plot in which it now appeared that Clara had been involved. Yet, if this were so, why had not Clara known it? If Mordaunt Manor was her home, why had she never said so? The

only answer to this lay in Mrs. Klein's incoherent remarks about "lies" which were told her, so that she didn't know her own father's house. She may have left it at so early an age that she had no certainty about its being her home, and afterward may have been made to believe that it belonged to some one else.

In any case, however, it now seemed to Kane Hellmuth that Mordaunt Manor itself was the best place for him to go to. If it belonged to Bernal Mordaunt, he himself would be more likely to be there than anywhere else; and, if he was not there, he might find out where he really was. If Kevin Magrath's plot really had reference to this, he might possibly find out there something about him. Or, if neither of these could be found, there was a remote probability that he might hear something about Bessie. For all these reasons, then, and for others which will afterward appear, Mordaunt Manor seemed to him to be by far the best place that could be found for a centre of operations.

On reaching Keswick he stopped at the inn, where he obtained answers to all the questions that he chose to ask; and these answers filled him with amazement. In these answers there was communicated to him a number of facts which were incomprehensible, bewildering, overwhelming!

The first thing that he learned was that Bernal Mordaunt had returned home after an absence of years, and, after a brief decline, had died there.

Moreover, he had been welcomed home by his daughter.

This daughter had herself come home but a short time before, after an absence of years.

This daughter had cheered the declining days of the feeble old man, had given herself up to him with a devotion and a tender love that was almost superhuman. In that love the old man had solaced himself, and he had died in her loving arms.

Moreover, the name of this daughter was *Inez Mordaunt*!

This Inez Mordaunt had filled men of every degree with admiration for her beauty, her fascinating grace, her accessibility, her generosity, and, above all, for her tender love and unparalleled devotion to her aged father.

This Inez Mordaunt also had married a man who was worthier of her than any other; he was also a resident of the county, and thus she would not be lost to the society which admired her so greatly and so justly. Her father had hastened on the marriage before his death, so that he should not leave her alone in the world. Even after her marriage this noble daughter showed the same deathless devotion to that father for whom she had done so much.

The happy man who had won so noble a woman for his wife was Sir Gwyn Ruthven, of Ruthven Towers.

All this is familiar to the reader, but all was not familiar to Kane Hellmuth. One by one these facts came to him like so many successive blows—blows of tremendous power—blows resistless, bewildering, overwhelming, falling upon his soul in ever-accumulating

force, until the last one descended and left him in a state of utter confusion and helpless uncertainty.

With the first fact he was able to grapple. It was intelligible that Bernal Mordaunt had, after all, come home, here, to Mordaunt Manor. It was intelligible that he had reached his home weak and worn out; and that he had died. It was intelligible and probable that Bernal Mordaunt was now dead, and buried, and that his remains were actually in the family vaults of Mordaunt Manor.

So far, so good; but now, when Kane Hellmuth advanced thus far on this solid ground, and looked out beyond, he found every thing misty, gloomy, uncertain, chaotic, and unintelligible.

What was the meaning of this daughter? She had reached home not long before her father. He had recognized her. He had found happiness in her. Her love and devotion for him was spoken of as something nearly superhuman. Had Bernal Mordaunt, then, another daughter?

The name of this daughter was Inez Mordaunt.

Inez Mordaunt! But he had left Inez Mordaunt in Paris, where she had been decoyed by letters forged in the name of her father, Bernal Mordaunt. What Inez Mordaunt was this?

Could his Inez—his sister Inez—be mistaken? Impossible. His Inez was the sister of his Clara. The likeness between them was so extraordinary that he had stopped her in the street, and carried her senseless to his lodgings. Since then he had heard her whole story. He had the testimony of Mrs. Klein to the identity of his Inez with her who was once called Inez Wyverne. His Inez was the sister of his lost Clara beyond a doubt.

Were they, or were they not, the children of Bernal Mordaunt? He knew that they must be. His Clara was, he knew; and that Inez was, he also knew.

Could there be two Bernal Mordaunts? One, the father of his Inez; the other, the father of this strange Inez here? Impossible. Mrs. Klein's testimony pointed to Mordaunt Manor as the home of Clara and of Inez. But, if so, why had not his Clara known this in her life? Or was a creature like Mrs. Klein to be trusted in any thing whatever? Might he not have come here on a fool's errand?

No.

The answer to this lay in Kevin Magrath's plots, and in the fact that Mordaunt Manor alone formed a sufficient cause and motive for them. Without Mordaunt Manor he was an insane schemer; with Mordaunt Manor he was a villain aiming at a magnificent prize.

But, if this was so, what part had he in the magnificent prize? Was it not already held by this other Inez, this wonder among women, this pious daughter, this paragon? And what was there in common between her and one like Kevin Magrath? Yet Bernal Mordaunt had come home, from his years of exile and sorrow, to Mordaunt Manor, and there was his daughter Inez to welcome him, his daughter whom he loved, and in whose arms he died.

\* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

But beyond all these bewildering and contradictory facts lay another which produced upon Kane Hellmuth's mind an effect so strong that it may be called the climax of them all.

This Inez Mordaunt had married Gwyn Ruthven. They were living now at Ruthven Towers.

Over this, Kane Hellmuth brooded long and solemnly. In this last fact he saw that which would open to him a way by which all the others would be made plain. Yet the way was not one which he would have chosen. He would rather have tried any other way. It came in opposition to his self-inflicted punishment. It would terminate the silence of years. It would put an end to that seclusion in which he had thrust himself, and draw upon him the glare of day. Thus far he had been, as he called himself, *a dead man*—this would force him to rise from the dead.

This was not what he wished. But it was too late to go back. He had set forth in this path. The way now lay straight before him to Ruthven Towers, to Gwyn Ruthven and his wife, who had called herself Inez Mordaunt. Could he now turn back? Dare he do it?

He dare not. For the sake of Inez, whose wrongs were still in his mind, for the sake of his lost wife, who also had suffered wrongs that seemed to have come from the same source from which had flowed the wrongs of Inez; for his own sake, too; for every reason that can animate a man to action he felt himself impelled to go onward, and to penetrate this mystery.

Now, Kane Hellmuth was a man who, when he had once resolved on any course, had no other idea in his mind than a simple, straightforward, and tenacious pursuit of it till his purpose might be accomplished.

Had this other Inez Mordaunt still been unmarried, he would have avoided Gwyn Ruthven. He would have gone to her. He would have seen her, and questioned her, and thus have satisfied himself, if satisfaction had been possible. But she was now the wife of Gwyn Ruthven. Her identity was merged in his. He could not go and interrogate the wife apart from the husband. The only way to the wife lay through the husband. To the husband, therefore, he must go; and so Kane Hellmuth, on this day, set forth for Ruthven Towers and Gwyn Ruthven.

He rode on horseback.

He was scarce conscious of the scenery around him as he rode along, though that scenery was wondrously beautiful. He was considering what might be the best course of action.

By the time that he reached the gate of Ruthven Towers he had decided. After this, he was less preoccupied. He passed through the gates. He looked all around with strange feelings. He rode up the long avenue. He dismounted. He entered Ruthven Towers.

On inquiry, he learned that Sir Gwyn Ruthven was at home. He gave his name, and was shown to a large room on the right. He entered and waited.

He did not have to wait long. Sir Gwyn was prompt, and soon came down to see his visitor.

Kane Hellmuth was standing in the mid-

dle of the room. Sir Gwyn, on entering, bowed courteously. Kane bowed also. Then Sir Gwyn seemed to be struck by something in the appearance of his visitor. He looked hard at him for a moment, then he looked away, then he looked again, this time with an air of perplexity. Kane, on his part, looked at Sir Gwyn, and his stern face softened. Indeed, Sir Gwyn was one upon whom no one could look without a sense of pleasure. It was not because he was what is called handsome, not on account of any mere regularity of feature, but rather on account of a certain fresh, honest, frank expression that reigned there; because of the clear, open gaze, the broad, white brow, the air of high breeding mingled also with a boyish heartiness and simplicity. Sir Gwyn, in short, had that air which is so attractive in a high-bred boy of the best type—the air of naturalness, of frankness, of guilelessness, and generosity. For this reason, the hard look died out of Kane Hellmuth's eyes, and a gentler and softer light shone in them as they rested on Sir Gwyn.

"I hope you will excuse me for troubling you, Sir Gwyn," said Kane Hellmuth, at length, "but I have come a great distance for the purpose of making some inquiries at Mordaunt Manor. I had no idea that Mr. Mordaunt was dead until my arrival here; and, as my business is of the utmost importance, I have thought it probable that I might obtain the information that I wish from yourself, or from Lady Ruthven."

At the sound of Kane Hellmuth's voice, Sir Gwyn gave a start and frowned, and listened with a puzzled expression. He was evidently much perplexed about something, and he himself could scarcely tell what that something was.

"I'm sure," said he, "that both Lady Ruthven and myself will be happy to give you any information that we can."

"It all refers," continued Kane Hellmuth, "to the life of Mr. Mordaunt after his return home. I am well aware of his long absence. Since his return, however, it is very probable that he has spoken of these things about which I wish to ask."

"Very probably," said Sir Gwyn, slowly, with perplexity still in his face. "He was very communicative to me."

"What I should like to ask first," said Kane Hellmuth, "refers to an affair at Ville-neuve. Did Mr. Mordaunt ever mention to you any thing about the death of Mr. Wyverne at that place?"

"Oh, yes, he told me all about it."

"Thanks," said Kane Hellmuth. "What I wished to know was whether it was the same Mr. Mordaunt. I did not know but that it might have been another person. He did not give his name, and it was only my conjecture that it was he."

"It was Mr. Mordaunt himself," said Sir Gwyn. "He told me all about that occurrence, and also all about his past connection with Mr. Wyverne."

This reply settled one thing; namely, the identity of this Bernal Mordaunt with the father of his Inez.

"Thanks," said Kane Hellmuth; "and now I wish to ask one or two other things.

They refer to his family. They concern myself very nearly, or I should not ask them. They are only of a general character. Would you have any objections to tell me how many children Mr. Mordaunt had?"

"Certainly not," said Sir Gwyn. "He had two daughters, that is all. The name of the oldest was Clara."

"Clara!" said Kane Hellmuth, in a strange voice.

"The other one," continued Sir Gwyn, "was named Inez."

"Is—Clara—alive yet?" asked Kane Hellmuth, in a tremulous voice.

"No," said Sir Gwyn, "she died ten years ago."

"Ah! and the younger one, I presume, is still alive?"

"Yes, the younger one is Lady Ruthven, my wife."

"Ah!" said Kane Hellmuth.

He had heard this before. It was now confirmed. The problem remained a problem still, but he had advanced somewhat nearer to a solution, for the very reason that he had approached so much nearer to the one who had called herself Inez Mordaunt. This was her husband. He had no doubt whatever of the truth of the intelligence which he was giving to his visitor.

"One thing more, Sir Gwyn," said Kane Hellmuth, "I really must apologize for the trouble that I am giving you, and I hope you will not suppose that I am asking out of nothing better than idle curiosity. What I now wish to ask refers to your own family—your own brothers."

Kane Hellmuth paused. Again Sir Gwyn looked at him with that perplexity on his face which had already appeared there. The two thus looked at one another earnestly. Kane Hellmuth felt a pang of sadness as he looked at that noble and generous face, and thought that he might be the means of inflicting pain upon one who did not merit it; but his task had to be done, and went on:

"There were three of you, I think," said he; "Bruce, Kane, and yourself."

Sir Gwyn bowed in silence. The perplexity of his face was now greater than ever.

"Bruce died at home, I believe," continued Kane Hellmuth, "and Kane died in Paris."

"No," said Sir Gwyn.

"I have understood so."

"Mr.—ah—Hellmuth," said Sir Gwyn earnestly. "Tell me truly, were you ever acquainted with my brother Kane?"

Kane Hellmuth hesitated.

"Yes," said he, slowly, "I was, about ten years ago, in Paris."

"Do you believe that he is dead?" asked Sir Gwyn, sharply and eagerly. "I don't I never did," he continued. "I tell you I have tried everywhere to find him. Look here, there's something confoundedly queer about you, do you know? odd, isn't it? but it seems to me that we've met before, but hang me if I can remember where. I tell you I've done every thing to find my brother Kane. I've advertised. I've sent out agents. I don't believe he's dead, and I hope to meet him yet. By Jove! And, see here, if you should ever get on his track, tell him this from

me: That I am waiting for him, that I am holding this place for him, that I'd give it all up—estate, title, all, for the sake of seeing him once more. Yes, by Heaven! I would; and if I only knew where he was now I'd go to find him if I had to risk my life. I say this to you because, do you know, somehow you've got a confoundedly queer look about you, and, by Jove! you remind me of him somehow. You don't happen to be a relative of the family in any way, I suppose."

The tone in which Sir Gwyn spoke was the tone of a big, honest, warm-hearted boy. Every word went to the very heart of Kane Hellmuth. He was not prepared for this. In the course of his life he had lost much of his faith in man, and had accustomed himself to think of his brother as one who would be glad to hear of his death. He had been trying to make himself known in a gradual way, so as to ease the blow which he supposed would fall on his brother. Lo! now, to his amazement and confusion, his brother stood there offering to give up all—estates, title, yes, even life itself, if he could find him.

His head sank upon his breast. He struggled to keep down the emotion that had arisen in his soul. It was hard to restrain himself. Sir Gwyn looked at him in wonder. At length Kane Hellmuth raised his head. He fixed his eyes on Gwyn with a strange meaning. Then he spoke.

"Gwyn!" said he.

That was all.

Sir Gwyn started. Then all the truth in a moment burst upon him.

"Oh, by Heavens!" he cried. "O Heavens! Kane! Kane! Kane! By Heavens! Kane himself! You glorious old boy! Didn't I know you? didn't I feel that it was you?"

He grasped both of Kane's hands in his, and clung to them with a fervid, enthusiastic greeting, wringing them, and shaking them over and over.

"Kane, you dear, glorious old boy, where have you been wandering? and why have you stayed away so long? Haven't you seen my frantic advertisements, imploring you to come and get your own? Haven't I felt like a thief for years, holding all this when you might be wanting it? Ah, dear old boy! I know what you once had to suffer. And you might have let me had a word from you. You once used to think something of me when I was a youngster. Don't you remember how I used to look up to you as the pride, and glory, and boast, of the whole race of Ruthven's? You must remember enough about the youngster Gwyn to know that, whatever his faults were, he'd be as true as steel to you. Bruce treated you like a devil, too, and I cursed him for it to his face; and didn't you get my letter, Kane? I was only a boy at school, and I sent all I had to you—my two sovereigns—all I had, Kane. It wasn't much, but I'd have laid down my life for you."

So Sir Gwyn went on. He appeared to be half crying, half laughing. He still clung to his brother. It was the enthusiastic, the wild delight of a warm-hearted boy. As for Kane, he stood overwhelmed. He trembled from head to foot. He tore one hand away, and dashed it across his eyes.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

RUTHVEN.

THUS, then, it was that Kane Ruthven came back to the home of his fathers—to Ruthven Towers. He was a dead man no longer. He was no more Hellmuth, but Ruthven.

He had not anticipated such a reception. He was not prepared for such truth and fidelity—such an example of a brother's love. He was unmanned. He stood and wept. Yet life seemed sweeter now to him through those tears.

"Dear boy," said he at last, as soon as he had recovered himself somewhat, "don't talk to me about the estate, or the title. They are yours. Do you think I came back for them? They are yours, and they shall be yours. I gave them up years ago. I saw your notices, but I was not going to come back here. Things had happened which made wealth and rank of no importance. I have as much money as I want. I don't care about a title. You shall remain as you are now, and so will I."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" cried Gwyn. "I tell you, this estate and title have been bothering me out of my life."

"Well, then, I'll make out a paper transferring every thing to you."

"You shall do nothing of the sort."

"I will. You don't know how I am situated."

"I swear you shan't. You are the head of the Ruthvens, and I glory in you, and I long to see you in your place, old boy."

"No, Gwyn—my own place is a very different one. I have lived my life. I didn't come back to interfere with yours."

"It's no interference. Come now, Kane, don't be absurd. It's all yours, you know."

"Very well, and I hereby make it all over to you."

"I won't take it."

"You must. I'll make out the necessary papers, and then go back to my lair that I've just come out of."

"What's that? What!" cried Gwyn. "Go back! Why, you won't go back? You have come home now for good, Kane—haven't you? Go back? No, never! You are here now, and here you must stay."

"Oh, you may be sure, dear boy, we'll see one another often after this; but, for my part, I have a work to accomplish which will require all my care for some time to come, and, at present, I'm still Kane Hellmuth."

"Hellmuth! what preposterous nonsense! You're Sir Kane Ruthven of Ruthven Towers, and you shall remain so."

"No, Gwyn, my purpose is fixed and unalterable. I care nothing for such things. You can enjoy them. I have as much money as I wish. I need nothing more. You have your position, and there is your wife."

"My wife!" exclaimed Gwyn. "Ah, Kane, you little know her. Oh, how she will rejoice over this! Oh, she knows all about it! I've told her all. Oh, how glad Bessie will be! Oh, how Bessie will rejoice!"

"Bessie!"

This exclamation burst forth from Kane involuntarily. His voice was harsh and grating. He stood with staring eyes and averted face. The utterance of that one name—"Bessie"—had been sufficient to overturn all his thoughts, and thrust him back into his old bewilderment and gloom. Like lightning, a thousand thoughts swept through his mind, quickened into instant life by that one name.

This revealed all.

"The false Inez who had married his brother was Bessie. Bessie who? Bessie Mordaunt—the friend—of the true Inez; the Bessie to whom she had written, but who had refused to answer those letters of despair—Bessie!"

Gwyn noticed the change.

"What's the matter, Kane?" he asked, anxiously.

Kane drew a long breath.

"Oh, nothing!" said he. "By the way—what do you mean by 'Bessie.' I thought your wife's name was Inez."

"So it is, but it is Bessie also. Her full name is Inez Elizabeth Mordaunt. She was living with the Wyvernes, however, at London, you know, where I first became acquainted with her, and they all called her Bessie to prevent confusion, for there was another Inez—Inez Wyverne—a distant relative of hers. So, I knew her as Bessie, and I've called her Bessie ever since. Inez is a pretty name, but it seems unfamiliar to me."

All this was terrible to Kane. It confirmed what had been told him. Inez Wyverne was Inez Mordaunt. Bessie had taken her place. Had Bessie betrayed her? Inez loved her still, and trusted in her. Was it possible that Bessie was a traitor, or had she only been mistaken? But, then, Bernal Mordaunt must himself have received Bessie as his daughter!

Kane Ruthven feared the worst. And there came to his heart a sharp and sudden pang. If Bessie should prove to be the traitor, the impostor, which he now imagined her to be, then what wrong would have been done to this noble, this generous heart! Here was this true and loyal soul, this matchless brother, with his faithful love, his unsullied nature, his young, pure life, linked to one whose character must be terrible. Could he go on further when his path would only serve to darken this brother's life? He shuddered, he half recoiled. How could he dare? His brother had taken a serpent to his bosom. Could he open his brother's eyes, and show him all?

Just at that moment, in the midst of such gloomy and such terrible thoughts as these, there came a sound which penetrated like sudden sunshine through all the clouds of suspicion and terror that were lowering over the soul of Kane Ruthven, a sudden sound, sweet, silvery, musical—a sound of laughter that was childish in its intonations—a peal of laughter that was full of innocence, and gaiety, and mirth.

Then followed a voice—

"Aha, you runaway! So, here you are! and it's myself that's been the heart-broken wife. Really, I began to think that you'd deserted me, so I did. Come, sir, give an account of yourself. How dare you leave me for a whole half-hour!"

The new-comer suddenly stopped. She saw a stranger there.

At the first sound of her silvery, musical laugh, Kane Ruthven started, and looked up.

He saw before him a vision of exquisite loveliness. It was a young lady—who looked like a very young girl, a blonde, with large eyes of a wonderful blue, with a face of indescribable piquancy, with golden hair, flowing in rich masses over her shoulders, with a dress of some material as light as gossamer. This was the one whose laugh had penetrated to his ears, who now came lightly forward with these words addressed to Gwyn.

Gwyn, too, had started at her entrance. At the sight of her the cloud that had come over his face, thrown there by the strange

She held out her hand with a sweet smile. Kane took it, and the smile on her face drove away the last vestige of his gloomy fears. All evil suspicions passed away. He saw only that perfect loveliness and that bewitching smile; he saw only her charming grace and captivating beauty; he saw only the wife of Gwyn, and the friend of Inez.

He pressed her hand fervently, and in silence.

"Really," said Bessie, "do you know, Gwynnie, dearest, you gave me an awful shock, and I haven't got over it yet. I was so awfully glad, you know, but it was at the same time so awfully sudden, you know; and oh, how we've talked about this. I'm sure I can hardly believe it is so, and I'm sure it's

ery, for kindness, and for gracious self-surrender; such a one seemed a fit companion for Inez or for Gwyn; but to associate her, even in thought, with such foul natures as Kevin Magrath, seemed an unholy thing.

And so it was that Kane Ruthven first met Bessie.

The expression of Kane's face was usually an austere one. His dense growth of crisp hair, his bushy eyebrows, his heavy and somewhat neglected beard, his piercing eyes, his corrugated brow, and, added to all these, the hard outline of his features, all combined to give him a certain saturnine grimness, which would have been repellent had it not been for the lurking tenderness that shone in his glance—a tenderness which was per-



"Over the fair face there shot, for an instant, an expression of pain."

gloom of Kane, was instantly banished, and a joyous light succeeded. He took the lady's hand, and led her forward.

"Kane," said he, "here she is—my own Bessie. O Bessie! who do you think this is? You'd never guess. It's my dear, long-lost old boy—my brother Kane."

The hand that Gwyn held suddenly closed convulsively around his; over the fair face there shot, for an instant, an expression of pain. Bessie shrank back involuntarily, and half raised her other hand, as if to her heart. Yet this was only for an instant. It passed as suddenly as it had come. Kane did not notice it, nor did Gwyn.

"Kane!" exclaimed Bessie, in a sweet and gentle voice; "sure then it's me own brother he is too, and oh, how glad I am!"

awfully funny to find a brother so suddenly, when you never expected such a thing at all at all. And oh, but it's the blessed thing to think that our brother Kane should turn up after all, so it is."

She looked at Kane as she said this with a sweet smile on her face. Kane noticed this, and was charmed. He noticed, also, the slight "brogue" that was in her tone, which, intermingled as it was with the idiom peculiar to young ladies, seemed to him to be very charming. He believed in her at once. The sight of that face was enough. With such a being suspicion had simply nothing to do. She herself was beyond all suspicion. In her face, her manner, her tone, he could see infinite possibilities for love, for loyalty, for sociability, for friendship, for fun, for droll-

ceptible enough to any one who took more than a superficial observation. On the present occasion, the look with which he regarded Bessie had all of this tenderness, and nothing of this grimness and austerity; it was a look such as an anchorite might give to some child visitor straying near his cell, whose approach might have broken in upon his solemn meditations. To Kane Ruthven there seemed about Bessie a sweetness, and light, and sunshine, which forced him for a time to come forth out of his usual gloom.

"Sure, and it's quite like the parable of the prodigal son entirely," said Bessie; "only of course, you know, I don't mean to say that you were a prodigal son, brother Kane: and then, too, in the parable, it was the younger son that was the prodigal, but you're the



older, so you are; now isn't he, Gwynnie, dearest? But, 'deed, and it's no matter which, for it's only the joy over the return that I was thinking of, so it was, and sure we'll kill the fatted calf and be merry, as they did in the parable. I feel," she added, with an absurd look of perplexity, "that my comparison is hopelessly mixed up, but then my intentions are honorable, you know."

As Bessie said this, she stole her hand toward that of Gwyn, and inserted it confidently in his, quite in the manner of a fond young bride, who is confident of the attachment of her husband, and upon whose marriage still exists something of the bloom of the honeymoon. Gwyn, on his part, did not fail to reciprocate this tender advance, and his hand clasped hers lovingly, and the two stood thus opposite Kane, indulging in this pardonable little bit of sentimentality, or spooneyism, or whatever else the reader may choose to call it, quite regardless of his presence. Upon Kane, however, this little action, which was not unobserved by him, did not produce any unpleasant effect, but rather the opposite. It seemed to him to be a beautiful picture—the young husband, with his frank, open, gentle, and noble face; the fair young bride, with her fragile beauty, and the golden glory of her flowing hair—these two thus standing side by side, with hands clasped in holy love and tenderness.

Kane felt softened more and more, and this scene roused within his mind memories drawn from his own past; memories of a time when he, too, like Gwyn, had one who was as dear to him as this fair young creature was to his brother; memories of a time when the touch of a gentle hand stealing toward his would quicken his heart's pulsation, and send through him a thrill of rapture. Those memories had never been lost, they had lived through all the weary years, they formed a torment to him in his desolation; but never had they been roused to such life, and with such vividness, as at this moment, when Bessie made this half-unconscious movement of confiding tenderness. The happiness of Gwyn only served to remind him more poignantly than usual of all that he had lost, and a drear sense of solitude came across his soul—

"Oh, for the touch of a gentle hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The sight of his brother's happiness also had another effect. It elicited not envy, for envy was a stranger to his heart, but rather a generous sympathy, and a more tender regard both for this brother and this new-found sister. Inez was one sister, and here stood another as fair as she, and, to all outward seeming, as gentle, as pure, and as good. The sight of these two only served to strengthen his firm resolve already made, to leave his brother here in possession of that estate and title for which he, in his present mode of life, had no need, and of which his nature would not permit him to deprive him.

The loving and tender reception of Kane by these two was met on his part by a grateful reciprocity of feeling; the hearts of all of them were opened to one another; and an interchange of confidences took place, which was unreserved on the part of Gwyn, and only limited on the part of Kane by the nature of

those griefs which he suffered, and which could not be lightly spoken of. He laid great stress on his wanderings, and particularly on his adventures in South Africa in search of diamonds. His allusion to this were made with the intention of letting Gwyn see that he had ample means of his own, and of communicating to him, in a delicate way, the fact that he had no intention whatever of taking any steps to deprive him of the estate.

But the chief topic of conversation referred to times far beyond this, and to things which they had in common. Gwyn had much to say about his early boyhood and his remembrances of Kane. He brought forward a thousand things which had faded out of his brother's recollection, but were recognized as Gwyn mentioned them. About these Gwyn talked with a zest, and a simple, honest delight, which was very touching. His whole tone showed that, in the days of his early life, he had looked up to this brother Kane with all the enthusiastic admiration of a generous boy. It was also quite evident that this enthusiastic admiration had lasted beyond his boyhood and into his maturer years. He seemed to have considered his brother Kane the *beau idéal* of perfect manhood, and one who was the best model for his own imitation. At the same time he regarded his own efforts to imitate him as useless, and the honest humility of his allusions to his own inferiority was almost pathetic, especially when his noble face and his chivalric sentiments were so manifest, and seemed to speak so plainly of a character and a nature which could not suffer from a comparison with even that idealized Kane which he had in his mind.

The minuteness and the accuracy of Gwyn's recollections surprised Kane, who had forgotten many of the occurrences mentioned. They referred chiefly to Kane's last year at home, when Gwyn was a little fellow and Kane a young man. The incidents were very trifling in themselves, but at the time they had appeared wonderful to the boy; and now, even when he had become a man, they seemed the most important events of his life. It was not long afterward that Kane's misfortunes had occurred, and Gwyn showed, without going into particulars, but merely by a few eloquent statements of facts, that, at the time when Kane was so desolate, there was one loving heart that was sore wrung for him, and one loyal soul that would have faced even death itself if it could have done him good.

Bessie bore herself admirably during the conversation. She did not thrust herself forward too much; nor did she, on the other hand, subside into silence. A few, well-chosen remarks, now and then thrown in, served to show that she was full of the deepest interest in all that was said, and occasional timely questions to one or the other of the brothers served to draw forth a fuller explanation of the subject to which the question referred. Moreover, all the time there was in her expressive face such eager curiosity, such profound interest, such total surrender of self to the one who might be speaking, that her very silence was more eloquent than any words could have been.

Bessie was also gentle and affectionate.

Kane was her brother now. With a frankness that was charming she at once began to put herself on the footing of a sister toward him; and proceeded, not abruptly, but delicately and by degrees, to insinuate herself further into confidential terms of intercourse. At first it was Brother Kane, occasionally dropped as if by accident; then the familiar name was repeated more frequently. Then she called him simply Kane. Once, when her sympathies seemed unusually strong, she exclaimed, "O dear brother Kane! it's heart-broke you must have been about that same!" Finally, when they bade one another good night, she held forth her cheek in the most childish and innocent and sisterly manner in the world, and, as he kissed her, she said:

"Good-night, dear Kane; good-night, and pleasant dreams."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE COVENANTERS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

["Two women, Margaret MacLachlin and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow and the latter a girl of eighteen, were sentenced, by James Graham, of Claverhouse, to be drowned or abjure their religion. They refused, and were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and were fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water-mark. The elder sufferer was placed near the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission; but the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice."—*Macaulay's "History of England."*]

TWO Margarets sat at close of day,  
With knitting-sheath at side,  
And sung and talked as women may,  
And listened to the tide,  
As landward turned the wild Solway,  
And from his caverns cried.

Up Margery sprang, with bounding feet,  
And held her bright hair back,  
And listened; for a horseman fleet—  
Nor whip nor spur was lack—  
Came dashing through the foaming sheet,  
Nor pausing on his track.

He cried, "The Graham's at the ford—  
Thy lover lieth dead—  
Fly, fly, from shot and sword!"  
A blood-red scarf aloft he spread,  
And Margery, at the word,  
Knew all her doom was said.

The Solway roareth hoarse and loud—  
The moon from out the wrack  
Has thrust aside the murky cloud,  
And gleams of steel flings back;  
For on the wet sand stands a crowd  
That makes the night more black.

The Solway heaves his briny tide,  
And there, within its roar,  
The Margarets stand them, side by side,  
The Claverhouse before.  
Pale is the matron, pale the bride,  
But steadfast as of yore.

With scoffing jest and smiling lip,  
The Graham bent his head,  
And sat his horse with hand on hip:  
"Repeat the prayer," he said;

"I fain those pretty lips would sip,  
Were I not soldier bred."

"Now God thee save from deadly sin!"  
The aged matron spoke;  
"Not e'en a worthless life to win,  
Can covenant be broke:  
We bow unto the truth within,  
And know no other yoke."

"O daughter Margery! fear thee not—  
The pang will soon be o'er.  
O steadfast child! a glorious lot  
To die amid this roar,  
Remembering Christ, who for us wrought  
Through pangs a thousand more."

The Solway fiercer breaks and roars,  
The cold moon shineth clear,  
And onward, as the Solway pours,  
His voice is drowned, to hear  
A holy hymn along his shores,  
As from another sphere.

The moon looked down where mid the sea  
Old Margaret's white hair shone;  
The moon looked down where fair and free  
Sweet Margery's locks are strown;  
And strong men trembled, haunch and knee,  
To hear the waters moan.

But Graham sat his champing steed,  
That pawed the oozy shore,  
And saw the billows in their greed  
Heave landward more and more,  
And whitened hair and dark sea-weed  
Tell that the pang is o'er.

Nor moved he lip, nor moved he hand,  
As higher, higher grew  
The raging waters to the strand,  
And back his horse he drew,  
While Margery's voice, exultant, grand,  
Swelled all the turmoil through.

The Solway roars at turn of tide  
A thousand years the same;  
The Solway to the cold moon cried  
A deed too black to name,  
On that dread night the Margarets died  
Staked where the low tide came.

Ere flood of tide, aghast men note  
The Solway sweeping on,  
Upon his breast nor speck nor mote  
To tell what hath been done—  
A wild sea-bird, with open throat,  
Sails over it alone.

Two ghastly shapes, at ebb of tide,  
Rise slowly to the sight,  
And pitying sea-weeds strive to hide  
The work of yester-night.  
Ah! sea and earth such wrongs must bide—  
Wrongs for great God to right.

## LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

IT is a melancholy truth that, even in the nineteenth century, literature, as a profession, rarely pays. Each day makes this more clear to the observant. Yet, as regards the votaries of this fascinating and delusive craft, "the cry is, Still they come," to offer at her crowded shrine. Booksellers and editors

can testify, by a painful experience, to the ever-increasing number of those who are panting to make the pen their bread-winner. It is, of course, highly to be desired that there should be many to whom gain is a secondary object—willing, for the gratification of an honest ambition, or in the ardent pursuit of some special branch of science, to forego those pecuniary prizes which are, to the bulk of mankind, the grand stimulus to exertion.

But, in the case of a very large proportion of those who follow literature as a means of livelihood, it is much to be regretted that they should not have sought their subsistence in some other field. "Aim," says Junius, in the letter to Woodfall, in which he requires emolument, "at an independence, solid, however small. No man can be happy, or even honest, without it."

While we should decline to indorse this dictum in its entirety, we are convinced of the sound, practical sense it conveys; and it is because a literary career renders the consolidation of an independence almost impossible in about nine cases out of ten, at least as concerns a married man, that we should endeavor to dissuade nine men out of ten from embarking in it. The Grub-Street poor-devil author, out at elbows and redolent of gin, is pretty much a being of the past; but he has his representatives to-day, among a far more refined order of beings, men and women, whom, perhaps, some early amateur success has flattered into the belief that there are great things in them, and that they are destined to be famous. Time goes on, yet the booksellers continue inappreciative and obdurate. At length, heart-sick and weary, the book or poem which was to have won fame is abandoned, and the victim of mistaken vocation endeavors to scrape a precarious subsistence from newspapers or magazines. The compositions of such persons often have considerable merit; and, indeed, frequently give proof of far more learning and accuracy of thought than those of others who earn their livelihood by the pen with comparative ease. The trouble is, that they cannot write what the public cares to read. It would save a great deal of suffering if a large class of would-be authors could but be persuaded that it is not enough to have ideas, and to clothe them in appropriate language, unless they, further, have the art of adaptation to popular taste.

What a painful example in point is that afforded by the well-known fate of a man of undoubted talent in a sister-profession—Haydon, the English historical painter! What chronicle of disappointed ambition tells a sadder tale than the passage in his diary wherein he refers to the crowds showering guineas into the coffers of Barnum, then exhibiting Tom Thumb, under the same roof where Haydon, in a last desperate effort to put bread into his children's mouths, was exhibiting, to a perfectly inappreciative public, his historical paintings! That he could paint excellently, no one denied—but not so as to please the popular taste. His end was suicide.

It is not, however, only those literary men who fail to please the public, who are unable to keep their heads well above water.

There are certain lines even of highly-popular literature which are lamentably unremunerative—a fact of which the recent repeated appeal in aid of Mark Lemon's destitute family affords a painful indication. There is no reason to suppose that he was either reckless or extravagant; he was simply the victim of a class of abilities which threw him into an unremunerative groove of life. We have seen here, over and over again, how impossible it is, notwithstanding the number of our cities and the intense appreciation of humor characteristic of our people, to maintain a comic journal; and it is no secret that *Punch* has never been a paying publication—indeed, a glance at the small number of its advertisements is sufficient to give a notion of its failure in this respect. Mark Lemon, its editor, suffered accordingly, and his means did not suffice for saving.

When Sir Walter Scott was ruined, his friend, the able and eccentric Lord Dudley, said: "Let every man who has derived pleasure from the Waverley Novels subscribe sixpence, and Sir Walter will rise, to-morrow, richer than Rothschild." It was a "happy thought," and it is a thousand pities that it was not acted on.

We wish the same could be done for poor Mark Lemon's family, for, if every Anglo-Saxon who has laughed over *Punch* would send twenty-five cents to his widow and daughters, they would be placed in adequate comfort for the rest of their days. The queen has now given the widow and children a pension of five hundred dollars a year; but this is but scanty provision for gentlewomen. Young people intent on pursuing the path trodden by Mark Lemon will do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the lives of literary men.

## LANDOR'S SHELL.

IN "The Island," the feeblest, and, with the exception of the poor concluding cantos of "Don Juan," the last of Byron's poems, is the nowise notable couplet:

"The ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,  
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell."

To which Byron appends the following note, written less for the purpose of explanation than to have a fling at Walter Savage Landor, whom he hated because Southey had praised him: "If the reader will apply to his ear the sea-shell on his chimney-piece, he will find in 'Gebir' the same idea better expressed in two lines. The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of 'Gebir,' and some Latin-poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity." To this note some extraordinary individual, whom Mr. Murray employed to annotate the poems of Byron, appends this remarkable piece of literary information: "Mr. Landor's lines, above alluded-to, are:

"For I have often seen her with both hands  
Shake a dry crocodile of equal height,  
And listen to the shells within the scales,  
And fancy there was life, and yet apply  
The jagged jaws wide open to her ear."

Where the annotator found these lines we do not know. They were probably written by some one as a parody upon Landor, in feeble imitation of Horace and James Smith's clever "Rejected Addresses." The lines from "Gebir," to which Byron alludes, are the best that Landor ever wrote, and it would be hard to find in English poetry a finer piece of description. There is, moreover, connected with them a curious bit of literary history. Landor writes to Southey: "It was my practice to try my hand at both Latin and English, where I had been contented with any passage in one. In 'Gebir' there are a few which were written first in Latin. 'The Shell' was one of these. Poor shell! that Wordsworth so flattened and pounded in his marsh that it no longer had the hoarseness of a sea, but of a hospital." The Latin original of "The Shell" runs thus, and we doubt if there are in any Roman writer seven lines of as perfect Latin poetry:

"At mihi caeruleae sinuosa foramina conchae  
Obvolvunt, lucemque intus de sole biberunt,  
Nam crevère locis ubi porticus ipsa palati  
Et qua purpurea medias stat currus in unda,  
Tu quate, somnus abijt: tu laevia tange labella  
Auribus attentis, veteres reminiscitur aedes,  
Oceanusque suus quo murmur murmurat illa."

The transfusion—for it is not a translation—into English, is quite as fine, perhaps one might say still finer, for the English "august abodes" seems to us even grander than the Latin "veteres aedes":

"But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace porch, where when unyoked  
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:  
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

In Landor this is a description given by a sea-nymph of the treasures she has brought from her ocean-home. Whether Wordsworth had read the passage is quite uncertain, for he was not given to reading poetry except his own, and few then read the poems of Landor. The apparent murmuring within a sea-shell is familiar to every child who ever saw a shell, although Landor is the first, as far as we know, who ever turned it to a poetical use. Wordsworth, in one of the finest passages in "The Excursion," has invested the shell with a glory which Landor could not conceive or appreciate. To Landor the shell was only a shell, beautiful indeed, but only a shell, fit to be wagered against a sheep as the prize in a race. Wordsworth puts a soul into it; links it to humanity, and makes it an exponent of a sublime moral truth. His verse, perhaps, lacks something of the sonorous flow of either the Latin or English of Landor; for what English writer, whether in verse or prose, had so true an ear for harmony as Landor? Few of his poems could ever be widely popular, but it seems to us that in an age when the "Idyls of the King," "The Princess," and "Jason," find audience, that "Gebir," with all its lack of genuine human interest, would not now meet with the neglect which befell it seventy years ago.

As for Landor's prose, we believe that a volume of selections could be made from the

"Imaginary Conversations" which would contain more weighty thought grandly expressed, and very many passages much grander in thought and nobler in diction, than are to be found in any other writer of our English language—Milton's "Areopagitica" and the "Preface to the Second Book on the Prelacy" alone excepted. But Landor was no less unjust than ill-natured when he described Wordsworth's "Shell" as having been pounded and flattened in a marsh until it had acquired the hoarseness of a hospital instead of that of a sea. Wordsworth says:

"I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intently, and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
Were heard, sonorous cadences whereby  
To his belief the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea:  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of faith, and doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things—  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."

A. H. GUERNSEY.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LIFE.

VERY few Americans have actually resided in well-to-do English families, and therefore have no idea how exceedingly superior the living is in them to that among similar classes in this country. We speak now of houses where the income ranges from fifteen to fifty thousand dollars a year. In England, the gentry with such fortunes live in the same style every day, and cannot be taken by surprise if several guests unexpectedly drop in. Breakfast in the house of a country gentleman with twenty thousand dollars a year will consist of two or three hot dishes, eggs, rolls, toast, preserves, cold ham, tongue, pie, and game; and the only difference when there are guests in the house is that more is provided. When breakfast is half-way through, fresh relays of toast arrive, and hot water or spirit-lamps keep viands warm for late-comers.

Luncheon is an infinitely superior meal to most American dinners—a couple of excellent hot dishes, pastry and puddings, cold meats, sherry, claret, and beer.

Dinner, the solemn prandial event of the day, is admirably comfortable. The white-waistcoated and cravatted butler throws open the door and announces it. The footmen, in well-fitting, handsome liveries, stand in the hall, like guardsmen on parade, while the family passes into the dining-room. From beginning to end all runs like a well-oiled wheel. If the faintest crash of plate or china be heard, the frown of the butler makes his myrmidons tremble. The host and hostess, utterly free from care about the failure of soup or *entrée*, are as thoroughly at ease as the merriest of their guests, and are able to give their attention to conversation, undisturbed by any harrowing apprehensions.

The dinner consists always of soup and fish, *entrées*, from one to four, according to the number present, roast, boiled *pièces de résistance*, from two to four sweet dishes, game, cheese of two kinds, dessert, and coffee. Tea, with dry toast, cake, etc., is served in the drawing-room about two hours after dinner. Usually a small table is placed in a corner of the room covered with a white cloth, and the beautiful tea-service, often well worth a study by those curious in old plate, is placed thereon. In how many American households, with even a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, does this thorough comfort and completeness reign? The furniture is usually ten times finer, the ladies spend thrice as much on their dress, but is the result as good? Does such expenditure tend as much to make a man love his home, and long, as ninety-five Englishmen out of a hundred do, to get back to it? The domestic details we have described are almost entirely carried out by the lady who, in British phrase, "rules the roast." Even down to the stables, she very often controls all domestic concerns, and thus gives her lord and master, generally really though not apparently her willing slave, time for his parliamentary, magisterial, or professional duty. Only she is generally wise enough to consult him, and, if he differs, can usually contrive, by a little gentle wheedling—bullying rarely answers with the British benedict—to get her own way. Many ladies are bored with domestic details, and would gladly avoid them, but they are brought up to regard them as duties of a woman, to be done, whether disagreeable or otherwise, just as the lawyer or the doctor must do his work.

Here the feeling of duty does not often obtain to the same degree, and half the ladies in New York never dream of troubling themselves that their husband's dinner may have variety and palatableness. You may dine at dozens of our millionaires' houses, and you will find, unless there be a set banquet, a dinner which would be thought miserable in a comfortable English rectory. Often neither fish nor soup, a huge joint, perhaps some fowls, indifferent pastry, and a pudding you gulp down, because you rashly took some, and don't like your hostess to see that you leave it. The servants bang and crash, and anoint your shoulder with sauce and gravy. Dine there a week consecutively, and you'll have the same dishes nearly every day. Politeness prevents foreigners, who see this style of thing, saying much, but like the cabman, whose fare gave him sixpence, "they think a deal;" and whether French, German, or English, they agree that, in this country, great though it be in all respects, you cannot, apparently no matter how rich, be comfortable; and, if it be the poor man's paradise, "it is not a place for a gentleman to live in." They begin, in fact, very well to comprehend how it is that there are sixty thousand Americans living abroad. A change for the better, in these respects, lies in the hands of the ladies, who, if they would but devote one-half the time they now give to the consideration of dress and morning-visits to domestic concerns, might effect a delightful revolution. The recommencement of life in town offers a good opportunity.





## IN THE GARRET.

O H rare, sweet dreams, within the garret olden,  
 Whose rude walls glow with fancy's radiant fire;  
 Oh fair, young head, whose every thought is golden,  
 Blooming with pure desire!

There, where we pored above the volume's treasures,  
 And lived within a world of dear romance;  
 There, where we caught a thousand priceless pleasures,  
 Charming each backward glance—

Again the sunlight streams on floor and rafter;  
 Again we rummage in each cobwebbed nook;  
 Falls on our ears the sound of silvery laughter,  
 •Sweeter than bird or brook.

Sounds from the distant world jar not our dreaming;  
 The doves coo softly 'neath the sheltering eaves,  
 And fairy-land is all around us beaming,  
 The land that childhood leaves.

What joys were born, in memory never dying,  
 As, poring o'er the poet's page of gold,  
 We heeded not the moments swiftly flying,  
 Careless of heat or cold!

The walls of Art's gorgeous and stately palace,  
 Hold no such pictures as our fancy framed  
 On these rough walls. Oh, could we sip the chalice  
 Of youth, so dearly famed—

Oh, could we bear, amid the toil and striving,  
 The bright, fair impulses that held us then;  
 Which come, now, dimly echoed, and reviving  
 Life's dear time again!

Still may we keep our childhood's precious vision  
 Unto life's tranquil and remotest even;  
 For, in its day-dreams and its joys elysian,  
 This garret seemed near heaven.



## MARK LEMON.

MARK LEMON was the sole and responsible editor of *Punch* for considerably more than a quarter of a century. The grotesque and whimsical character of the publication he presided over somehow never seemed to attach to himself individually any of the attributes of the simply ridiculous. It was in this particular precisely the same, it may be added, with each member of the eminent group of *collaborateurs* who worked together so harmoniously, and during so many years, under his direction. These, whether artistic or literary, never once, it may be said, sunk to absurdity, never once degenerated to buffoonery, even in the wildest of their extravagances. It was thus with them, indeed, as it has always been with the greatest exemplars, or with the noblest exponents of humor in all literatures. It has often been remarked that Don Quixote, in his battered morion, even when charging at the windmills, or slashing at the wine-skins, preserves somehow intact the respect and honor of us all throughout, even in his most outrageous vagaries, as a true-born gentleman. Mr. Pickwick, again, under the most preposterous circumstances, when placed in the most utterly ludicrous situations, retains always entire something more than our mere good-will, despite the purely laughable character of his surroundings—inasmuch that, in the very exordium or preamble of the history of "that great man," we read with a sort of complacency of "his elevated position, revealing those tights and gaiters which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect."

As it is with the more inimitable creations of the humorists, so it is in all the happier instances with the humorists themselves. In-

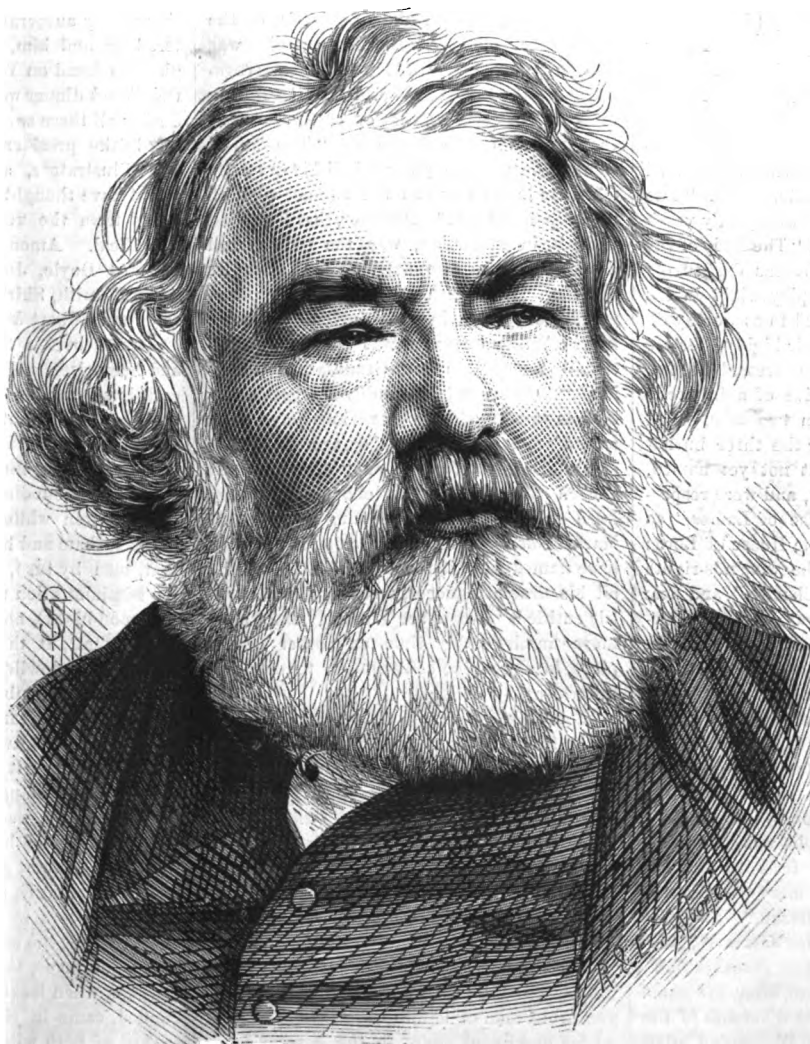
stead of being, in any conceivable way, individually lowered by their geniality, they always appear, on the contrary, to be peculiarly endeared to their readers by the innocent mirth they have engendered. The writers who are nearest to the hearts of the people are invariably those who have moved them the most frequently to tears and laughter. Save occasionally, as when, in one rare and exceptional instance, Thomas Hood first gave to the world anonymously his "Song of the Shirt" in the columns of the *London Chari-*

bent of his genius, he was a thorough Londoner. From a very early period of his life he devoted himself to literature. Apart from occasional contributions, in a fragmentary way, to one or other of the periodicals, his earliest efforts to obtain the ear of the public were made through the intervention of theatrical managers. As a dramatist he was rapid and prolific. Upward of sixty pieces, supplied to the stage, first of all, in swift succession, but afterward at uncertain, and, toward the last, at more and more lengthened

intervals, attest at one and the same time the industry of his hand and the inventive fruitfulness of his imagination. Now a roistering farce, technically called, when the most entirely *outré*, a genuine Adelphi screamer; now a sensational melodrama; now a graceful operetta or burletta; now a three-act comic drama; now a five-act comedy—appealed in rapid sequence to the taste of play-goers, and, while doing so, gradually familiarized the general public with the agreeably striking and acidulated name of the popular dramatist.

Strange enough, on the 31st of March, 1836, when there appeared the first green number of the earliest of the shilling serials of Charles Dickens—No. 1, that is, of the inimitable "Pickwick"—there was in the hands of the manager of the Strand Theatre about the earliest of all Mark Lemon's farces—one that was produced

on the stage there for the first time on the evening of the 25th of April, under the seemingly *bizarre* title of "The P. L., or 30, Strand." The oddity of the coincidence is this, that, whereas that first number of "Pickwick" introduced the reader to Alfred Jingle, Esq., that first night immediately afterward of "The P. L., or 30, Strand," introduced the play-goers to Stamper Jingle, Esquire, the hero of the little farcical interlude, in the capacity of poet-laureate at Warren's blacking-manufactory, in which, or at least in some similar manufactory, the great novelist had worked when a boy.



MARK LEMON.

*vari*, *Punch* has rested content, as a rule, with appealing only to the national sense of the ridiculous: Almost from the first moment of its existence as a periodical, the guidance of its staff of wits, both of pen and pencil, lay at the command of the kindly satirist, the genial lyrist, the cordial dramatist, and the vivacious novelist, the salient incidents of whose career as a man of letters we are here desirous, in a few touches, of rapidly sketching.

MARK LEMON was born in London, on the 30th November, 1809, and, not only by reason of the locality of his birth, but by the

Half a dozen other farces of Mark Lemon's, out of a crowd of similar pleantries, may here be particularized. Several of these, when named, will be at once recognized as old favorites. Two generations of frequenters of the Adelphi bear in delighted remembrance the fun and frolic of "Domestic Economy," and "Jack in the Green, or Hints on Etiquette." Another will yet be borne laughingly in mind by many, under the any thing but animated name of "The Slow Man." A kindred whimsicality was "A Moving Tale" (evidently, one would say, written by a wag); coupled with which, as each of a piece with it as a scrap of mirthful nonsense, may be mentioned one designated "My Sister Kate," and another, "The Railway Belle." Among a throng of minor dramatic pieces from the ready hand of Mark Lemon, one opera, two melodramas, and three burlettas, may now, very briefly and simply, in passing, be enumerated. The particular opera here referred to was the one in three acts, called "The Pacha's Bridal," partly in prose, partly versified. Another was entitled "The Lady of the Lake." Among the melodramas dashed off with evident gusto by our playwright in his earlier days, the two referred to as worthy of passing note, because of their highly-effective character, were "The Ancestress," in two acts, and another, illustrative of a brother's love, a melodrama, also in two acts, called "Self-Accusation." As for the three burlettas, already referred to, but not yet named, they were each in one act, and were respectively entitled, "The House of Ladies," as contradistinguished from the House of Lords (a prescient forecast of the women's-rights movement), "Love and Charity," and one mystically dubbed "The Gray Doublet." Several dramas were written by Mark Lemon, after the French—we had almost said after the Siamese—fashion, in a sort of intimate literary partnership; his chosen *collaborateur*, in all these instances, being his old friend and intimate, the late metropolitan magistrate, Gilbert à Becket. Their joint handiwork in this way was mostly adaptation. One of their most telling hits, for example, was their skillfully-contrived translation from the French of MM. Dumanois and Dennery—that fascinating "Don César de Bazan," of whose handsome form and features James Wallack was the radiant embodiment. Another notable success achieved by them, after the same fashion, was their dramatized version of the most poetical of all Charles Dickens's Christmas story-books—to wit, "The Chimes," the goblin-tale of some bells that rung an old year out and a new year in. Between them, again, Mark Lemon and Gilbert à Becket another while produced, in the shape of what they fantastically called a new grand empirical exposition, their two-act drama, in verse, called "St. George and the Dragon;" and, by a still wilder freak of fancy, another two-act drama, also in verse, cycled "Peter Wilkins, or the Loadstone Rock and the Flying Indians," described by themselves on their play-bill, quite accurately, as an extra-extravagant extravaganza.

It is in some ten or twelve original plays of his own independent composition, however, far rather than in a few joint-stock bur-

lesques, in half a dozen startling melodramas, or in a score of laughter-moving farces, that Mark Lemon has any reasonable hope of being borne yet a while in remembrance. During the same year which witnessed his farcical apparition on the heels of "Pickwick," as already mentioned, within three months after Warren's "P. L." had been fooled to the top of his bent at the Strand Theatre, there was produced for the first time on the boards of the Surrey, one July evening, in 1836, Mark Lemon's drama in five acts, written in blank verse, and entitled "Arnold of Winkelried." It was commemorative of the victory obtained, A. D. 1386, by the hero of Unterwald over Leopold, Duke of Austria, on the field of Sempach. Another five-act play was produced by him in 1841, called, interrogatively, "What will the World say?" During the very next season, that of 1842, came out the original comic drama of "The Turf." One of the most popular of all his dramatic effusions in its day was the two-act play of "The Ladies' Club." Another, that long vied with it in attraction, was the sentimental drama, also in two acts, called, after its heroine, "Gwynneth Vaughan." A piece, wonderfully acted in its principal character by old William Farren, was that still traditionally memorable as "Grandfather Whitehead." Others might readily be particularized as worthy of note in various ways, such as the "School for Tigers," or, again, as "Rob of Fen," or, yet further, as "M. P. for the Rotten Borough." But enough will have been said in the way of putting a crown to Mark Lemon's labors as a dramatist when we have named what is incomparably the best of all his dramatic pieces, meaning the one wittily entitled "Hearts are Trumps," and which, more unmistakably than any other of his plays, is a genuine contribution to dramatic literature.

Saturday, July 17, 1841, is the date affixed to the first number of a new periodical then issued, and for some considerable time afterward, with but very small apparent chance of success, under the title of *Punch, or the London Charivari*. It was projected by a little cluster of wits, dramatic writers most of them, journalists, artists, and magazine contributors, who were bent upon starting a novelty, and who probably, while doing so, little dreamed that they were establishing an institution. Conspicuous among these adventurous men of letters were several writers whose prominent share in the enterprise at its commencement has been either carelessly forgotten or purposely ignored. Foremost among these was Henry Mayhew, afterward chiefly known through his uncompromising revelation of the lower and hitherto overlooked strata of London life, laid bare to public view in his "London Labor and the London Poor." Another was the late Sterling Coyne, a capital farce-writer and a most ingenious dramatic adapter. A third, whose participation in the new comic venture has scarcely ever been acknowledged from that time to this, was the learned and accomplished Professor Edward Forbes, the natural philosopher. Associated with these were others whose brilliant services as members of the *Punch* staff are long since not only

within the knowledge of us all, but are held delightedly in our grateful remembrance. Mark Lemon was installed from the first as joint editor of *Punch* with Henry Mayhew. A couple of years had barely slipped by, however, from the date of the foundation of the new periodical when, Henry Mayhew having seceded, upon Mark Lemon thenceforth devolved the sole and undivided responsibility of the editorship. From that turning-point in the history of this journal the *baton* was wielded by him with undisputed authority, until his grasp upon it, from 1843 until 1870, was relaxed eventually alone by death. Owning allegiance to his thoroughly genial yet thoroughly autocratic sway, there were clustered around him, pen or pencil in hand—glass in hand on Wednesday evenings, when the *Punch* dinner was given, week after week, during all those seven-and-twenty years under his blithe presidency—a group of authors and illustrators, any brace of whom one might have thought would have secured fortunes from the very outset of any ordinary periodical. Among these were Thackeray, Richard Doyle, John Leech, John Tenniel, Albert Smith, Shirley Brooks, Douglas Jerrold, and Gilbert à Becket.

It was over a throng of drolls and wits, and humorists, and men of genius, and caricaturists, such as these, that Mark Lemon, during a period of nearly thirty years, presided with the kindest open hand, the cheeriest voice, the merriest eye, the blithest smile. Surrounding himself by none but friends, even while "having at" every imposture, sham and humbug, social or political, that, turn by turn, tempted him to authorize the administration now of a vigorous cut (on the wood-block), now a poignant thrust (with a pen-point), at the loftiest no less readily than at the lowliest of pretenders. It is curious to remember now, when *Punch* has for years upon years past been so firmly established, that, notwithstanding all the ability squandered upon it from the very first, a considerable time elapsed before any thing at all like a success was achieved. Before one penny was gained by the undertaking upward of eight thousand pounds sterling had been expended—that is, had been actually sunk by the proprietors in a seemingly hopeless endeavor to set the enterprise fairly afloat. At length, however, the long-looked-for turn of the tide, when least it might have been anticipated, came in the end, as the well-earned reward of both wits and capitalists. It was the first Christmas number that brought with it that "flood" that, once taken, according to Shakespeare, leads on to fortune.

Apart from his "never-ending, still-beginning" labors from week to week in his editorial capacity as a comic journalist, Mark Lemon was otherwise, in many ways, sufficiently industrious. He still repeatedly, from time to time, "kept in" his hand as a dramatic writer, throwing off, at very uncertain intervals, just simply as the humor prompted him, now a farce, now a little comedy, now an extravaganza. For several years together he occupied the position of literary editor of the *Illustrated London News*. Tales, sketches, songs, he wrote abundantly for many of the lighter periodicals. Repeatedly he contributed

to the pages of *Household Words*. For one eccentric interval he condescended to occupy the post—and for himself was actually proud of it—the incomprehensible post, as duplicated with the editorship of *Punch*, of private secretary to Mr. Herbert Ingram, then member for Boston, in Lincolnshire.

Whatever his occupations, Mark Lemon was ready, at every wholesome opportunity, either for athletic sport or for purely intellectual recreation. More surely it may be said of him than of the majority of dramatic writers that he had the histrionic gift strong upon him. As an actor he appeared before the foot-lights generally not in the least like an amateur, but far rather like a skilled and practised professional. He took part repeatedly with Charles Dickens in his memorable private theatricals.

In 1867 he pleasantly button-holed his reader, and took him with him "Up and Down the London Streets." After the appearance from the press of the book so entitled, Mark Lemon gave to the public orally the pick or cream of its contents in a popular lecture or entertainment. Another delectable contribution of Mark Lemon's in the same year (1867) was "The New Table Book," lavishly and beautifully illustrated by Frederick Eltze, some of the pictures, intensely *à la* Leech, being most daintily colored. A child's story, embellished by C. Green, was his next benefaction to the little ones, for whom he always evidenced great affection. It was published in 1869, and was entitled, suggestively, "Tiny-kin's Transformation." One of Mark Lemon's earlier volumes is a work now but little known, called "The Rhine Book." Altogether, in one way or another, he must have trolled out at least a hundred songs of various characters—love-songs, bacchanalians, and what not—perhaps the very happiest among all of these being the one beginning:

"Old Time and I the other night  
Had a carouse together;  
The wine was golden, warm, and bright—  
Aye, just like summer weather."

Yet in the very act of according to this ditty of Mark Lemon's our preference, another equally beautiful in its way recurs to our remembrance, beginning:

"I will sing no more of sorrow,  
Sadly doubting of the morrow."

At fifty-four years of age Mark Lemon first seems to have bethought himself of becoming a novelist. His first substantial venture as a writer of fiction appeared in 1863, in the three volumes of "Wait for the End." Its reception was such that, in the very next year (1864), he was encouraged to produce his next three-volume story of "Loved at Last," on the title-page of which he inscribed a motto from Sir Philip Sidney. Two years later, in 1866, he gave to the world what is probably the ablest of all his productions as an imaginative writer, the story of two wives, entitled "Falkner Lyle." Another year only had come round when, in 1867, he wrote his fourth novel, in three volumes, called "Golden Fetters." During that same year he published, also in three volumes, "Leyton Hall, and Other Tales." Another novel he left for posthumous publication, the quaint title of which was "The Taffeta Petticoat."

During the later years of his life Mark, like many another hirsute Englishman, wore a noble, massive beard, had a curly head of hair, not merely white but silvery, and was comelier perhaps in his old age than he had been in his youth.

In 1870, on the 23d of May, he breathed his last under the roof-beams of his home at Vine Cottage, in the little village of Crawley, in Sussex. He received after death the genial and grateful panegyric of one of his many friends, Mr. Joseph Hutton, who, under the modest title of "With a Show in the North," penned a series of the kindest recollections of Mark Lemon, first of all issued piecemeal, and afterward reprinted collectively from the pages of the *Genleman's Magazine*. Speaking of his friend, Mr. Hutton there says of him (remembering what the publication was, it almost seems to us profanely) that "he believed in one God, in one woman, and in one publication." Throughout life his was the most cordial, kindest nature, overflowing with good-fellowship. Like Shakespeare's Wolsey—

"... he would have all as merry  
As first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Could make good people."

## THE "CITY OF THE FUTURE" ONCE MORE.

I HAVE several times advocated, in the pages of this JOURNAL, a method of constructing town-houses which would give us all opportunity to live within city-limits under the maximum of favorable conditions. The City of the Future has been supposed by many people to consist of great outlying suburban districts, bound together by a system of underground and overground railways. Swift and secure transit from place to place, under this plan, is to render distance of no consideration, and enable every man of business to reach his embowered cottage in the suburbs with as little inconvenience as he now traverses a few squares of the city. But the City of the Future which seems, to my imagination, to confer the highest convenience, comfort, and felicity, is one of scientific compactness, instead of scientific diffusion—it is to utilize the air-spaces above us by the erection of tall buildings of many stories, furnished with steam-elevators and all the latest appliances of household invention. At present, men with vast trouble banish themselves into the rural suburbs for the sake of pure air—which generally is laden with malaria and animated with mosquitoes—while all the time there is, within sixty feet of their offices, an unused atmosphere of the greatest salubrity, where fever is unknown, and insects never trouble.

A suburban city—a city which every night sees its citizens scattered among the hills, along the rivers, and in the by-ways of its environs—can never possess the real advantages and attractions of a metropolis. No rapid transit would be likely to bring a people thus scattered together in those gatherings which supply the mental stimulus of city-life. The opera, the theatre, the lecture, the

concert, the art-gallery, the museum, the club, would famish in a community of outlying suburbs. In a scattered city rentals might be cheaper than now, but the competition that exists in crowded avenues of traders would cease, and every purchase made would involve narrower choice and higher price than by our present method. Great advantages obviously arise from the concentration of multitudes in cities; and, instead of, as we are now doing, industriously endeavoring to promote diffusion, it should be our aim to systematize and organize this concentration so as to secure the least possible friction, with the best results that combination and coöperation may give us.

The passion for suburban living, which has been so much stimulated in late years by land-speculators, has this year received a great blow. Mosquitoes, during the earlier part of the season, infested all the region around New York fearfully; and this plague had just begun to abate when a worse infliction appeared. Scarcely a district, during August and September, escaped fever and ague, and in some places not a family could be found without at least one member a victim to the malady. People who had fondly imagined that health and felicity would reward their banishment to neighborhoods of meadows, cabbage-gardens, and rude road-ways, are now turning their wistful eyes back to the paved streets of the city, and wondering why something cannot be done to render residence within town-limits practicable for all who may desire it.

It is obvious, to all who closely observe, that the common belief in the superior healthfulness of the country over the city is unsupported by the facts. Fresher-looking men and women may be seen any hour on Broadway and Fifth Avenue than a day's search would find in the country. Thin, sallow, unwholesome-looking people seen on our promenades, are almost invariably visitors from the rural sections. Dyspepsia is more common in the country than in the city, and so are rheumatism and other ills arising from damp houses and undrained fields. Women in the town, especially, live more out-of-doors than those of the country do, experience more enlivening scenes, have greater variety and change, and, as a class, are in better health and spirits. Hale, fresh, and hearty-looking old men are more abundant in the cities than elsewhere. It has been common to assert the contrary to all this, but whoever will investigate the facts will, I am convinced, discover the above assertions to be correct. As a trustworthy witness we may call in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, in his last instalment of "The Poet at the Breakfast-table," discourses as follows:

"If I should say right out what I think, it would be that the finest human fruit on the whole, and, especially, the finest women that we get in New England, are raised under glass . . . I mean just what I say, under glass, and with a south exposure—during the hard season, of course, for in the heats of summer the tenderest hot-house plants are not afraid of the open air. Protection is what the transplanted Aryan requires in the New-England climate. Keep him, and especially

her, in a wide street of a well-built city eight months of the year, with good, solid brick walls behind her, good sheets of plate-glass, and the sun shining warm through them in front of her, and you have put her in the condition of the pineapple, from the land of which, and not from that of the other kind of pine, her race started on its travels. People don't know what a gain there is to health by living in cities, the best parts of them, of course, for we know too well what the worst parts are. In the first place, you get rid of the noxious emanations which poison so many country localities with typhoid fevers and dysentery; not wholly rid of them, of course, but to a surprising degree. . . . A first-rate city-house is a regular *sanitarium*. The only trouble is, that the little good-for-nothings, that come of utterly used-up stock and ought to die, can't die to save their lives. So they grow up to dilute the vigor of the race with skim-milk vitality. They could have died like good children in most average country-places."

Although these comments appear in a popular literary paper, their source gives them all the authority of a medical and scientific opinion, and we recognize in them not the sentiments of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet and humorist, but of Dr. Holmes, the accomplished practitioner and man of science. Accepting them as true, it is obvious that our packed communities should not seek for air and elbow-room by settling in unhealthy suburbs, but in turning to best account our sewered, drained, paved, city thoroughfares. The question for us to determine is not how to get speedily into the malarious atmosphere of the country, but how to so live in the town that we may enjoy its conditions to the best advantage. We solve the problem by looking aloft. All we have to do is to build high houses, that shall be fire-proof, that shall have each floor isolated from every other, that shall be furnished with all the improvements that pertain to coöperative house-keeping, that shall be provided with ample machinery for reaching the various suites of rooms by steam; and, lastly, which shall have the roofs beautiful with flowers and fountains, and utilized for purposes of promenade and out-door recreation. Here we have the model town-house. Scientific ventilation would keep the atmosphere in such a house always pure, and scientific devices would carry off refuse. It would have no fever. It would be plagued with no insects. It would be far more healthful than the low, unventilated, damp, malaria-exposed country-house; more healthful, even, than the ordinary town-house. The sweetest, purest, most invigorating air our experience knows any thing about, lies only a few feet above us. Don't let us depopulate the town in order to build up rural marshes, with this perfect means for admirable town-living at our hands. The whole tide of emigration needs to be turned backward along our upper sky-spaces; it will certainly be turned back in some form if fever continues to infest the suburbs, and greatly to the general discomfort if some such means as have been here pointed out are not put in operation for the accommodation of the returning multitudes.

A great many of my readers will peruse this article mentally protesting against its conclusions. They are animated by the sentiment of the country, some of it traditional, and some of it perhaps genuine, and are wedded to that notion of peace and serenity and the loveliness of Nature which the poets have continually declaimed, but only occasionally believed in. The country is a very necessary place, practically; I thank Heaven for the country when I eat my first green peas, when the lettuce is crisp, when the potatoes are delicate and mealy, when the well-fed poultry comes to town, when the ruddy peach and the purple grape salute me at the fruit-stands. I love the country when I think of a mountain ramble; when I would imitate Izaak Walton, and meditate, with rod and reel, along the forest-shadowed brook; when the apple-orchards are in blossom; when the hills blaze with autumn foliage. But I protest against the ordinary dogmatism of rural people, which claims all the cardinal, and all the remaining virtues, for their rose-beds and cabbage-patches. The town bestows felicities higher in character than the country does; for men and women, and the works of men and women, are ever worthier our love and concern than the rocks and the hills. The contact with mind, with imagination, with fancy, with ideas and aspirations and discussions, with men of wit and purpose and intellectual struggle, that reward a stirring and animated town-life, is worth to the mind and to character more than dumb Nature at her best can bestow. That is the best-fortified soul which has experienced the fulness of town and the sweetness of country life; but nothing can be more absurd than the airs of superior moral and mental status which suburban folk are wont to assume. Life must be largely enriched with those experiences that pertain to a metropolis ere one can be fully capable of enjoying the beauty of rural retirement. Men must have the ceaseless friction of mankind in order to live ripely and develop fully; and here, in this fact alone, is a supreme reason why we should so order our great centres that life in town may be systematized to the best results.

Fortunately for my arguments in behalf of the town, there have been great men and lovable men who have proclaimed their preference for these paved concourses of men. No man can justly accuse me of trivial tastes with the example of grand old Dr. Samuel Johnson before him; and who would not have rather walked down Fleet Street with the honest old Ursa Major, than sit droning and dozing for a decade under a vine and fig-tree? And dear, familiar, gentle, but heroic Charles Lamb! Who may not love the shop-windows, the chop-houses, the theatres, the book-stalls, the town-sights of all sorts, when the noble Elia has wandered through and among them, drawing the happiest images, the most playful humor, the rarest fancy, the sweetest sentiment from them? After Charles Lamb all men may rise up and bless the streets! And then have we not also delightful Leigh Hunt and witty Douglas Jerrold in the ranks of the town's defenders? And then greater, stronger, loft-

ier than these, there come rising through the mist of the immediate past the shadows of Dickens and Thackeray. If ever spirits haunted the places they loved, then these devoted chroniclers of town-life still hover above and mingle amid the crowds it was once their delight to study and depict. Thackeray openly declared his want of sympathy for scenery. "I do not come here," he said, on the occasion of his visit to America, "to visit Niagara or to see your mountains and rivers. I want to meet your men and women." Both Dickens and Thackeray delighted in Broadway, and were never tired of wandering up and down its pavements, watching the throngs of travel and studying the faces of the people. Insensibility to the active and stirring aspects of the town often arises from dullness of imagination. The brighter and more impressive spirits have almost invariably preferred the contact of men to the solitude of Nature; and this preference will continue so long as people delight in the refinements of society and the fruits and products of civilization. And, in view of these facts, the duty before us is to recast our cities on better methods. We are now spending millions in New York in building underground railways, that lead only to half-settled wildernesses. It would be better for the real interests of the city if capitalists would build up the half-used and neglected spaces that lie in the heart of the town; would give us, instead of a collection of villages, a splendid metropolis, in which people may live in convenient and agreeable neighborhood to all the attractions of a city.

O. B. BURCK

## THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S.

VERY dear to the people of Charleston, South Carolina, is St. Michael's Church in that city, which is said to have been built after a model furnished by Sir Christopher Wren, and copied from St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London. The likeness to St. Martin's is so strong that no Charlestonian on coming to London needs have that church pointed out. The spire of St. Michael's, however, is much the more beautiful. Any one who had seen it would remember the church, with its old-fashioned mahogany pulpit, and great brass chandeliers, and high, black mahogany pews, where the devout might pray, and the careless sleep unseen. But chiefly were the people proud of their bells. There was no such chime in the colony when they were hung, and, after they had changed their tune of God save the King for Yankee Doodle, there never were any bells in New York or Boston that came up to them in their Fourth of July performances. Of all the works of man's hands, there is none which seems to have such a life of its own as bells. How they sympathize with the people, giving voice to their joys and their sorrows! How, with prophets' voices, they speak to each man in his own tongue! And how, sometimes, like mocking spirits, they urge the mad fury of the mob with peals of vengeance and triumph, which in the ears of the wiser few are a knell of despair!



When the British took Charleston in 1780, they stabled their horses in the church, and, unhooking the bells, sent them off to London, where they were dumped on the Tower wharf and left unnoticed for many years. At last, the Vestry of St. Michael's received a letter bidding them expect their bells by a certain ship sailing from London. The people went in procession to bring up from the ship their beloved bells, which they had never hoped to listen to again, and with prayers and thanksgivings they were replaced in the church tower. The pious benefactor never made himself known, but he was supposed to have been some British officer who had been at the taking of Charleston. For seventy years did those bells regulate the social life of the city. For, not only did they call to worship, and celebrate all occasions of public joy and sorrow, but nightly they rang a curfew which ruled everybody's movements. It was intended to warn the negroes home at nine o'clock in winter, ten in summer; after that hour they might not go into the streets without a written pass. The nimble negro often eluded the statute, giving leg-bail to the "guardman," but the whites put themselves under the rule, of their own accord. All visitors were expected to take leave at bell-ring, and they punctually departed at the same moment that Cuffy was brushing along to gain his gate before the tap of the drum should make him amenable to the law against strollers "after hours," as it was called.

It would not suit this sketch to recall the memories of the day when the United States flag, lowered from Fort Sumter, was brought up to the city; amid a hush so general, one might have thought the people repented them of their rash act, till some one ordered the bells to ring a mad clangor, and with shouts of exultation they drowned the voice that still warned them to forbear.

Time went on, and Charleston behind her defences of sand resisted all the efforts to carry her. During the five hundred (546) days of bombardment all the lower part of the town had to be abandoned. Houses and churches were shattered, the cannon-balls tore up the very graveyards, and the bones of the dead were scattered. Yet the spire of St. Michael's was untouched. Perhaps the cannoners tried to spare it—perhaps good angels guarded it. But, what neither the malice of the enemy nor the spite of Fortune did, the people themselves effected. For the bells were taken down and sent to Columbia, to be cast into cannon. General Beauregard, perhaps shocked at the desecration, pronounced them unfit for the purpose; and the fate, which heaped up at Columbia for safe-keeping every thing of value in the State, there detained the bells also. Then Sherman's army passed through, leaving its track as of lightning. A party of half-drunken soldiers, out for a lark and for plunder, were accosted by a negro who offered to show them the bells which had rung in secession. "Never," said the men, "shall they play that tune again!" and they smashed them into a hundred pieces.

Sad was the return to the desolated homes, and the meeting in the dumb church, to which

no miracle might now restore the voice of the chimes they loved.

But they were men of pluck still, and, as soon as they had shaken themselves up and provided for the first pressing needs, they resolved to tax themselves to the utmost to get a new chime.

Scarcely had the rector bread, and the vestry and congregation were all very poor, but they wrote to C. R. Prioleau, of London, to inquire the cost of a new set. This gentleman had lived so long in England as to have become almost an Englishman, with a fair English wife and bluff handsome English children, but his heart stirred at the recollection of the dear old voices that had called him in childhood, and he undertook the task with a loving zeal that brought about the most surprising results. There was no record at Charleston of where the bells came from. But Mr. Prioleau searched the directory for the oldest founders of the city, and went from one to the other, until at Meares & Co., White Chapel, London, a firm which has been in existence three hundred years, he found, by patient examination, the record of bells cast for St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., in 1759. The proportions of the metal, and sizes of the bells, were all entered in the books; and the present Meares engaged to turn out a new set which, when hung, should make the Charlestonians themselves think they heard their veritable old bells. But Mr. Prioleau was not content with this; he wrote back to have all the fragments that could be found sent out—and this was done. Meanwhile, Meares found still in their service an old man of seventy-six, who had been apprentice under the very foreman who, more than a hundred years before, had cast those bells; and he, stimulated by Prioleau's generosity, never rested till he brought to light the very original moulds for the castings. Into them the new metal was melted with careful distribution of the broken fragments, so as to make the illusion a reality. All that was wanting to make up the cast, Mr. Prioleau added, and the reward of his perseverance and generosity was to send to the vestry these new bells, which are the very old ones still. Again, did the congregation with tears and thanksgiving receive the bells from this their fifth voyage across the Atlantic, and hung them up in St. Michael's steeple.

May they never again be removed by the rough hand of War, or ever sound aught but peace on earth and good-will toward men!

MRS. PETIGRU CARSON.

## THE CALIPH'S MAGNANIMITY.

### I.

A TRAVELLER across the desert waste  
Found on his way a cool, palm-shaded  
spring,  
And the fresh water seemed to his pleased  
taste,

In all the world, the most delicious thing.  
"Great is the caliph!" said he; "I for him  
Will fill my leathern bottle to the brim."

### II.

He sank the bottle, forcing it to drink  
Until the gurgle ceased in its lank throat,  
Then started on once more, and smiled to  
think

He bore for thirst God's only antidote.  
Days after, with obeisance low and meet,  
He laid his present at the caliph's feet.

### III.

And soon the issue of the spring was poured  
In a gold cup, on whose embossed outside  
Jewels, like solid water, shaped a gourd.

The caliph drank and seemed well satisfied,  
Nay, wisely pleased, and straightway gave  
command  
To line with gold the man's work-hardened  
hand.

### IV.

The courtiers now, seeing the round reward,  
Fancied some unheard, wondrous virtue  
graced

The bottled burden borne for their loved lord,  
And of the liquid gift asked but to taste.  
The caliph answered from his potent throne,  
"Touch not the water; it is mine alone!"

### V.

But when, soon after, the humble giver went,  
O'erflowing with delight, which bathed his  
face,

The caliph told his courtiers the intent  
Of his denial, saying: "It is base  
Not to accept a kindness, if 'tis pressed  
With no low motive of self-interest."

### VI.

"The water was a gift of love to me  
Which I with golden gratitude repaid.  
I would not let the honest giver see  
That, on its way, the crystal of the shade  
Had changed, and was impure. And so, no  
less,  
His love, if scorned, had turned to bitterness."

### VII.

"I granted not the warm, distasteful draught  
To asking lips, because of firm mistrust,  
Or kindly fear, that, if another quaffed,  
He would reveal his feeling of disgust,  
And he who meant a favor would depart,  
Bearing a wounded and dejected heart."

### VIII.

O springs of kindness in life's desert found,  
O'er-shaded fondly by the palms of peace,  
Rise everywhere, and in each heart abound,  
That strife and anger may decline and  
cease!  
No traveller need fear to give from thee,  
For there is naught can mar thy purity.

HENRY ARBET.

## TABLE-TALK.

A WRITER of the Mill school, in the current number of the *Westminster Review*, who claims and deserves the title of "philosophical radical," discusses, with considerable force, the old but by no means yet solved question how expression may be best given to the will of a free nation. He makes a scientific analysis of "sovereignty," dividing it first into supreme government and subordinate government, the first directing and regulating the body politic, the second administering and working the political machinery; these again into monarchies, pleonarchies, and synarchies, according to their form; and despotisms and commonwealths, according to their nature. The English Government he classifies as a synarchal commonwealth, that is, a free state governed by a union of monarchical and pleonarchical elements. The most interesting part of his essay, however, is where he advocates the adoption of proportional representation, either by Hare's system or some modification of it. The idea in a nutshell is, that minorities should not be shut out, as they now are, from any representation whatever, but that every voter in the nation should have his representation in Parliament. "The principle is," says the reviewer, "that every voter should exercise his franchise by one vote; that every elected member should be elected by a unanimous constituency; that every constituency should be equal in numbers." In order to obtain this, the process would be to "divide the whole number of votes cast (throughout the kingdom) by the whole number of seats to be filled, and the quotient will be the number of votes required to seat a member at an election." There would thus no longer be local, but personal constituencies. Anybody might vote for anybody, no matter where either resided. If any candidate received more votes than the requisite quota to elect him, then, according to Dobbs's plan, which the reviewer prefers, he might transfer his surplus votes to some other candidate who had not enough, acting in consort with his constituents, and following their wishes as to whom he should thus favor. Thereby, the reviewer maintains, every class and every interest would be fully represented in Parliament exactly according to its numerical strength in the electorate. "Some will represent localities, some will represent various political principles, some religious bodies, some trades, some professions." The difficulties in the way of such a system would disappear when it got into fair working-order; it would be the first step that would cost. The reviewer insists the more strenuously upon this idea, since he is strongly opposed to an extension of the suffrage, and to a more equal redistribution of parliamentary seats, and does not conceal his hostility to the ballot. With John Stuart Mill, he considers it the business of radical

statesmanship rather to develop electoral perfection in the present constituency, than to arrive more nearly at the will of the nation by widening its limits so as to include the laboring-classes. It would be very interesting to see proportional representation, which really means the perfect representation of minorities in their true relationship to majorities tried; though the difficulties in the way of its practical operation, in a land of settled precedent like England, would, it seems, be wellnigh insuperable.

— In a recent number of this JOURNAL we called attention to the question of supplying animal food to the dense masses of people in England and in the Eastern States who cannot, on the lands which surround them, raise stock sufficient for their wants. In England there are few problems more interesting than this, and we are glad to believe that it is on the eve of solution. In this country we cannot only provide for our own wants, but, if our resources are sufficiently utilized, the British market may derive from us a large supply of live cattle. The cattle-trade of these States is only at its beginning. In the vast State of Texas, cattle roam in limitless herds, and behind this State is the great grazing-region of Western Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming. The cattle of Texas are being constantly brought to the central markets of Schuyler, on the Union-Pacific road, and Abilene, on the Kansas-Pacific road. They are driven to these markets on the old Scotch system of droving; and, so far from losing in quality by the journey, the stock are usually in better condition when sold at Schuyler and Abilene than when the animals are first collected into sale-herds. From these stations the fat cattle are shipped to Chicago, there slaughtered, and the carcasses dispatched East. A very small portion of the trade, however, is thus accounted for. In Western Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming, systematic stock-farming is beginning to flourish. The Texan cattle are strong, bony animals, and cross well with the Durham. In these regions the crossing is being effected; and a splendid flesh-forming animal is the result. In a few years the central plains will be covered with herds; and thence England, as well as our Eastern markets, can be largely supplied. The construction of railroads will proceed *pari passu* with the settlement of the country, and it will be quite easy to ship live cattle to the Eastern ports, whence they can be conveyed to England in eight or ten days. We are not indulging in a dream, but speaking of practicable enterprise. England is vainly striving to utilize the Australian beef and mutton, and is seeking to obtain live cattle from South America. It is the living animal that she wants most, but the long sea-voyage, through stormy and torrid regions, is a serious obstacle to the South-American trade. From our Eastern ports,

however, the voyage would be easy. All that is wanted is a line of steamers especially constructed for the traffic, and, with these, cattle fed upon Indian-corn and a little hay might be disembarked in England in substantially as good condition as when first shipped. A trade of this kind, properly organized, could not fail to be successful. England can always afford to pay from fourteen to twenty cents per pound for good, fresh beef, and in these prices there would be sufficient margin to allow of a remunerative profit. We believe that, in a few years, we shall see a large and profitable trade in cattle between the United States and England—a trade that will benefit both nations, and help to develop and build up our new central States on a healthy and solid basis.

— How to protect so immense a conglomeration of humanity as London from its own marauders, assassins, and thieves, is a difficult problem not yet satisfactorily solved. London never has obtained a police wholly to its mind; it has always looked with envy upon Paris, whose police-system, under Napoleon III., worked with the regularity of a delicate piece of mechanism. A population of some three and a half millions is kept in such peace as is possible by a police force of seven and a half thousand. A recent report by the chief commissioner of the London police indicates, however, that, considering the vastness of the capital, it is very fairly guarded. The discharges from the police force for nonfeasance and malfeasance are but few; and a very large majority of the offenders against the law are duly apprehended. Burglary and larceny have decreased during the past year, while drunkenness has increased; something like thirty thousand persons, in various stages of inebriety, are arrested and fined yearly, notwithstanding Permission Bills and License Acts. A suggestive item in the report is the number of Londoners reported as "lost" during the year. We were not prepared to find that, even in that congregation of cities, the "mysterious disappearances" annually reach the figure of nearly six thousand, of whom the police succeed in finding and restoring to agonized friends all but a very few. At the end of the last year, out of five thousand seven hundred and fifty-three "lost," only four children and sixty-five adults were still missing. The proportion of lost children to lost adults is about as two to one; the wonder is that so many grown persons, proportionally to irresponsible infants, miss their way or are hustled into an ominous oblivion. It is a serious fact, well worthy the attention of "my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards," that London cabbies, carters, and "bus-drivers, run over between two and three thousand people in the course of a year, putting the light of life out of a hundred or more. The dangers of the streets, what with reckless driving, the throwing of swabbers

out of windows, the falling of roof-tiles, and other contingencies, are more serious than those of the railway or the ocean-steamer. The police find themselves overpowered by the immense caravans of trade or pleasure which well through the main arteries of the town at certain hours; and, after they have done their best, an alarming total of accidents remains. The evidences given by the commissioner, that the Londoners have only themselves to blame for many of the successful burglaries which take place, are curious. The police found, during the past year, six hundred doors and windows left open through the night, fifty-seven keys remaining in the locks, ten shutter-bars boltless, five cellar-flaps unfastened, and fourteen area-gratings left loose. The citizen should be an auxiliary of the police, not an accessory of the burglar; his forgetfulness often proves the rascal's opportunity.

— The system upon which honors are distributed in England is a strange one. It depends almost entirely upon the will of the prime-minister; but scarcely any prime-minister seems to care or dare, as the case may be, to deviate from the beaten track of precedent. Much was said, when Lord Macaulay was raised to a peerage, of the novelty of that honor being conferred for literary services; but it is very doubtful whether Macaulay would ever have had a coronet had he been merely an author. When he was ennobled he had for years been a minister of state in more than one administration, a member of Parliament, a member of the Supreme Council of India, and last, but not least, a strenuous political partisan. So, again, with Lord Lytton. It was Bulwer, the political country-gentleman, rather than the playwright or novelist, who was rewarded, though of course his literary distinction contributed largely to his advancement. Mr. Gladstone has been more liberal than his predecessors in bestowing honors on medicine and music. On many eminent members of the former craft baronetcies have been bestowed, while knighthood has been conferred on Sir Michael Costa and Sir Sterndale Bennett. The last artist ennobled is of a different profession, again—an architect. The line of the baronetage appears to be drawn here. Mayors who entertain princes, doctors who kill or cure them, enjoy hereditary honors, but not so those who build their palaces and cathedrals. Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, were knights only; and a similar dignity appears to be thought good enough for the most eminent English architect of this century—George Gilbert Scott. Indeed, it is questionable if he would have got even this had he not been fortunate enough to please the queen in his monument to Prince Albert. Sir Gilbert is son of a clergyman, and grandson of the late Rev. Thomas Scott, the well-known commentator on the Bible. He was born in 1811, in Buckinghamshire, where his father

held a small incumbency. The first work which made his name known was the Martyrs' Memorial, in Oxford, erected in 1840, followed by churches at Leeds, Doncaster, the large church of St. Nicholas, and also the Hôtel-de-Ville and Senate House, at Hamburg, the Cathedral of St. John's, Newfoundland, etc. He has been largely employed in the restoration of cathedrals (including Ely, Salisbury, St. David's, Lichfield, Hereford, and Ripon); and, in 1849, became architect to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in which capacity he recently has superintended the restoration of the Chapter-house, and built the new Foreign and Indian Offices. He was chosen an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1852, and admitted to the full honors of that body in 1860. Sir Gilbert is the author of professional works of high merit, including "A Plea for the Faithful Restoration of our Ancient Churches," a volume on "Secular Domestic Architecture," and another on "Westminster Abbey."

— Another of the romantic delusions of our youth has been rudely swept away by the ceaseless and penetrating discoveries of this all-inquiring age. Already we have been forced to doubt the existence of a William Tell, and the exploits of a William Wallace; we are asked to believe that Lucrezia Borgia was, if not quite a model of mediæval ladyhood, at least not much worse than other royal or noble ladies of her time; that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; that Aaron Burr was almost an exemplary character, and that Henry VIII. was a fine specimen of the bluff and hearty, and by no means wicked, Englishman of his day. What the stump-orators will do for a crushing simile, in place of that upon which they have drawn so liberally, and with so striking an effect, "the car of Juggernaut," it is difficult to tell. Juggernaut was a fine Oriental name and tradition, and Juggernaut's supposed office fitted exactly to the idea, vividly present to the stump-orator's mind, that the opposite party was crushing and grinding down the people with corruption and tyranny. Unfortunately, Juggernaut—or, to spell the word more correctly, *Jagan-natha*—turns out to be a very harmless though still cumbersome old deity. He is a hideous and repulsive, but not ordinarily a destructive, idol. He represents, in the Hindostanee faith, the idea of incarnation, and is the visible image of Vishnu, the supreme god, presented thus uncouthly to the eyes of men. His history is to be found in the "Ramayana," the great epic of Hindostan, and includes a romantic legend about Siva, Jagan-natha's wife, who was carried off by a giant, and was restored by the miraculous, though rather humble, aid of a monkey. In early July the festival of Jagan-natha is kept almost universally among the Bengalee Hindoos, and almost every town and village has its ponderous Jagan-natha car, which is dragged out for the occasion, the god and his faithful

wife sitting aloft, carved in neem-wood and sandal-wood, and duly bathed, to the singing of the sacred "Ram-yatra" hymn. Sometimes Siva, who is always represented as a trifle less hideous than her lord, is favored with diamond eyes, and robes of cloth-of-gold, while emeralds twinkle on her breast, and pearls beam from her enormous and crooked fingers. By accident, at the last festival at Serampore, two people were crushed under the wheels of the big car; and so unusual a catastrophe was this that the populace bitterly complained of Jagan-natha for so ungratefully repaying the efforts of his children to drag him forth from the temple. This Jagan-natha, it appears, was perched on a car some fifty feet high, with sixteen wheels, and it was with difficulty drawn to the traditional bath. The truth is, that the custom of self-immolation under Jagan-natha's car has long been a thing of the past, the British authorities in India having found means to dissuade the Hindoos from the practice.

— We referred, some time ago, to the efforts of the German Government to prevent the exodus of its citizens to this country. It now appears that Herr Bismarck's threats have had no effect on the migration, which has increased of late rather than diminished. In the month of September alone over ten thousand Germans arrived at this port. Since January 1st nearly ninety-eight thousand have landed, an increase of about thirty-eight thousand over the corresponding period of last year. In Berlin it is estimated that, if the emigration continues in a like proportion until the beginning of the next year, the numbers will be double what they were in the years preceding the war. The disquietude of the German Government is caused by the fact that most of the emigrants are young men who leave home to escape military service. By the emperor's orders, a circular was issued by the Minister of War, last July, which, it was hoped, would have some effect in stopping the tide. A second circular has just been published, couched in more threatening terms. It recalls to youths about leaving the country that they render themselves liable to the severest penalties, and that, if they persist, they will be made outlaws for life. A special service is being instituted for the surveillance of the districts whence the emigrants mainly come, and the most energetic measures are to be taken to suppress the movement. It would seem from these facts as if the "Vaterland" was not as popular with the ruled as with the rulers; but this would scarcely be a fair deduction. The German loves his country much, but his liberty more; and the government of William can hardly be claimed to be conducive to liberty. The onerous burden of compulsory military service is the most difficult to bear, and it is not strange that the young men subject to it should seek a land where it is not necessary to devote the best years of their

life to learning the use of a musket. The Prussian system, which achieved such wonderful results in the late conflict with France, can exist only under a despotism. Germans will not submit to it forever, even to achieve Teutonic unity; and what has been Germany's salvation may yet prove to be Germany's bane.

— There is something really grand in the march of civilization over our Western prairies! During the fiscal year 1871 over ten million seven hundred thousand acres passed from the dominion of the government into private hands. This would make nearly seventy thousand farm-homes of one hundred and sixty acres each, equivalent to three States a year of the size of Massachusetts, and with agricultural capacities that the Bay State never knew. In Kansas and Nebraska alone over fifteen thousand entries were made within the year under the homestead law. These entries represent a population of fifty thousand added to these two States on lands freely presented them by government, besides a large number who acquired their homes by purchase. Each year witnesses an increasing number on our extreme frontier direct from Europe. Perhaps one-half of our Western gain comes from foreign immigrants; and now we hear that forty thousand Russians are coming at one time, and probably to one place. Our national advance on our Western frontier, on a line drawn from the British dominions to Mexico, is not far from sixteen miles a year. Where railroads or river-bottoms summon the advancing population, this line juts forward and makes a salient angle; while mountain and marsh are apt to delay the movement of the squatter, and thus tend to retard civilization. But slowly and steadily the advancing column moves on, and the child is now living who is to see the whole of the magnificent territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific converted into happy homes.

— The Bureau of Education has been busily engaged of late in gathering up the statistics of the occupation of college graduates in New England. Of the four thousand two hundred and eighteen graduates of the four principal institutions—Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, and Wesleyan University—a trifle more than thirty-three per cent. were lawyers, twenty-six per cent. clergymen, nearly fourteen per cent. instructors, and thirteen per cent. physicians. Eighty-six per cent. of our college graduates are, therefore, swallowed up in the four professions of law, ministry, instruction, and medicine. The remaining fourteen per cent. engage in commerce, manufactures, etc. More than forty per cent. of the Harvard alumni are lawyers; more than forty-five per cent. of the Wesleyan graduates enter the ministry. Yale gives one-third of her sons to the law, less than one-fourth to the ministry.

— That our college graduates are among the healthiest part of the community is evident from an investigation of the triennial catalogue of Dartmouth College. Of the six hundred and eighteen members who were graduated between 1771 and 1799, three hundred and thirty-one, or more than fifty per cent., died over sixty years of age. One hundred and thirty-one of these died between eighty and one hundred years old, and one over one hundred. Well may the Bureau of Education say that "this is probably unequalled by any necrological table except that of the antediluvian patriarchs!"

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.*

IN the interesting sketch of Atlanta, published in No. 184 of your valuable JOURNAL, there are two statements which strike me with so much surprise that I desire, with your permission, to call attention to them, in order to elicit a correction, if inaccurate (as I suspect them of being), or authoritative confirmation, if true.

The first is, that the engagement at and near Jonesboro, Georgia, between the Federal and Confederate forces, August 31, 1864, "ended in the total rout of the Confederates," etc.

It is true, as stated by your correspondent, that the Confederates were "overpowered" on this occasion, and were forced to evacuate Atlanta; but that there was a *rout*, or any thing approaching to a rout, I failed to discover, though present in person in the action at Jonesboro. I have never seen stated in any history or official report of the operations there, nor from any source have I ever heard of the *rout* before. Upon the evidence of my own senses, confirmed by the general belief in the South, I would say that the Confederates fell back in good order to Lovejoy's Station, a few miles below Jonesboro, threw up intrenchments, and awaited attack as usual, until the armistice was agreed upon.

The other statement is, that, during the armistice referred to, "about seven thousand of the inhabitants" (of Atlanta) "were allowed to leave, with their household effects, and pass through the Confederate lines."

It has heretofore been my impression that the seven (or ten?) thousand were *forced*, by the express order of General Sherman, to leave their homes and household effects, there being no transportation for the latter, even if permission had been given to remove them.

The vast crowd of people from Atlanta which poured through the Confederate lines during the ten days' armistice presented a spectacle of destitution, terror, and despair, which beggars description. They declared that they were expelled from the city.

If, however, this is a mistake, after all, I, for one, would be glad to see it corrected by authoritative information on the subject, for the sake of historical truth.

GREENVILLE, ALA.

ner as shall give the appearance of their having been contained in the liquid previous to the freezing. The phenomena of regelation, as described and illustrated by Professor Thompson, may be rendered clear by a simple experiment. Over a block of ice, either supported on two boards, placed nearly together, or held firmly between the jaws of a carpenter's vice, a loop of fine wire is passed, to the lower side of which a suitable weight is attached. Thus arranged, the wire will cut its way into and finally through the block; and yet not only will there be no division, but all traces of the passage of the wire will have disappeared, the ice remaining as solid as before. The cause of this refreezing or regelation of the ice along the line of division is explained by Professor Thompson, on the theory that the freezing-point of water is lowered by pressure, and also that ice has a tendency to melt, when forces are applied which tend to change its form. The ice being, therefore, at a lower temperature below the wire, a transfer of heat takes place from above, which, in turn, leaves the water that has passed around the wire at a temperature sufficiently below the freezing-point to cause it to again congeal, thus closing up the cavity made by the passage of the wire. In order to *prove* that the refreezing was due to the withdrawal of latent heat, from the overlying strata of water, Mr. Aitken adopted the following means: When the wire above mentioned had passed half-way through the block, the loop was cut and the weight removed, thus leaving it enclosed in and surrounded by a wall of ice. To one end of this wire a silver coin was attached by its centre, and then drawn down against the surface of the block by the aid of a weight attached to the opposite end. Thus it was found easy to embed this coin in the centre of the block; for, as the metal was a ready conductor of heat, the passage of it was in nowise obstructed; but, when a thin layer of India-rubber—a non-conductor—was placed against the upper surface of the metal disk, it was found that, even with a weight of ninety pounds, applied for four hours, the coin sank only a short distance—a result which would seem to establish the fact that there was, in the first case, a passage of heat through the metal, and that, by the introduction of a non-conductor, this passage was obstructed.

The frequent recurrence of explosions in the English collieries has demonstrated that the Davy safety-lamp, though sound in principle, is defective in an important particular, namely, that the lamp, attached, as it must needs be, to the cap of the miner, was thus out of sight, and could, therefore, give no decided warning of the presence of the explosive gases until too late for an escape from the infected locality. Hence the discovery or invention of a lamp which would act as a *signal* to the workmen, became one of literally vital importance. From a report, given in *Nature*, of the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, recently held in Glasgow, we learn that a paper was read by Dr. A. K. Irvine, "on a new miner's safety-lamp," in which the principle of the "singing flame" is applied in a most effective manner. The invention described is of a most ingenious character, and is likely to prove of great service in coal-mines troubled with explosive gases; since, besides serving the purpose of an ordinary safety-lamp, it sounds a note of warning to the workman the moment the air around becomes so charged with fire-damp as to be dangerous or explosive. The principle of the lamp is based on the fact that, when a mixture of any in-

## Scientific Notes.

IN continuation of a series of interesting experiments on the melting and regelation of ice, Mr. Aitken, of England, has discovered that solid bodies, of considerable size, may be introduced into blocks of ice, in such a man-



flammable gas or vapor with air, in explosive proportions, is lighted on the surface of wire gauze, having meshes sufficiently small to prevent the passage of flame, and a suitable tube or chimney is placed above, so as to prevent admission to the chimney except through the wire gauze, a musical sound is produced, varying in pitch with the size of the flame and dimensions of the chimney. The actual practical value of this invention was demonstrated by placing lamps thus constructed in mixtures of air, with ordinary coal-gas, when they at once indicated danger as soon as the atmosphere by which they were surrounded contained sufficient gas to be dangerous, by giving forth a strong, clear sound, like that of a horn, which could be heard at a considerable distance. In addition to the portable lamp, it was proposed to have certain ones, of increased size and vocal power, stationed at given points in the galleries, which would serve as general signals. So satisfactory were the operations of this lamp, and so important the purpose to be served, that the inventor received the hearty thanks of the Institute; while arrangements were made for at once testing its merits by its practical employment in some of the English collieries noted for *fire-damp*, by which name these explosive gases are familiarly known.

The committee appointed by the British Association to investigate "the rate of increase of underground temperature downward, and in various localities of dry land and water," have already secured many valuable facts relating to the rate of increase in temperature at stated distances below the earth's surface. Of these results, the most complete and reliable were furnished by the engineers engaged in sinking an artesian well at La Chapelle, a northern suburb of Paris. About the 20th of June last the secretary of this committee received from Messrs. Manget, Lippman & Co., who have charge of the boring, two complete sets of observations, taken on the 14th and 15th of that month, at every one-hundredth metre of depth. As this report, in tabulated form, may be of value as a standard for comparison to those engaged in similar investigations nearer home, it is given in full, the metre standing for 3.28 English feet.

DEPTH IN METRES.	FIRST SERIES. JUNE 14-15.		SECOND SERIES. JUNE 17-18.	
	Temp. Fah.	Time down.	Temp. Fah.	Time d'n.
100.....	58°	A. M. 0 35	58	A. M. 8 0
200.....	61.1	0 30	61	2 0
300.....	65.0	0 30	65	2 30
400.....	69.0	3 10	69	11 20
500.....	72.6	0 30	72.6	2 0
600.....	75.8	0 30	75.4	2 0
660.....	88.25	15 45	88.25	2 0

It will be observed, as the most interesting feature of this report, that, with the exception of the last sixty metres, the rate of increase was strikingly regular; while the agreement between the two sets was so close as to insure their correctness, and justify the committee in reporting that an upright Negretti thermometer may be depended upon to the tenth of a degree. In continuation of these investigations, it is stated that Father Seochi is about to enter upon a series of observations, concerning terrestrial magnetism and temperature, within the Mont-Cenis Tunnel. Observations of a similar character are also being made by the engineers of the Hoosac Tunnel, under the direction of Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. The total length of

this tunnel will be four and three-quarter miles, about two-thirds of which are already completed. The summits of the two mountain-ranges, beneath which the tunnel leads, are respectively seventeen hundred and twenty and fourteen hundred and twenty feet above the level of the bore. As these investigations have a direct bearing upon the main question of the physical constitution of our globe, scientists await the results with more than usual interest.

In an address on the *Sequoia* and its history, delivered before the American Association at Dubuque, Professor Gray referred to the size and age of the far-famed sequoia-trees of California, and the Australian gum-trees (*Eucalypta*), as follows: "Some, we are told, rise so high that they might even cast a flicker of shadow upon the summit of the Pyramid of Cheops. Yet the oldest of them doubtless grew from seed which was shed long after the names of the pyramid-builders had been forgotten. So far as we can judge from the actual counting of the layers of several trees, no sequoia now alive can sensibly antedate the Christian era. . . . It is probable that close to the heart of some of the living trees may be found the circle that records the year of our Saviour's nativity." This opinion, which may justly be regarded as authoritative and final, has an important bearing upon certain geological questions, since it goes to prove that the most recent violent geological changes that have occurred in that region must have terminated at a period prior to the advent of the Christian era.

Among the many interesting natural wonders discovered by the members of the Hassler Expedition, were the floating stems of the giant kelp of the South-Pacific *Macrocystis*, which sometimes attain the length of five hundred or one thousand feet, being a foot in diameter, and resembling the trunks of trees!

## Drama, Music, and Art.

THE dramatic season in New York so far has been marked by several new plays, and the reappearance of a few old favorites. "Diamonds," an American comedy, so called, maintains its place at Fifth-Avenue Theatre, although sharply censured by the critics on the occasion of its first production, in September. Its attractiveness is due to its very brilliant setting, to the superb toilets of the ladies in the play, and to a certain liveliness in its scenes. As an artistic or literary performance, it is scarcely worth criticism.—Sardou's "Agnes," which we have previously noticed, continues popular at the new Union-Square Theatre; and the musical spectacle "Roi Carrote" still dazzles admiring crowds at the Grand Opera-House. At Booth's Theatre there have been no new plays, but Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault have appeared there, after an absence of nearly twelve years, and at this writing have repeated without interruption Boucicault's romantic drama of "Arrah na Pogue." Their success has been very great, but no greater than they deserve. Without decided dramatic genius, they are almost perfect as artists. Without exaggeration, with almost entire freedom from theatrical mannerisms, with the nicest perceptions, with the purest taste, they supply perfect pictures of the characters they represent, and succeed in investing them with a notable charm. Mr. Boucicault has lost a little suspicion of amateurishness that clung to him when here before; and Mrs. Boucicault, although more than a decade older,

is as fresh, charming, gentle, and admirable, as ever.

The most surprising and perhaps interesting event of the season, so far, has been the production of a classical comedy at Wal-lack's. It is called "Pygmalion and Galatea," and is founded upon the Greek legend of the statue endowed with life by the gods, in response to the prayer of the sculptor who had chiselled it. But the comedy differs in its story from the tradition. In this new version Pygmalion is married, and Galatea, the vivified statue, comes only to bring family differences and disorders. The story is as follows: "Pygmalion is shown to us married, and the vivified statue is introduced into the domestic circle for poetic retribution. Galatea is the personification of purity and innocence, although moved by the passions and emotions of ordinary women. She is born with a tender but overpowering love for her creator, the sculptor. Pygmalion is devoted to his wife, Cynisca; and the ardent devotion of the beautiful Galatea, and her ignorance of the laws which govern society, produce the most interesting and humorous complication. The wife, naturally jealous of so beautiful and so devoted a creature, invokes blindness upon her apparently faithless spouse. No sooner does Pygmalion lose his eyesight, and all that it afforded his sensuous artist-soul, than he bewails the day he chiselled the beautiful Galatea, and, no longer influenced by her beauty, he admits to her that his heart is still his wife's. Then Galatea implores the gods to petrify her again, and her petition is granted. She reascends the pedestal, and returns to stone, leaving the sculptor restored to sight and to his wife." The play is written in smooth and elegant blank verse; it is constructed with an approach to the Greek unities; and it is pervaded throughout with a poetical charm that those who witness it will long remember. Especial praise must be bestowed upon Miss Rogers, who enacts the part of Galatea. Her classical figure and air of supreme refinement accord well with the idea of the part, even if her features lack a little of the beauty the text calls for; while her acting exhibits a delicate and subtle appreciation of the requirements of the character and the scene. Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife, is not so fortunately placed. Pygmalion, in the hands of Mr. Boniface, is quietly and artistically rendered. That a comedy so classical in sentiment and construction, so pure in tone and incident, so free from all the metrical devices and sensations that so many of our plays depend upon for public favor, should have achieved a great success in London, and large appreciation here, is a notable fact in the history of the stage.

The musical season opened well, though presenting, as usual, some grave contrasts with the thunder of the index. That which we were literally promised has, in general, been given; much which was implied, or vaguely held out to hope, has been withheld, or come tardily off. That the great tenor Mario, at his more than ripe age, and after his repeated withdrawals from the stage, should have any thing but the relics of his noble voice and charming method to offer us was what no sensible person for a moment supposed. Experience has confirmed the prophecy, and the tour of the once famous tenor will offer to the choicest public much food for reflection and affectionate reminiscence, with little for present enjoyment. Carlotta Patti is as brilliant, perhaps, as ever in certain points of vocal pyrotechnics and exceptional execution, but far from thoroughly satisfactory in the broad-

er and richer elements of passion, feeling, and a sincere method. Carreno plays charmingly even now, and, if youth, beauty, and girlish gayety, do not obstruct hard labor at the piano-forte, will ripen to a noble *artiste*. The same may be said of the violinist Sauret, who, as a lad, is graceful, whimsical, and delicate, rather than firm and strong. Cary is, as always, delightful for her wealth of voice and large, honest, simple method; and Ronconi, with his splendid artistic skill and racy humor, makes our hearts ache that voices should pass with the years.

In the Rubinstein troupe the instrumental element is all super-excellent, the vocal portion wellnigh beneath criticism. That the great pianist has taken our people by storm with his wonderful power, and swept away all doubt, coldness, or cavil, in one tide of electric sympathy and applause, is no news to any one. We can but add our modest word to the general verdict, and admire how in him the graces of the spirit and the acquired powers of the *physique* are blended to one harmonious whole—interpenetrating execution with thought, and adding the fire of the poet to the skill of the perfected mechanist. That he was an able and imaginative composer was well known to amateurs, but laymen and *conoscenti* alike have had a new sensation in hearing his own performance of his own works.

Wieniawski is, beyond almost all question, the most finished and forcible violinist who has yet appeared on our concert-stage. If in him *technique* may seem to slightly predominate over feeling, it is, probably enough, the result of his exceptional mechanical skill; and it is safe to say that he would touch our feelings more if he could be content to amaze us less. The lady-vocalists of the company—as immature in the one case as over-ripe in the other—do fair service as a sort of *washer* against the too great strain and shock of artistic sensation roused by their colleagues; but, if the management could decide to leave them in a sort of honorary retirement for the rest of the season, it is doubtful if the public would notice the loss.

Lucca burst upon us like the northern star she is—brilliant, fiery, strong, but not, like the star, cold, distant, or impalpable. She is incarnate realism, in contradistinction with the idealism of her great predecessor; and if Nilsson, as so often said, is moonlight, Lucca stands for the warmth of summer noon, the rich fragrance of tropic breezes. So far as heard at the moment of writing, she has given us a fine, vigorous, dramatic Selika, and an impulsive, passionate, realistic Margarita, full of life-blood and womanly intensity, rather than the chaste and colder simplicity of the Swedish ideal. It will be interesting to hear her in lighter and more sparkling *roles*, where her sanguine temperament and vigorous *physique* are said to find utterance in a most electric energy, and to lend her interpretation a peculiar grace and charm.

Miss Kellogg comes back with her voice—allowing for the effect of a momentary cold—as fresh, and her execution as brilliant, facile, and correct, as ever. Were her dramatic conception and earnestness on a level with her vocalism, we might rest content with our American prima-donna, and look no farther.

Of the rest of the troupe, Jamet, our old friend the basso, is, as all know, a conscientious artist and capital executant; Moriani, the baritone, promises better as singer than as actor; and the others have been so harried with colds and *contra-temps* of all kinds as to make a premature criticism both hasty and unkind.

The Sunday-evening concerts at Irving Hall and the Grand Opera-House promise a new element in popular music, and will call for mention in future.

At Goupil's gallery, in this city, may be seen two or three really noteworthy pictures, excellent specimens each of the schools they respectively represent. Bouguereau is, as our art-loving readers will remember, known for his discreet blending of sweetness and simplicity in feeling with correctness and fairly minute finish in execution—never, however, for a moment allowing the manner to overbalance or obscure the matter. The present bit amply sustains his reputation. A woman—young but not in her first youth, comely and fair but not sensuous, handsomely but not luxuriously dressed—kneels in the midst of a richly-furnished room, and holds a sea-shell to the ear of her child, a little girl of some six or eight years, who stands encircled by the mother's arm, and drawn close against her shoulder. It is a lovely piece—a little poem in itself. Grouping, drawing, and expression, are alike admirable. The gentle, affectionate, half-tender, half-amused interest of the mother, as she bends her head to look into the child's face; the awe-struck wonder and curiosity—rising almost to painful anxiety—in the clear-blue eyes of the little girl, as she half turns to catch the mystic message from the sea, and gazes up in rapt absorption of listening—all make up a little idyl redolent with sweet poetic feeling and a thoughtful pathos which suggests both tears and smiles. Nothing could be more judicious than the carefully-managed half-light on the features of the mother (an actual head, apparently, and continually repeated in the artist's works), and the higher light on the child's face and figure. The flesh is beautifully modelled, with just the right blending of finish and breadth; and the tone, though it might be warmer, could hardly be so without detracting from the delicate spiritual import of the group. Dress and accessories are faithfully but not pragmatically or obtrusively handled, and the cool half-tone of the room and light accords admirably with the intention of the picture.

Cot's original version, "Meditation," of which a *replica* was on exhibition at the gallery last year, is worth more extended notice than it received at the time. The title has been called a misnomer, and, in fact, hardly suffices the evident import of the painting. A girl of sixteen stands, directly facing the spectator, in some cool, shadowy church-aisle, apparently; while the bright light from an upper window falls sharp athwart her figure, catching on her cheek and shoulder, nestling in the transparent masses of her golden hair, and lighting up her features by reflection from the pages of the prayer-book in her hands. She has just looked up from her reading—her attention drawn by some approaching footstep—and gazes forward at the spectator with eyes still soft and dewy with the light of peaceful and devotional meditation, and a look of calm and trustful innocence, tinged with childlike curiosity, which seems almost the especial achievement and privilege of this school. For Cot is a pupil of Bouguereau, and both paint such eyes as we shall find it hard to discover elsewhere, except in the works of Merle, an artist of kindred tendency. The dress is severe, almost rigid, in its simplicity, and sets off in hard and cold outlines against the intense darkness of the background; but here, as in the piece above mentioned, we find nothing but intention and discreet suggestion. The *thought* of the work is utter simplicity—vir-

ginal freshness, and youth, and innocence—and here, again, warmth of color or richness of detail would have jarred on the feeling, though the extreme hardness of the treatment may seem to stretch a point to excess. Both pictures are excellent specimens of a school in modern French art which, in contradiction to the prevailing popular notion on the subject, aims exclusively at sincere, pure, and lofty suggestion—grants nothing to sensuous impression, but every thing to thought.

A large still-life piece, by Blaise Desgoffe, is one of the best works of this ingenious painter, and almost the last word in the matter of mechanical finish and optical illusion. It shows, too, a certain barbaric richness of color, and skill in harmony of tone, but has little else to commend it to thoughtful consideration.

## Miscellany.

### Stage-thunder.

SOME fifty years ago one Lee, manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, with a view to improving the thunder of his stage, ventured upon a return to the Elizabethan system of representing a storm. His enterprise was attended with results at once ludicrous and disastrous. He placed ledges here and there along the back of his stage, and, obtaining a parcel of nine-pound cannon-balls, packed these in a wheelbarrow, which a carpenter was instructed to wheel to and fro over the ledges. The play was "Lear," and the jolting of the heavy barrow, as it was trundled along its uneven path over the hollow stage, and the rumblings and reverberations thus produced counterfeited most effectively the raging of the tempest in the third act. Unfortunately, however, while the king was braving, in front of the scene, the pitiless storm at the back, the carpenter missed his footing, tripped over one of the ledges, and fell down, wheelbarrow, cannon-balls, and all. The stage being on a declivity, the cannon-balls came rolling rapidly and noisily down toward the front, gathering force as they advanced, and, overcoming the feeble resistance offered by the scene, struck it down, passed over its prostrate form, and made their way toward the foot-lights and the fiddlers, amid the amusement and wonder of the audience, and the amazement and alarm of the Lear of the night. As the nine-pounders advanced toward him, and rolled about in all directions, he was compelled to display an activity in avoiding them singularly inappropriate to the age and condition of the character he was personating. He was even said to resemble a dancer achieving the terpsichorean feat known as the egg-hornpipe. Presently, too, the musicians became alarmed for the safety of themselves and their instruments, and deemed it advisable to scale the spiked partition which divided them from the pit; for the cannon-balls were upon them, smashing the lamps, and falling heavily into the orchestra. Meantime, exposed to the full gaze of the house, lay prone, beside his empty barrow, the carpenter, the innocent invoker of the storm he had been unable to allay or direct, not at all hurt, but exceedingly frightened and bewildered. After this unlucky experiment, the manager abandoned his wheelbarrow and cannon-balls, and reverted to more received methods of producing stage-storms.

### Influence of Tea.

The London *Lancet*, the leading medical paper published in that city, lately had the following on the influence of tea as a beverage:

"That tea has an influence over the tissues of the body, is now among the things admitted in physiology. This influence is of a conservative nature, and its value to the poor can scarcely be overrated. To them tea is virtually tissue, and makes a supply of food that would otherwise be inadequate to maintain the weight of the body sufficient for that purpose. Doubtless, an unlimited supply of food capable of replacing any amount of effete tissue would be preferable to a substance which simply goes to prevent tissue from becoming effete; but this is impracticable—the unlimited supply of nitrogenous food being a thing that as yet neither Providence nor politicians have given to us. This preservative power of tea over the tissues has not hitherto been explained. Perhaps it may not be altogether unconnected with another influence of tea which we proceed to notice—namely, an influence over the temper, or rather the mood, or, speaking physically after our fashion, over the nerves. Nothing affects the wear of tissue more than mood; and tea has a strange influence over mood—a strange power of changing the look of things, and changing it for the better: so that we can believe, and hope, and do, under the influence of tea, what we should otherwise give up in discouragement or despair—feelings under the influence of which tissues wear rapidly. In the language of the poor, who, in London, we are told, spend an eighth of their income in buying tea, it produces a feeling of comfort. Neither the philosopher nor the philanthropist will despise this property of tea, this power of conferring comfort or removing *ennui*, of promoting those happier feelings of our nature under which we can do most and bear best."

A correspondent, writing from Munich, says:

"I have found Munich a very pleasant home for the past year. In the Royal Library, of a million volumes, are the histories of all our States, and you are allowed to take two books out at a time, and keep them a month. The summer has been so cool that I have been able to work all through the dog-days. With such a delightful climate, and such excellent beer, at two cents a glass, no wonder the Munich folk are the fattest and jolliest in the world."

### Foreign Items.

THE little unpleasantness between the sultan and the French ambassador in Turkey, who unceremoniously sat down in the imperial presence, has given rise to the following witty rules for ambassadors in foreign countries, as published in a Paris paper: "*Spain*.—When received by the King of Spain, do not say to him, on taking your leave, 'I shall have the honor of seeing your majesty to-morrow again, provided you are then still on the throne.' It seems that that vexes the Kings of Spain very much. *Italy*.—Ask the king if he will allow you to look at his excommunication album. He likes to do that. *Russia*.—Don't fail to eat the pieces of tallow-candle that may be lying about the room. This attention always makes a favorable impression upon the czar. *Austria*.—To the Emperor Francis Joseph you must always speak in disparaging terms of Alexander II. of Russia. This produces a magic effect. *Germany*.—Forget your watch in the emperor's room. He will at once put it in his pocket. That will make him two years younger. *Japan*.—In case the emperor frowns, take out your pen-

knife and rip your belly open. This will enchant him so much, that he will decorate you with an order."

In Marseilles, recently, a young girl, named Irma Gras, a very handsome brunette, assassinated her lover because he refused to buy her a gold watch. To the general astonishment of the court and audience, the jury acquitted her.

The other day, Julia Ebergonyi, the murderer of the Countess Charinsky, and now a convict in an Austrian state-prison, came near effecting her escape by ascending to the roof of the jail. Upon being recaptured, she fought desperately with the keepers, and wounded two of them dangerously.

The terrible punishment of the bastinado is so often administered in Constantinople with the result of crippling the culprits, that the German ambassador has asked the Turkish Minister of Justice to substitute another penalty.

An investigation as to what German soldier fired the first shot in the Franco-German War, shows that a sergeant of a Prussian cavalry regiment, named Sohraz, is entitled to this distinction.

Serpents have recently become so numerous in the presidency of Bombay, and their bites in most cases have proved so venomous, that the governor has offered a heavy reward for their destruction.

The street-railroads are not as popular in the larger cities of the Old World as in this country. It is stated in *L'Economiste* that hardly any of them pay their proprietors any dividends.

The Emperor William of Germany has prolonged the time, during which public gambling is permitted at the watering-places of his empire, for two years.

Gustave Courbet, the famous painter, who, as a member of the Paris Commune, ordered the Vendôme column to be torn down, has become a confirmed hypochondriac, and has entered the famous convent of the Trappists.

The King of Saxony has published eleven sumptuously-printed works, mostly translations from the Italian and Spanish. None of these books paid expenses.

Victor Hugo says that he does not intend to leave Paris, but will continue to take an active part in French politics.

The total loss caused by the immense conflagration of Nijni-Novgorod, in Russia, was seven million rubles.

### Varieties.

THE man who loves his joke is generally much liked by his children and his servants, but not always worshipped by his wife. Nothing so exasperates a wife as to see her husband make light of those small domestic miseries over which women fret, because they have often nothing else to occupy their time with; and men addicted to joking are always doing this. If something goes wrong in the house, if a crystal dish be carelessly broken, they can seldom resist the temptation of being funny; and the more lamentable the incident, from the uxorial point of view, so much the more lively will be their jesting.

Senator Sumner's wife has been passing the summer at Venice. Foreign papers speak of her as a highly-attractive woman.

The London *Times*, in connection with the recent attempt to swim across the English Channel, says: "Tradition affirms that, seventy years ago, three men, convicted of a political offence, to escape punishment, swam from Calais to Dover. One was drowned, the other two landed on the beach, one in an utter state of exhaustion, from which he died; the third recovered, and lived for several years." The distance across the channel from Dover to Calais is twenty-two miles, but the current would probably nearly double the distance for a swimmer.

Regrets.—Lean gormandizer: "I say, Jack, do you recollect a certain saddle of four-year-old Welsh mutton we had at Tom Briskett's one Sunday afternoon, about thirty time last year?"—Fat ditto: "I should think I did!"—(Pause.)—Lean gormandizer: "That was a saddle of mutton, Jack!"—Fat ditto: "Ah! wasn't it!"—(Long pause.)—Lean gormandizer: "I often wish I'd taken another slice of that saddle of mutton, Jack!"

Education.—Squire: "Hobson, they tell me you've taken your boy away from the national school. What's that for?"—Villager: "'Cause the master ain't fit to teach 'un!"—Squire: "Oh, I've heard he's a very good master."—Villager: "Well, all I know is, he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'taters' with a 'P'!"

A magnificent piano-forte has just been sent from London to the Empress of China. The manufacturers, doubtful of the ability of the Celestial lady to play, have thoughtfully added "a grinding apparatus." The tunes chosen are "God save the Queen," the "Miserere," from *Trovatore*, the "Lancers' Quadrille," and the "Marseillaise."

Dusty.—Applicant for place: "What sort of a master is he, and how do you get on together?"—Footman: "A very good master, and we get on well together—he dusts one another's coats."—A. P.: "What do you mean?"—Footman: "Well, the only difference is, I dusts his off his back, and he dusts mine on my back."

### The Museum.

THE Via Mala, one of the most picturesque places in the Alps, is a gorge at the entrance of the Splügen Pass. There is ceaseless suspense, wonder, and delight, in crossing the great passes of the Alps. One may avail himself of the passenger-coach, and smoke his cigar while lolling on the cushions of his carriage, as, with some straining of harness and much cracking of whips, he creeps up, and, like Aurora, though at less speed, drives above the clouds. He shares the general triumph of man over Nature when his wheels revolve over a chain of mountains which divert even the birds in their migration. But it is, to our fancy, best to walk, and especially through such a gorge as the Via Mala. Then you can pause, look back, around, and take in the huge features of your course. Then you can dawdle at the turns in the road, lounge on the parapet, and gaze into the torrent which ever skirts your path. Here it is the Baby Rhine, roaring like a lusty child in its cradle, and fighting its early way toward the strength and fame of manhood. Some of the bridges—one at least—straddles some four hundred feet above the stream; and, when you have carried a small slab of rock to the bridge-parapet, and tipped it over, you seem to wait five minutes before you hear the whack with which it falls into the water. It is like the report of a gun. Unromantic by-play this, is it not, amid such grand scenes? However, you will indulge in it if you are there, or get some idle peasant to do it for twopence. And, after all, it won't really spoil the graver sentiment with which you penetrate and remember the gigantic cliffs and shadows of the Via Mala.





THE VIA MALA.

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# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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## THE VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE.

THAT most pleasant if not most reliable of local historians, the worshipful Diedrich Knickerbocker, recounts, at some World, and began life in the colonies; how his ship was cast up on the shore of Pavonia by the obstinate eddy of Hell-Gate, and how "Oloffe the Dreamer." Then, how he changed his mind in spite of the dream, and migrated with all his following across to the Island of



VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

length, how the ancient Commodore Van Cortlandt, of Cortlandt, ended his adventures on the voyage from Holland to the New the worthy Dutchman fell asleep and dreamed it God's will that he should build a city in that place; wherefore he was presently called Manahatta, where he soon proved himself a land-speculator at the expense of sixty guilders, for which sum he agreed, with the

Indians, to purchase as much land as a man could cover with his nether garments. Mynheer Tenbroek, being appointed measurer, then proceeded to astonish the natives by "peeling, like an onion," and literally covering the whole island with the multitude of his breeches.

So much at least of the good Knickerbocker's is true, and undoubted, as presents the Right Honorable Oloff Stevenson van Cortlandt, descended from the dukes of that name, as the founder of the family in America.

Jacobus A. van Cortlandt was the first who possessed the estate now partly enjoyed by his descendants. It was once included in the fief of Colon-Donck, granted to the Patroon Van der Donck; from him it passed through the hands of various owners to the Honorable Frederick Philipse, who, in turn, resold it to his son-in-law, Jacobus A. van Cortlandt, the husband of Philipse's daughter Eva. This was in 1699, sixty-two years after the arrival of Oloff van Cortlandt in New-York City, where his properties lay about Cortlandt, Houston, and Stanton Streets, and the Bowery. The Van Cortlandt Manor of Johannes van Cortlandt, another descendant of Oloff, must not be confounded with the one of which we write, for it is situated at some distance up on the Hudson River, at the mouth of the Croton, and was lately owned by the nephew, Pierre van Cortlandt.

The Van Cortlandt House estate lies at the lower end of Westchester County, where it adjoins the upper point of New-York Island, and is only separated from it by the very narrow line of the Harlem River, or, more properly, Spuyten-Duyvil Creek. On the east, Fordham Heights make the dividing line from other properties, and the Hudson River forms its westerly and Yonkers its northerly boundary. It originally comprised about eight hundred and fifty acres, and was formerly known as Little or Lower Yonkers. Along the edge of the valley on either side are scattered beautiful knolls and hilly ranges, some cultivated and some wooded. On the west, situated on a fine, wooded hill, stood formerly a large stone mansion, which was destroyed by fire in 1822; it was rebuilt in the same year by Augustus van Cortlandt, but has since passed out of the hands of the family. The present estate consists of about four hundred acres, or one half of the original area, and comprises the whole of the lower part of the beautiful valley on either side of Tibbet's Brook.

In the midst of a broad-spreading plain stands the old house.

The grounds are laid out in ancient Dutch style, with high, artificial banks, and the profusion of spacious barns and out-houses suggests the greatness of its former crops and herds. The north lawn in front was adorned with stately rows of box, which, when it had grown to its present enormous height of ten feet, so obstructed the view of the Harlem Valley that much of it was cut away, leaving only great clumps here and there. It was planted one hundred and ten years ago, after the erection of the house, which bears the date 1748. The style of architecture is essentially Dutch, and is highly picturesque. All the windows on the front are surmounted

by curious corbels, with faces grave or gay, satyrs or humans, but each different from the other. The window-sills are wide and solidly built into the thick, stone walls, as was the fashion of the time, and one, at least, of the main chimneys projects beyond the side-wall, of which it is a part. The grounds are interspersed with old trees; one old pear-tree being a veritable patriarch, perhaps as old as the apple-tree on the hill, into whose butt ancient Oloff cut his name. The pear-tree still bears some of the *pound pears* so favored by the housewives of the olden time. A splendid row of horse-chestnuts, reputed to have lived one hundred and fifty years already, flourish with a still youthful vigor, and overshadow the great gate with a grand arch of limbs and leaves.

The posts of this gate are surmounted by a pair of white eagles, of very grotesque form and truly heraldic design. They, too, have a history, being part of the spoils taken from a Spanish privateer, and presented to Augustus van Cortlandt by Rear-Admiral Robert Digby of the British Navy. Through the gate, which these historic eagles guard, the road runs to the house, which has two entrances, front and rear, or, one may say, in each front; they are four or five steps up, and lead through massive doors to the rooms, where there are many Revolutionary memories. Here General Washington dined and slept when the British pickets were driven in upon New-York Island in 1781, and here occurred the melancholy incident of the death of the unfortunate Captain Rowe in the arms of his bride that should have been. They were good patriots, these early Van Cortlandts, a stiff-backed set, and were among the earliest of the seditious, as we may judge by an extract from a letter sent from Fort William in 1689 to the king's officers in Maryland: . . . "and opened his letters by which I have discovered severe hellish designs, upon which discovering I caught Coll. Byard and the attorney, Wm Nicholl—Coll. Dougan, Major Brockhouse, Stevanus Van Cortlandt, Major willet, daniel Whitehead, doctor Reid, Mathew plowman and the tall collector have absconded themselves out of this government to pensilvania or Maryland."

Some of this independent spirit was inherited, no doubt, from the Philipse side of the house, for the Philipses were early reformers, contemporary with John Huss, and at the time of his martyrdom were forced to fly to East Friedland for safety.

During the early part of the war a British picket-guard of Yagers was constantly stationed on this place, and their officers occupied the house for their quarters.

The most important battle which took place here, for this was "neutral ground" in the Revolutionary struggle, and the scene of many conflicts, was that of Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe's command with the Stockbridge Indians, August 31, 1778.

The scene of the engagement lies northeast of the house. An alarm having been given, and the approach of the Indians being momentarily expected, Colonel Simcoe threw out a picket, and took post in a tree convenient for observation. At length, seeing a flanking-party of the enemy approaching, the

troops were ordered into ranks, and had hardly accomplished the movement when a "smart firing" was heard from the Indians, who were exchanging shots with Lieutenant-Colonel Emmrich, who had been sent in the advance.

The Queen's Rangers were moved rapidly to gain the heights, and Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton immediately pushed forward with the hussars and light cavalry, but, in consequence of the fences in the way, was obliged to return farther upon the right. This being reported to Colonel Simcoe, he broke from the column of the Rangers with a grenadier company, leaving Major Ross to conduct the corps to the heights, and arrived, without being perceived, within ten yards of the Indians. They now gave a yell, and fired upon the grenadiers, wounding Colonel Simcoe and four others. The enemy were, however, quickly driven from the fences, when Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton got among them, and pursued them rapidly down Van Cortlandt Ridge.

Though this ambushade failed in greater part, yet it was of importance. Nearly forty Indians were killed, and it was beyond question the most important action of the "Neutral Ground." Eighteen Indians were buried in the same pit in "Indian Field," by the "Indian Bridge," which still exists, and it is said that the spirit of their sachem yet walks abroad upon the scene of conflict.

Lately a new railroad has been built through this old battle-ground; the millpond, which yet drives the primitive saw of our forefathers, has been invaded. Thus another of the "old landmarks," has changed; and the peaceful spot where, but a short year since, near as it is to the great city, the graceful summer-ducks and the blue herons were wont to sojourn a day or two in their migrations, will soon resound and ripple to the rush of the steam-engine and the roll of ponderous wheels. Even now few have any knowledge of the scenes here past, and in another generation or two all will be changed, from the peace of the wide-spread fields and orchards, to the busy ways of the outskirts of a great city.

## BEAUTY.

○ ROSE! O pearl! O child! O things of light!

O maiden's eye that melts with beams of love!

O stars that sparkle in the vault above!

O peerless moon, thou radiant queen of night!

O golden sun, so glorious in my sight!

How doth my soul leap forth to soul in thee,

To that appealing, mute divinity

Which gives thee glory as it gives thee might!

'Tis what we worship, though we know it not;

'Tis what the heart adores, where'er the eye

Doth rest, on ocean, earth, or in the sky;

For love ne'er worships willingly a blot,

But looks for what is pure, for what is fair,

For what is good, as heaven and angels are.

SALLIE A. BROOK



## THE FATE OF A RELIC.

IN the middle of the afternoon of a warm day, the nap of the drudge and milk-maid of a large farm-house in the suburbs of N— was suddenly disturbed by what appeared to her to be the most violent thunder.

She started and listened for a moment, half bewildered and half angry, and then was on the point of dropping off to sleep again, when the alarm was repeated, but not in the terrific manner she feared. Some one was simply knocking at the back-door which led into the yard from the kitchen beneath her.

She arose, and, thrusting her unkempt head and reddened face out at the little window which commanded the threshold-stone, she perceived a gentleman dressed in black, with a tall hat and a stout cane, patiently contemplating the hot and sun-dried panels before his eyes. Now and then he made a pass at the flies which buzzed about him, or with his forefinger picked out a little of the mortar from between the stones of the house.

"What do you want?" demanded the vixen.

The gentleman looked up quickly, and she saw that he was pretty old, and that he wore gold-bowed spectacles. He replied with the manner of one who knows the value of the favor he is about to ask; that is, gently and persuasively.

"Can you tell me who lives here?"

"Yes, I ken," responded the other. "It's a widow lady named Aymer and her daughter."

"And so do I!" cried an extremely harsh voice from above. The visitor and the maid both turned their eyes thither, and beheld, at an upper window in the main portion of the building, the bald head and wrinkled face of a man of seventy, who looked at them with great intensity. The stranger, who naturally imagined this to be the master of the place, instantly turned to him.

"I have heard of this old house for a great many years," said he, pleasantly, "and I have taken advantage of a visit to the town to stroll down here and examine it, even at the risk of intruding. It is very curious, and very ancient, and I wish to ask if you would permit me to look into one or two of the unoccupied rooms; that is, if you haven't the slightest objection."

"But I have," replied the other, emphatically, meantime surveying the applicant with suspicious anger. "I have objections, sir!"

"Then I hasten to beg pardon for disturbing you," was the reply. "I did not know but I might be able to repay you for any trouble I might occasion by explaining or pointing out some of the peculiarities of the old house, for I am something of an antiquary, and am educated in all such matters."

"You can't tell me any thing, sir," retorted the other, with a snap like a wolf. "I am an antiquary myself."

"Indeed! then we should be friends."

"Should we, though? I'd like to know why! I suppose artists and doctors are al-

ways friends; so are horse-jockeys, and parsons, and all jacks of a trade."

"Well, at least we need not be enemies."

"I don't know that either," cried the other, getting redder in the face. "I can't tolerate a man I catch prowling around my back-door."

"Sir!" demanded the visitor, with a look of severity.

"And making love to my kitchen-maid!" wantonly added the master, with a threatening shake of his head.

The other instinctively glanced at the mop-headed girl, who was convulsed with restrained laughter, and, being powerfully struck with the largeness of her mouth, the smallness of her nose, and the supreme ugliness of her figure and complexion, forgot to be indignant, and replied, with great good-nature:

"I assure you I am innocent of that, my friend; I only came on a curiosity-hunting errand, and I should regret to go away leaving a bad name behind. If you are an antiquary, like myself, let us exchange cards—let us become acquainted. Perhaps you are a correspondent or subscriber to the *Archæological and Gynæcological Monthly*; the Boston—"

"Sir!" cried the other, with triple force.

"I asked if—"

"Yes, I am a correspondent of the *Archæological and Gynæcological Monthly*, sir!" roared the old gentleman, with starting eyes. "Three months ago I published in the *New-York Family Record* an inquiry into the origin of the family arms of Lord Battmore, and, thirty days after the publication of the article, upon which I spent months of labor and research, the editor of the *Archæological and Gynæcological Monthly*, an ignorant catamount named Dr. Moss, set upon me and tried to convince the world that I was a fool and an idiot. He told the whole country, in all the blazon of print, that I was a bad reader, a worse writer, a contemptible historian, a beautiful romancer, and an unspecked humbug. He pounced upon me as an eagle does upon its prey. He picked me to pieces, and, with devilish malignity, held me up to the scorn and derision of scientific men. I wrote to him, and in return he sent me a copy of his wretched compilation, and told me to read it carefully, for then, he said, I might possibly learn something. All that I want, sir," shouted the excited scholar, "is to get these ten fingers well fastened on that Dr. Moss."

"I am Dr. Moss!" roared the furious gentleman in the yard, bringing his heavy cane down upon the flag with a merry ring.

"You Dr. Moss!" returned the other, craning out his long and flexible neck, and turning scarlet with rage. "Are you that—that—that—" He was only able to wag his head to and fro, and to gasp volumes of air. He leaned half out the window, which was only large enough to permit his slender figure to pass through, and he shook two bony fists at his enemy. "And it's Dr. Moss, is it, who wants to pry into the family secrets of the Aymers? O-ho! O-ho! It's you, is it, who would like to look into two or three unoccupied rooms if we haven't the slightest objection? Oh! I suppose you love ma-

hogany panelling, and oak wainscots, and rare brass hinges, eh? Don't you, say?" His reflections seemed to amuse him and anger him alternately; finally he cried, bringing down his fists and his eyebrows at the same time, "Ah, how I'd like to get at you! How I'd like to come down-stairs and shake you, Dr. Moss!"

"Then, why in the name of Heaven don't you come?" demanded the other, striking a rack of milk-cans a blow which made them rattle like a host of cymbals. "Why don't you come down and shake me, sir? I am not going to run away. I'll stand here and fight you on the spot, sir. Why don't you come at once?" He almost danced with exasperation.

"Because they've locked me in," cried the unfortunate, in a tremendous whisper.

The aroused editor calmed in an instant. He contemplated the ancient who was hanging half over the narrow stone sill, with a sudden feeling of pity and regret. He noticed that his linen was spotted with ink, that he carried a huge goose-quill behind his ear, and that his long fingers were stained like those of a careless and incorrigible scribe. But he also noticed the swelling fullness of his temples, and the excessive brightness of his eyes. "This is too bad!" thought he to himself, and he began to wish himself out of the way. He happened to glance up at the maid's window again, and he perceived that she was busy pointing toward another part of the house, and nodding her head in a manner which indicated her desire that he should go thither. The pantomime took place inside the case-ment, out of reach of the prisoner's eyes. "She wants me to go around to the front-door," said the doctor to himself.

Therefore he began to move off quietly.

"Ha! ha! you're beginning to shrink away like a serpent, are you?" cried the watchful gentleman from his perch above. "You've decided that you've got into hot water, have you? Now, don't let me see you here again. Clear out! Walk off of the premises! Dr. Moss, I order you to leave the spot!"

He pronounced the last command with great emphasis, and as if he relished it. Then he fixed his eyes on his retreating foe until he disappeared behind a wing of the building, when his face became placid, and presently he began to laugh to himself, while he gazed up at the sky and at the doves on the eaves. He enjoyed his triumph, and he wished that Nature could have understood it. Presently he slowly withdrew himself and disappeared within the stone walls.

The doctor made half the circuit of the old house, and then came to a projecting porch, in which was a curious door, half being of oak-wood, and the remainder a diamond sash. The sash was open, and the servant stood waiting for him.

The doctor's antiquarian zeal had become inflamed again even during this short walk, and he had already half forgotten his encounter with his rabid acquaintance.

But still he asked who resided in the house; who was master or mistress of it.

"Widow Aymer is the lady of the house, and the gentleman you saw is her brother.

He's a scholar, and his name is —. He's odd."

A vigorous smile burst over her features.

"But is the lady or her daughter at home?"

"No, sir. They're in town, shopping. They're not much like him." She motioned over her shoulder with her thumb.

The doctor's wandering eyes fell upon the red flags upon which she was standing, and penetrated beyond her, as if in her rear there lay the cave of Aladdin. The power of language was lost from his lips, and he gazed in mute curiosity. He leaned upon his cane, and projected his head.

It seemed to him that he was looking into the seventeenth century. The distant, low, and cool recesses into which he peered had a perfume of age as well as an appearance of it. The ancient panels and cornices and furniture presented their antiquity to the nose as well as to the eyes. His desire to penetrate and examine these relics grew with every moment, and it was delicious to imagine the treasures of past generations which these only suggested.

He sighed that he had paid his visit at such an unfortunate moment, but he turned away, saying to the wondering girl:

"I will come again to-morrow."

Then he retreated backward into the tall grass, and lifted his eyes so that they comprehended the whole building. His face became gradually suffused with a blush of rapture.

"A garrison-house," murmured he; "an old fort, and built by a Catholic gentleman, too. This is fine; this is a discovery that the society will relish."

He smacked his lips.

Presently he began to tramp around to the right of the house, with his eyes still fastened closely upon it. Its walls were gray, and of monstrous thickness. The main elevation was to the height of two stories, and the roof had a sharp incline. It was not raised above the surface of the ground; that is, the walls did not spring from a knoll or an embankment; it stood upon a plain. In its rear were a few splendid trees, whose luxuriant branches sheltered the walls from the heat; but the front was exposed and hot. And the front seemed also to be deserted, besides being given up unshielded to the assaults of the elements. A sort of dry, invisible rust had attacked the wood-work and the smooth-rough sides of heavy stone. The hinges of the doors were dry of oil, and the knocker and tiny brass knob had turned a leaden black. The sills and panels were cracked and parched, and of their once smooth coats of paint there now remained only a scant sprinkling of whitish flakes. The roof was whole, but there was a thin coating of yellow moss upon it; there was no displacement of any of the bricks or stones, yet the mortar had begun to yield a little at the corners, and the sharp edges of the former were somewhat chipped. A rough, coarse stucco had been used to embellish the more prominent portions of the edifice, and this was a little defaced; and, again, a sharp eye could detect midway up a very slight and gradual bulging of the walls, even ponderous

and solid as they were. The minute leverage of the huge oaken beams which composed the second floor had, in the course of two centuries, spoiled the strict integrity of even these stout battlements.

Yet, notwithstanding the symptoms of decay, it would not be just to call them symptoms of neglect. The house was venerable, and it retained its dignity. Time had begun to pull it down, but its occupants treated it with consideration.

The doctor was in raptures. He smiled with delight as he moved to and fro, counting up the rich charms of the antiquated place; and, as he contemplated the plan upon which the grounds had been arranged, his heart swelled within him, and he declared to himself that he would collect all his assets and endeavor to become master of this incomparable spot.

Before the house there was a broad driveway, now grass-grown and obscured, but which was still defined by a score of mighty elms with mossy trunks and prodigious branches. These splendid monarchs were only the remnants of a host that many years before had lined the way on either hand, and they bore in themselves proofs positive of the gentility and station of their owners. The hither side of these trees was a grassy waste, but beyond them the doctor perceived nothing but an immense garden filled, not with flowers and fruit, but with a most luxuriant vegetation and the richest crops.

As he departed, he turned about again to rest his hungry eyes once more upon the central gem of this most glorious array. Dwindled and softened by distance (the doctor had gone a quarter of a mile), it still looked like a fortress, though the grace and beauty of its surroundings seemed still more admirable.

It was sturdy, neutral in color, elegant in shape, and it carried its age upon its face. It was a handful of ancient belongings planted in the midst of a new landscape; the house alone seemed old; the distant hills, the surrounding plains, and even the sky itself, all looked new and unstable beside it.

"By Heavens!" cried the doctor, in an ecstasy, "there is no place in the country like that!—First, I'll try the virtues of the dollar. Then will try the effect of love, for Madame Aymer is a widow. I'd marry again on a pinch. We shall see."

Then he proceeded to his lodgings, walking backward more than half of the distance. He spent the remainder of the day in historical research.

On the morrow, at three in the afternoon, he again presented himself at the old house, taking great care to avoid passing before the window at which had appeared his friend of the day before. He had discovered that the occupants of the house made use of two entrances; one at the side of the building, and the one at which he had originally applied for admission.

He now naturally approached the former, and he administered a gentle knock, for which was returned to him a long and charming echo from the interior.

He was admitted by a different servant than the one he had already seen, and he was conducted through several halls and apart-

ments until he found himself in a pretty reception-room at the right of the main hall.

The inner shutters were nearly closed, and the sunlight struggled in in slender pencils and blades, which illuminated patches here and patches there. The furniture was heavy and dark, the ceiling was low, and the air was rich with the smell of flowers. He could hear no sound but the muffled tread of feet somewhere in a distant part of the house, and the singing of the birds in the fields without.

A slow intoxication began to seize upon him. His soul, always sensitive to things of a past generation, now became reverent and subdued. He could have wept in the presence of so much antiquity.

He sat erect upon the edge of a Windsor chair, with his hands folded upon the top of his cane, gazing in rapt admiration through his gold-bowed glasses upon the treasures with which he found himself surrounded. He wished he might be permitted to get up and make an examination. His fingers and his eyes burned to lay hold upon them.

But the mistress appeared. The doctor arose and bowed deeply, as if she too had been constructed in the seventeenth century. She was tall, grave, benign, and habited in black. She wore a small, white ruff at the neck, which gave her the saintly appearance of a nun.

The two sat down to that terrible first conversation, which is nothing but a mutual scrutiny and critique. Suddenly, however, matters received a tremendous impetus.

The doctor discovered in the sublime mistress an old friend of those days when he danced. The discovery was nearly mutual. They laughed, and then she arose and gave him her hand. After this they sat together upon a Japanese fauteuil; before this there had been a wide distance between them.

Progression was now easy and facile. They chatted for an hour upon that subject which is so full of sap—old times. It seemed that she had married, but that her husband had died. It also appeared that he had married, but that he had become a widower. As these two points became clear, they grew a shade more formal, and she arose ostensibly to reach a fan, but really to transfer herself to another seat. The doctor, being a great lover of the proprieties, grew more circumspect, if possible.

Then it transpired that he possessed a son, a handsome wight, who had just graduated from college, and upon whom he looked with great affection.

And madame, for her part, had a daughter, a dear girl, she said, who was the brightness of her life.

Then, almost as if in response to a call, this daughter appeared on the scene. She came through the low and narrow door-way, and stepped into the darkened room with an easy grace. She had a slender figure, a sweet face; and her hair, which was glowing blond, was arranged high upon her head. Her dress was of light muslin, covered with flower-sprays; and her white hands were crossed before her, and in one of them she held a rose.

The doctor venerated the beautiful. He arose to his feet. The young girl paused for



a moment, as if in doubt whether to advance. The doctor made great use of this divine instant; he looked with all his might. It was one of those living pictures, one of those rare, involuntary combinations, which become embalmed in the memory as perfect realizations. He thought he would never be permitted to see any thing of this kind again.

He was presented. She spoke to him. He was overwhelmed. Here was too much happiness for one day. First, the rarest old house in the State; second, an old friend; third, an incomparable girl; fourth, a thought that, by some means or other, he might come to possess one of the first three.

But still his leading desire was the house. Contact with the fairest womankind could never quench his antiquarian fire, though it might dim it for the moment. He had but to release his eyes from the thralldom exercised by either of the fair faces, and they would instantly encounter something which delighted them a thousand-fold.

If his gaze fell from a delicate mouth upon an old portrait-relief in wax, or an ivory hand-screen of the days of Washington, his soul would rise to the higher level, and he would become forgetful.

The mistress beheld his passion with indulgence. It was very likely that she, too, had imbibed a little love for her peculiar surroundings, and it was, therefore, with the voice and manner of one who is about to provide as well as dispense a pleasure that she proposed that they should all go on a journey through the house.

It was an unequalled party.

First, there walked the doctor a few inches in advance, with the gold head of his cane upon his lips, his left hand behind him, and with his attenuated body bent slightly forward, so that his ready eyes might catch a view of all the treasures at an early instant. Then there came madam, composed, attentive to the doctor's observations, capable of a gentle enthusiasm, and very proud to learn that she represented so much old grandeur and importance. Behind these two there followed the divine girl, with slow steps, eager ears, and smiling face; she was the fresh generation prowling among the remains of her grandfathers, and she seemed to be indulgent. She was ready to forgive them for leaving so much trumpery, when she saw it was so interesting to her mother and her mother's friend.

The trio penetrated deep into ancient closets, where it was necessary to light a candle, and where the two ladies were required to gather their skirts tightly about them; the cellars took new charms upon them, as the doctor pointed out their age, and described the troublous times in which they were built.

The doctor, in moving his cane along the wall, encountered a square depression, half secreted by cobwebs. He had met with such in other places.

"Ha! ha!" said he, and he boldly thrust his hand into it, and seemed to be feeling of something.

"Here is a date, madam!" He looked at her as if he had announced the discovery of an untold treasure. "It is 1650. Now,

there is something tangible. Your ancestor was Philip Whittlesey. He was a great man."

The doctor lowered his cane and held his breath. The mother and daughter remained silent for some seconds. The doctor was profoundly impressed. Said he:

"I am sure there must be a very deep well hidden here somewhere in the cellar. Those who had garrison-houses always sunk them within the premises for use in case of attack by the Indians."

It was not long before the doctor found this inevitable reservoir. He hovered over it. It delighted him, and he solemnly dropped some bits of mortar into it. He was answered by a dull spatter.

"You observe, ladies," murmured he, "that the faithful water has remained at its post for over two hundred and ten years."

He gave an exquisite sigh.

But it was when they again ascended to the main floor of the house that the doctor's knowledge was displayed in all its unique advantage. He stepped through the numberless rooms with the respect and gravity he would have felt in a cathedral.

He knew the age and probable history of every old beaufet, candelabra, snuffbox, secretary, fire-arm, and embroidery; and he discoursed upon the changes which had come over the genius of the house as times had altered and vicissitudes disappeared; how it became, first, a hasty shelter from storms; then a powerful rendezvous for the farmers in the dreadful days when any breeze might bear the sound of war-whoops; then its metamorphosis into a council-hall for Tories and patriots; and, finally, its rise to the dignity of a homestead and shelter for its present worthy owners. Here the doctor bowed deeply, and then led the way to a window.

"Observe the tremendous thickness of these stone-walls. The sashes you now use are by no means the original ones. Formerly the windows were mere rough holes, pierced through for musketry. Behind us is a stone-closet, which was probably used for a powder-magazine. These monstrous beams above our heads show traces of gun-racks, long since mouldered away."

As he passed from one rich glory to another, his respect grew deeper and deeper, and his covetousness grew stronger and stronger. "These are beautiful souls," thought he, as his eyes rested upon his two companions, "but they do not know the value of these pearls."

They lunched from old china, and drank a little sherry from the most slender of Venetian glasses. The room was cool, the floor was polished, the furniture showed signs of borers, but a supreme neatness protected all.

It was while they were engaged at the table that there came from above the sound of a man's voice. He seemed to be singing and to be uttering gleeful sounds.

The doctor's hand, which held a bit of biscuit, stopped mid-air. He could not help thinking of his encounter of yesterday.

The two ladies exchanged glances of amusement.

"I think that must be my brother, sir. He has probably finished another article for

the press, because he always rejoices in that manner on such occasions. He is an antiquarian, and he is a little odd in his ways."

"Yes," reflected the doctor, "I think he is."

"He is very jealous of this spot, and he guards it with great care," continued the lady. The doctor opened his ears. "He does not wish us to make the least change in or about it, and every day either my daughter or myself is expected to go and to report the condition of affairs about the house and grounds—such, for instance, as the visitors we have received, the planting that is done, the produce that is sent to market, and so on. He rarely stirs out of his own chamber, because he fancies that there are numbers of people who wish to steal his papers and documents. When we leave the house alone, we frequently lock his door, and station some one within reach of his voice. He is quite harmless; and, even though he has no pecuniary interest in our property, we esteem it a privilege to lessen the long hours of his illness by gratifying his whims and conceits. He has always been kind to us, and we are glad to find even so poor a way to repay him."

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "certainly!"

But, within, the doctor felt a glow of indignation.

All these relics, this splendid mansion, this valuable record of ancient customs and people, to be kept secret from the world to gratify the fancies of a silly superfluity! The doctor's gorge arose even while his face bore an agreeable smile.

Before he departed, he pointed out the rarity and excellence of the Dutch-tiled fire-places, and the fine patterns of the monstrous andirons. At the porch, too, he became eloquent and instructive. He lingered fondly over the old oaken half-door, and, with his own fingers, he toyed with the rusty bolts. He pointed out a half-erased coat-of-arms upon the broad keystone of the entrance, and showed a deep niche upon the outer wall, wherein there once stood the figure of a patron saint.

Before he departed, he begged that he might be permitted to come again on some future day, and bring his son, who would be profoundly gratified to enjoy the privileges which his father was so thankful for.

Then he bade an adieu to his old friend, whom he was so glad to have encountered once more, and to her daughter, upon whom he looked almost as his own child; he did, indeed.

He waved them a graceful parting salute, and, with a cheerful face and calculating eye, he took his departure.

"What a perfect old gentleman, mother!" said the daughter, when they again returned to the inner house.

"Yes," returned the parent, with a retrospective smile, "the doctor has been a famous man. He is one of those rare men one may always admire."

Immediately on his return to his hotel the doctor wrote two letters for the earliest mail. The first to his son bidding him to come, and describing in the most tempting fashion the

pleasures that awaited him, taking care, however, to say not a word of the fair daughter of the house. The second letter was to his man of law, whom he instructed to make early inquiries with a view of purchasing the property he had examined. His name was to be withheld, as is usual in such cases, and particular cautions were given not to permit it to transpire.

These two shafts being fired, the politic doctor prepared to launch another. He went to his valise and brought a hand-mirror.

There are few human weaknesses so enduring as the personal vanity of a man. Once a dandy, always a dandy. A fellow who is praised for his figure at twenty-five will swagger as he totters fifty years after. The doctor arranged the terrible looking-glass which belonged in his apartment, and with the aid of his own he began to review his form and general bearing. Then he examined his features at conversation distance and nearer. He brought himself to believe that the old polish still existed, that the one famous light had not yet quite gone out, and he substituted a pair of eye-glasses for his spectacles; it was an embellishment, though not a convenience.

After a polite and reasonable lapse of time, the doctor again called at the old mansion, and again feasted his eyes upon its charms.

The human weakness, which most closely rivals the durability of man's personal vanity, is woman's. The still elegant and comely mistress of the house consulted her mirror with the same intent and the same result with her friend. She agreed inwardly that to deeply regard and to truly respect one who was clearly capable of similar inclinations toward one's self was not the exclusive prerogative of girlhood.

Therefore, when the doctor reappeared, in his rejuvenated character of beau, she received him with the refurbished graces of a belle, but still with great dignity. She did not forget that she was old, but she made her gray hairs charming. She placed a deeper ruffle about her neck, but she did not employ an additional smile.

The doctor's eyes were filled with the house and the household gods, yet he was not careless enough to permit this to be understood. If madam wished to make another excursion through the yet unvisited portions of the building he assured her he was quite ready to accompany her. He was willing to acknowledge that he had a weakness for ancient belongings, but he enjoyed above all else the companionship of those whom he had learned to respect.

But it was a struggle when he encountered a deep-cracked cornice with scriptural texts still discernible upon its worm-eaten surfaces, or a hinge of iron lace-work; his hobby and his tact had many encounters. In the course of his chatting with his hostess he discovered the first symptoms of a counter-current, and it acted upon his desire as cold water does upon hot iron; it hardened it and made it more effective.

It seemed that the whimsical brother in the chamber had declared against him the instant he was informed that he had visited the place.

"He could not give me the best of reasons why I should exclude you," said the lady with a smile, "and so I am afraid you must come whenever you feel inclined to do so. He seems to think you wish to appropriate our house."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, with an accent of pity for the poor recluse.

He took occasion to look more closely at the daughter of his friend, in order to assure himself twice over that there was that excellence in her presence he could wish. He was satisfied. She was the irreproachable girl of his former visit, and she was a hundred times more attractive now that acquaintanceship had loosened her tongue.

"The fates are clearly with me," thought the doctor, and he took the first opportunity to bend upon his hostess a glance which was unmistakable.

Nearly at the end of his visit it so happened that he was left alone for a moment in an old stone chamber which retained most of its original characteristics, being bare of wood-work and rough in finish. It had a circular window broken through the wall, and the huge beams consumed a good share of its space. The doctor looked about him with a practised eye, and thrust his cane here and there. One of these stabs penetrated an excavation in one of the joists, the iron ferule piercing a thin cover which had been fitted to the mouth of the hole.

The doctor had no scruples about making a search, and, thrusting his hand in, he withdrew it, filled with dust and a cloth-like substance. This last he found to be the remains of a skin of a serpent, and mixed with the rest he found half a dozen arrow-heads of flint. The ashes of a veritable Indian challenge and defiance.

This was the matador's cloth to the bull. If there was one thing needed to arouse the doctor into action, a better could not have been supplied. He thrust the skin and the stones deep into his pocket, and vowed that he would possess this unparalleled house (which was doubtless full of hidden treasures) by hook or by crook.

He returned to town in a fever of excitement.

Two letters, in response to the two he had written, awaited him. The one from the son announced that he would arrive on the following day.

"Good!" cried the doctor. "The two callow birds will pair in forty hours."

The one from the lawyer announced that he had endeavored to open negotiations for the property, but that there seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle in the decided objection of a brother of the owner.

"That brother again!" exclaimed Machiavelli.

This singular and irrational stumbling-block made the doctor's situation a maddening one. He remembered the untidy and unkempt man with a feeling of hate. To see that he had no legal hold upon what the doctor deemed priceless and unmatched, and that he was still powerful to prevent his acquisition of it was the very quintessence of distracting reflections.

He had money, plenty of it; yet it was

proved to be useless because a beggar said nay. He was capable of honorably winning a way into the possession of this treasure by marrying its present mistress, only there existed in an obscure garret a scribbling idiot who shook his head.

It is fair to suppose that a monomaniac could not long entertain such a course of thought without reaching a resolve. The doctor, angry and inflamed, came to one at the very outset. He determined to press matters. He made up his mind to suppress all thoughts of this crazy man, and to proceed at any risk.

Therefore he agreed with himself to subordinate every thing to his purpose. He would profane the marriage-rite; deceive the beautiful mistress, his friend; espouse her for this one purpose alone; and, to make matters doubly, trebly sure, he would contrive a marriage of his son with the daughter of the family. Thus there were two paths to secure a right to inhabit and command the coveted prize.

Scruples he suppressed. He stimulated antagonism to the opposing brother, and began his labors.

The son came. He was fresh from his studies, conceited as a Brummel, and handsome as an Apollo. He had a brown face, curling hair, enormous shoulders, and a bright eye and quick step; and he strolled down to the old house on the plain, in company with his perfect father, unsuspecting and unwarned.

As they approached the usual door, chatting and walking arm-in-arm, the doctor was suddenly impelled to look above him. He beheld the upper half of the figure of his enemy leaning out of the narrow window, with his bright eyes turned downward. The face was calm but intense. Its whitish furrows seemed unnaturally deep as the sunlight fell almost perpendicularly upon them, and the ill-conditioned attire was illuminated in every part.

The doctor said nothing. He even forgot to be polite, which was his principal impulse. He walked on undaunted in manner but disturbed in spirit. The son saw nothing. Their evil-eyed inspector also kept silence, and the silence of such a spirit was significant.

They entered the house uninterrupted, and were welcomed in the same dark, cool room to which the doctor had been admitted on his first visit.

The son, advised and instructed as to the rarity of his surroundings, felt a delight almost equal to that of his father. He became impregnated with the quiet, conservative, and dignified spirit of the place. He too felt the reverence due to two centuries and a host of legends.

Then there entered upon the scene that beautiful adjunct, the daughter; stepping, dressed, and looking, as became the place. The boy beheld her with pleasure, her presence was typical of all he felt.

Then there came a stroll in the fields. The four fell into their proper places, the two old friends behind, and the two new friends in front.

The doctor, with his uneasy mind still

dwelling upon the figure which had overlooked his last entrance into the house with such a sinister eye, turned around as they were about entering a grove, and glanced at the windows. As he half expected, he beheld the brother standing motionless upon the platform over the porch, with his hand shielding his eyes from the sun, gazing after them. But otherwise than this all was favorable. The two children chatted and laughed as became their years, and his own companion seemed acquiescent.

The doctor returned to his hotel inwardly jubilant and uneasy at the same time, but outwardly grave. His son, too, was grave, but not anxious. The divine fever had laid hold upon him.

During the next week the two gentlemen paid two visits to their friends. And during the week succeeding they paid three, and after that they paid six, and after that seven. When one visits a lady on the Sabbath as well as on each week-day, gossip must be tolerated.

On one of these latter days the lady whispered to the doctor that the brother was growing more bitter every day. She detailed his eccentricities. It appeared that he now guarded the house in the night-time. The doctor smiled.

"But it wears upon me," said she; "I do not know if I have patience enough; perhaps I am weak, perhaps—"

"Madam," interrupted the doctor, "permit me to assume your burdens, this and all others. I shall always endeavor to retain your respect. May I be assured I have secured it?"

The lady bowed.

"Then such reciprocal relations should secure us more happiness than we could experience if always separated. Do you not think so?"

"Yes," responded the other.

"And then?" cried the doctor, in a trembling voice.

The lady slowly arose, and gave him her hand for an instant, and then withdrew quietly from the room.

The doctor's eyes followed her with admiration and content. He was about to quit the apartment and the house, when there advanced from an obscure corner the brother. He seemed collected and well-intentioned.

"Well, sir," said he, with a curious nod, "you have almost got it."

"What do you mean?" articulated the doctor with difficulty.

The other made a brief motion indicating the house.

The doctor looked full into his eye, and passed him with dignity. The other followed him with a quick step, and, touching his sleeve, exclaimed:

"I am going to prevent it, my friend."

Once or twice in one's life one hears a few words of supreme importance which never stop ringing in the ears; a refined precipitation of numberless quick passions expressed in a few syllables; a summing up of wrongs or desires in one terse sentence which is never to be forgotten. Such a sentence was this.

The doctor turned and looked back. The

other gazed at him fixedly. The two exchanged defiance, but said nothing.

It was clearly proper that the doctor's son should now desist from his pursuit for the present, for father and child to marry mother and child under the same moon would be to bait society.

Consequently, the doctor visited the venerable mansion and his venerable mistress alone.

When he entered, he always felt there was hanging over his head the guardian gargoyle, with its searching eyes. Whenever a sigh escaped from madam's lips, he knew it was animated by that terrible but intangible brother. He felt eyes in every corner. When he spoke, he chose his words with great care, so as not to amuse a pair of keen but invisible ears.

When he walked upon the grounds, he had but to turn his head to find strolling unceasingly behind him the crazed and unrelenting man. At his lodgings he received a daily letter, all stains and blurs, which warned him against pursuing what it called "his game."

It awoke his anger and resolution, though at times he knew what it was to tremble at such persistency, such uniform hate.

For madam's part, she grew frightened and nervous. To perceive a thin and watchful body appear from a corner, a door-way, a niche, without so much as a warning breath or footfall, was misery, but to always expect such a ghost was an indescribable horror.

One word from her would have secured her forever from the torment; but the sentiment of relationship animated her to endure and endure until nature began to fail.

The doctor pressed a date for their marriage. She, half fearful, was reluctant.

He watched her dwindling strength with anxious eyes and furious heart. To get thus far and be stopped again was unendurable. He pointed out the protection and support he could afford her. The daughter assisted him; she pleaded also, even while they knew the counter-spirit was lurking by and listening.

She yielded. The three whispered together. The 15th of September was agreed upon.

"The 15th of September!" repeated a voice. They looked up. The brother, with his long forefinger on his lip stood erect behind them, with his eyes looking down at a sharp angle. They remained motionless, and presently he went away, muttering.

"That must not be the day," whispered the doctor.

"No, no," responded the others, trembling and hiding their faces in their hands.

There was a pause. The interval was made musical by the birds without and by the soft murmurs of the summer wind.

"Remember our *fête* this day-week," suggested the doctor.

They exchanged glances of quick intelligence, and silently applauded.

The doctor returned fiercely triumphant. Into this short interim there was compressed the anxieties of years. What was impending he could not dream. That there was a disaster about to fall he knew, but when he

could not guess. If it were withheld seven days, then he could snap his fingers.

Then he called his son, and gayly reviewed with him the excellences of his position, or, in other words, the qualities and properties of the mansion. It grew to a fabulous beauty in his eyes, and he felt that his acquisition of it would happily complete the sum of his achievements. To dwell hereafter in such shadows and in such an atmosphere, would enable one to look upon life as a glorious thing.

He was hopeful, elated, but not entirely at ease. At the old house the brother had become a cloud. He was on the alert; he seemed never to rest; he searched and examined every thing and everywhere. The servants were under his surveillance. The doctor found him always at his elbow, whispering his warnings. The ladies flew from him, though he only scowled at them. He rarely spoke aloud; yet he was alive, secret, and indomitable.

He knew of the *fête*. It was to be in the woods to the west of the house, at the distance of half a mile. It was given in honor of the birthday of the daughter, and there was to be a large company.

The day came, and it was auspicious. The brother was astir. Those who came from abroad simply glanced at him, and turned away. The bustle did not disconcert him. But those who knew him noticed his watchfulness, and shrunk from him.

At three in the afternoon the people began to depart for the woods. The rush of wheels and the sounds of laughter were new and charming in the old precincts.

For one instant the mother and daughter and the doctor stood apart in the little room in which they usually met. All three, with a sudden impulse, drew together in an instant of elation. Anticipation and gladness were too clearly depicted upon their faces.

Suddenly they heard a sharp sound beside the door. They looked, and beheld their bane, with his clasped hands over his mouth, gazing with starting eyes at the wall. He had produced the sound by slapping his palms together, as one does sometimes in moments of surprise or discovery. They did not comprehend his attitude or behavior.

The doctor led the agitated ladies to their carriage, and then returned for some article that had been left. He encountered the brother. He motioned him aside. The doctor obeyed. He pulled open a shutter in one of the low windows which commanded the scene of the *fête*.

"I wish you to do me an act of politeness."

"Very well," said the doctor, on his guard.

"Will you collect your company on that little knoll in the glade which we see from here, at five o'clock?"

"We intended to lunch there at that hour," replied the doctor.

"Ah, indeed! Very well."

He seemed gratified. Then he caught the doctor by the arm, and, with an indescribable look, asked:

"You are pretty sure of it now, aren't you?"

"What?" asked the other—"sure of what?"

The brother, with the same motion as before, indicated the house. The doctor frowned.

"Oh, but I'll prevent you, my friend!"

Although these were the same words as those he had used before, his manner of saying them was far different. He laughed.

"Will he?" thought the doctor; and he laughed also.

The rivals retreated from each other, and turned away; and the doctor passed out of the door.

Five minutes later he looked back at the house—his house—that is, his house to be, ere his return to it. He saw with astonishment that every window-shutter in it was closed; but he said nothing, and began to chat with the ladies.

It was now half-past three.

At four they were dancing. The doctor and the lady seemed happy. The poor daughter, harassed and pale, now began to look herself. She was merry and bright-eyed. The music in the thicket pleased her, and seemed sweet to her ears.

All about them Nature had arranged one of her loveliest pictures. To the west and north there lay a range of blue and gently-swelling hills. To the south were a broad river and a bright town, from the midst of which there arose a white steeple; and toward it a few of the party gazed with significance. To the broad east lay the splendid ocean, calm, azure, glowing—here and there a white sail and a dark one. The air was soft, cool, and fragrant; the turf was rich, the leaves green, the forest tuneful. Here laughter came for enjoyment's sake, and one gazed and was repaid.

At a quarter of five the doctor turned toward the house, which looked sturdy and gray. It seemed hewn from a rock, for it was compact and solid. He was nervous. His heart beat quicker, and he held his watch in his hand. He did not like the look of the closed blinds. He would go down and see what it meant. He replaced his timepiece.

Suddenly some one exclaimed that a man was running from the house. Every one looked. The man was bounding along at his utmost speed, directly toward them, jumping the walls and fences at single leaps. The people exchanged glances. The doctor descended a little way; the lady clasped her hands; the daughter held her breath. The man gasped to the doctor:

"He! he! He's got the powder, and he's locked the door! It's the blasting-powder! We can't break in!"

The doctor ran for a step or two up the hill, and then a step or two down. His brain refused to direct him. He grasped at his watch; he could not pull it out; it caught somewhere. He tore it out, and shivered the crystal and pulled off the hands.

"Quick! quick!" cried he to the man. "What time is it? Tell me the time. Oh—"

He stopped, petrified. The man called back, "Five o'clock!" but he was not heard. The doctor was gazing at the house with glaring eyes. The company began to swarm down around him. He saw the brother dash

wildly out of the oak half-door, and fly into the field with his face turned back over his shoulder, and his arms stretched out before him.

Then some one cried there was a curl of smoke at the open door. There was a stupid silence.

Then all at once the broad, huge roof rose twenty feet into the air; a monstrous, cloudy column followed; fissures appeared in the walls; and a roar rose to the sky, and seemed to fall from everywhere; the huge stones sunk down; fiery brands floated in the air, and the terrible shower which fell overtook the hastening man and struck him down in his footsteps. In twenty minutes every barn, stable, and shed, was in flames.

To fight for a luxury to the point of deception and dishonesty is one thing, but to encounter a tragedy in its pursuit is another. The doctor, overwhelmed and half maddened at the sight of his enemy's face, forgot the ruins; and he brought his son and his fortune to repair, as well as he could, the disaster he had caused. He has no mahogany wainscoting, no relics, no legends, no ancient manse, and but little peace of mind. He covered the gaping cellars, rebuilt the stables, erected a new stone-house of an old pattern; but neither he nor his good wife forget any thing.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

By JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XLV.

#### THE TENDERNESS OF BESSIE.

KANE and Gwyn hurried on to Paris as soon as possible, and were not more than twenty-four hours behind Bessie. On the following day they arrived there, and drove first to Kane's lodgings. Then they went to the place where Inez had been, and learned that Bessie had taken her away, and that they had gone to the Hôtel Gascoigne. This news did not in any way lessen the anxiety that Kane had felt; for it seemed to him that this movement might carry both of them into the very hands of their worst enemy. It seemed to him that there could be no certainty of their safety until he could see Inez herself, and find out what her circumstances were; when, if there was really any appearance of danger, he might warn her, or confront Magrath himself. So great were his fears now, that he hardly expected to find either of the ladies, but was rather inclined to fear that Kevin Magrath, the moment that he found them both in his power, had contrived some specious pretext for conveying them to some other place, where they would be out of reach. It was with the dread of this at his heart, that he accompanied Gwyn to the Hôtel Gascoigne.

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But the first thing that they heard on asking after the ladies drove away all fear. They were both there, and Kevin Magrath was there also. Kane was hardly prepared for such good news; and for a moment did not know what there was for him to do. He had come here in all haste as the champion of the oppressed, but the comfortable surroundings of Inez put the idea of any very imminent danger out of his head. She had Bessie with her, and here was Gwyn, who could be an additional protector.

Gwyn hurried up after the gargon to the apartments where his wife was, followed by Kane. On reaching the landing, there was a sudden cry of joy, and a beautiful being, all in the glory of golden hair and azure eyes, flung herself into Gwyn's arms.

"Sure, didn't I know you'd be here this blessed morning, Gwynnie darling?" cried Bessie; "didn't I say you couldn't stay more than a day without me and be alive? and so I've been waiting here in the hall for hours and hours, so I have. But you're here at last, and that's all I want. And oh, ain't you very, very much fatigued, darling? and were you ever quite so happy in your life?"

To this torrent of loving words Gwyn said nothing. Such a reception overwhelmed him. He had expected some coldness—some hanging back. He had prepared himself for some humiliation on his own part. But this was the reality that awaited him—the utter forgetfulness of every thing but her love—this perfect forgiveness that did not leave room for any attempt at explanations. He could not utter a word, but pressed her, in silence and with moistened eyes, to his heart.

"And Kane, too!" cried Bessie, as soon as she could free herself from Gwyn's arms; "sure, but you're welcome, Kane dear, and it's great news that I've got to tell. Inez is here, safe and happy, and you'll want to see her."

She held out her little hand with a beaming smile, and Kane pressed it tenderly.

"You'll want to see Inez," said Bessie, as Kane hesitated.

By this time Kane had felt himself somewhat *de trop*. The exceeding and unexpected warmth of this greeting between husband and wife did not seem warranted by so short a separation, even on the grounds of their being yet hardly out of their honey-moon; but still, there it was, and he saw the intense agitation of Gwyn, and suspected that something had taken place before Bessie's flight from Ruthven Towers which had caused that flight and Gwyn's present emotion. He saw that some explanations or other were probably required by these two, and therefore concluded to retire for the present.

"Well," said he, at length, "I think I'll look in again. She is well, you say?"

"Better than I ever knew her. But you'd better come in and see her. She'll be awfully disappointed."

"Oh, I'll come again some time to-day," said Kane; "it's—it's—a little inconvenient just now—ah, under the circumstances—so I'll only ask you to remember me very kindly to her, and tell her that I hope to see her this evening."

Bessie urged him a little longer, though



rather more faintly, but Kane persisted in his refusal, and at length retreated, leaving the husband and wife to themselves.

All this had taken place on the landing of the stairway. As soon as Kane retired, Bessie took Gwyn's arm fondly and led him to her rooms. Inez was not there, and Gwyn was better pleased to be alone with his wife.

Here they sat down side by side, quite lover-fashion, while Gwyn was so overcome by his unexpected happiness that he had not yet found words, but sat devouring her with his eyes. Bessie looked tenderly at him, and, with one of her characteristic smiles, exclaimed:

"Sure, I oughtn't to be so forgiving, so I oughtn't, and there you have it. But oh, I was so awfully glad to see you, you know, Gwynnie dear."

"And—do—do you really for—forgive me?" faltered Gwyn.

"Oh, come now, we won't talk about it, sure actions speak louder than words, and my actions have spoken very, very loudly, Gwynnie darling, so they have."

"O darling, I shall never be able to forgive myself."

"Oh, come, Gwynnie, sure we won't talk about it at all, at all. It was only a miserable fancy of yours, so it was, a wild deluding notion, but, tell me, sure you didn't go and tell Kane about it then?"

"Tell Kane! Of course not, darling. How could I?"

"Of course not. How could you? Surely not."

"I dare say he's noticed trouble on my face and in my manner."

"Like enough, for it was very, very sad, and is one of those things, Gwynnie darling, that one really can't think about. Its positively too heart-breaking. And I won't say I didn't feel out up myself, for I did, but you know I couldn't bring myself to have a scene with you about it, and I thought, Gwynnie, that the best way to do was to leave you to yourself, when you'd find out your mistake the sooner, so you would; and my first intention was only to go to Mordaunt Manor; but, on my way there, I thought of poor, dear, darling Inez, and decided that it would be very much nicer and better for her, and for you, and for myself, to come here and see her. And that's just the very thing I did, you know, and so you see, Gwynnie darling, it's my opinion that we had better not mention it again, for really you know, darling, it isn't a thing that one can very well say much about. Besides, I'm so bursting with the wonderful discovery I've made. And oh, what in the wide world will dear Kane say and think? and oh, Gwynnie darling, how I do wish he had stayed and seen her! For she's here, you know; I found her and brought her here, and she's here now, so she is, the jool of life!"

"You mean Inez?" asked Gwyn, with a sigh.

"Inez? Of course. Who else? And what do you think? Oh, you would never guess—never, never! Oh, it's the very strangest thing and the gladdest thing, so it is!"

"What is it?" asked Gwyn, who won-

dered what that could be which was able to excite Bessie at such a moment as this. For his own part, all the rest of the world seemed then a matter of indifference.

"You'd never guess, so you wouldn't—never—and so I'll have to tell you," said Bessie, "though I don't think you will really believe it, at all at all, that is, not just at first, you know, for it's so awfully funny, Gwynnie dear. It's this: You know my darling Inez, how I love her, and all that sort of thing, and we've always been just like sisters, too, you know—oh, she's such a darling!—well, do you know, Gwynnie dear, I've just found out that she really is my very own sister."

"Your what? Your sister? Why, what do you mean? How can that be?" asked Gwyn, in great amazement, and thoroughly roused now by this startling intelligence.

"Sure I mean what I say; things have come to light that I never knew before, and there isn't the least doubt in life but it's all gospel truth, so it is; and only think of my own darling Inez being my own sister!"

"What! is her name *Inez Mordaunt*?" asked Gwyn, in amazement.

"Sure and it is, and I got things all mixed up in my mind, so I did. I was told my name was Inez, though they always called me Bessie, but it's my other sister that owned the name, after all; and don't you think it's all awfully funny, Gwynnie darling?"

"Why, I don't know what to think, for I don't understand it at all; but I'm very glad, indeed, darling Bessie, if you are. I care for no one but you."

"And sure and I don't care much for anybody but you, Gwynnie, if it comes to that," said Bessie, giving him a look of touching fondness, and trustful, innocent affection, that sent a thrill of rapture through Gwyn's heart. The consequences that might ensue from her thus finding another sister did not occur to him. He did not think of asking whether this sister was older or younger. The heritage of Mordaunt Manor was at that moment of no interest to him. The presence of Bessie was enough, and the certainty that she loved him still prevented him from feeling any uneasiness about the future. It was from her, or rather for her sake, that the temptation had come to him on the top of the hill; and now, for her sake, he had become for the time indifferent to wealth, to rank, to title, to every thing, except the love that he felt for her.

Bessie went on to tell him all that she knew about it—her narrative comprising that which Kevin Magrath had told her and Inez while they were together—but of course not touching upon those disclosures which he had made to Inez alone.

"So you see, Gwynnie dearest," said she, as she concluded, "Mordaunt Manor isn't mine now, at all at all, so it isn't, no more than Ruthven Towers is yours, not a bit; and the long and the short of it is, Gwynnie, that you and I are two beggars, and don't you call that awfully funny, now?"

Gwyn looked at her with moist eyes, and, drawing her closer to his heart, he kissed her fair brow.

"Darling!" said he, fervently, "I never valued your love so much before, and it is so precious to me that, if I lost all the rest that I have in the world, I should not care. Let Ruthven Towers go. Let Mordaunt Manor go. It will be strange if I cannot take care of you still. As long as I have you I am content."

"And O Gwynnie," continued Bessie, "wasn't it the wonderful thing that I said—you remember, of course—it was, maybe my sister might be alive and come forward. I meant my sister Clara, for I thought I was Inez, but Clara, poor darling, is dead, glory be with her, and so it's not Clara, but Inez, that has appeared; and do you know, Gwynnie dear, the more I think of all this the funnier it seems—now, doesn't it? And then, again, it does seem so awfully funny, you know, for you to give up your title, and for me to give up mine, and for both of us to be plain Mr. and Mrs., and that, too, after all our splendor, and all the congratulations of the county, and to have to work for our living. Really, Gwynnie dear, it makes me laugh."

Gwyn smiled, out of pure delight, to see Bessie taking this approach of adversity so pleasantly.

"And I thought, so I did," continued Bessie, "that poor, darling Clara was alive, perhaps, after all; but no, it seems she is really dead, for do you know, Gwynnie dear, poor, dear papa, before he came to Mordaunt Manor, visited her grave here, and then he and dear grandpa Magrath—who really isn't my grandpa, you know, after all, but I must call him so still—well, those two had the remains of poor, dear Clara exhumed and taken to Rome, where they buried her again by the side of poor, dear mamma, who, it seems, is buried there also. And oh, it's very sad, so it is, to find out, after all, that really she is so very, very dead, you know!"

"And you know, Gwynnie dear," continued Bessie, after a few moments of mournful thought, "dear Inez is going to Rome, for she remembers dear Clara, and, having lost her in life, she longs to go, as she says, and pray over her grave. For dear grandpa says that poor, dear Clara was not well treated, at all at all, and there was sadness and sorrow about her death."

"And then, again," resumed Bessie, "there's another reason why dear Inez is willing to go, for there's a great friend of hers—and of dear Kane's, too, and of mine, too, for that matter—Dr. Blake, the one that attended poor, dear Guardwy Wyverne; well, dear grandpa says that Dr. Blake is in Rome; that 'he's settled down' there, and is likely to remain; and I think dear Inez is rather in hopes of seeing him somewhere about Rome, and so you see, Gwynnie dear, she has two very strong reasons for going, and dear grandpa is going to take her."

"Does she know of her father's death?" asked Gwyn.

"Sure and she must. Grandpa had a long talk alone with her, and told her all about every thing, and things, too, that he didn't want me to hear, about my infancy, I believe, for fear it would make me too sad; and, after it all was over, she looked at me—

O Gwynnie! such a look—so awfully sad and sorrowful! And oh, but I had the sore heart for her, poor darling! and I didn't dare to say a word, for sure it seemed to me just as though I'd been serving her as Jacob did Esau—just for all the wide world as though I had taken her name and place—for poor, darling papa took me for Inez, and died blessing me as Inez. But really, Gwynnie darling, it wasn't my fault, so it wasn't—for didn't I think I was Inez? Sure I did. Still, that doesn't change matters for her, and, however innocent I was about it, the fact remains—and oh, but it must be the sore fact for her! But, if any one's to blame, it's poor Guardy Wyverne, who went and changed her name. And oh, but it was hard on her, so it was, for she's suffered more than her share on account of it. And I can't help feeling that I've had a share in the wrong, and that I've been happy at her expense. And I'm anxious to make some amends, and I won't be able to be happy, at all at all, unless I do something to console her. I'm her chief consolation now—and oh, but it's the blessed thing that I hurried on as I did!"

Bessie stopped, and looked with an expression of anxious inquiry at her husband.

"Gwynnie dearest," said she, in her most winning tone.

"Well, darling?"

"I'm going to tell you something now that you won't like; but it must be done, and I won't keep you in suspense about it. I have told Inez that I would devote myself to her for a short time, and that we would be just as we used to be. She objected, poor darling, and said that she would not like to take me from you; but I laughed, and said that you would not object if I wanted it, and that you would be willing to do any little thing you could if it would be for her good. And so you will, Gwynnie dear, for here is my dear sister Inez, the one that I've wronged so much without knowing it, and she's suffered awfully, and she needs loving care and attention, and I am the only living being that can give her this. So please, Gwynnie dear, don't be after looking so dismal, for there are duties that I have in the world besides those I owe to you, and I'm not the one to stand by and see my darling Inez—my new-found sister—after suffering so much, left alone without any congenial friends. Of course, dear grandpa would do every thing in the wide world for her, so he would; but he is not what she wants, at all at all, nor is Mrs. Lugin. She wants an old friend—an equal—her sister—myself—and it's myself that's the only one she can get comfort from. And so, Gwynnie, as I know you have a tender heart, and are not selfish, why, sure you'll quietly let me go for a while, and devote myself to my sweet sister."

This proposal threw great gloom over Gwyn. Yet the recollection of his own deep offence, and the total and complete reconciliation with Bessie, and her sweet and graceful forgiveness, all made it impossible for him to oppose her wishes, especially when expressed for such a purpose.

"And must I go home?" he asked, dismally.

"Go home, is it? Not you. You must

come to Rome. Go home! Why, what an awful idea, Gwynnie darling! Oh, no. You must come on to Rome, and perhaps dear Kane may come, too. Bring him; you'll both be the happier for it, and we'll see one another all the time. When I said I was going to devote myself to Inez, I didn't mean that I was going away from you altogether. I want to have you near, Gwynnie darling, and see you every day."

Gwyn gave a sigh of relief.

"I'll pretend that I'm a lover again, Bessie darling," said he, sadly.

"Oh, yes, do—do, dear, darling Gwynnie; it will be so awfully nice, and funny, and all that. And you must bring Kane to Rome for company. He'll want, perhaps, to come with the rest of us, and join in our prayers over dear Clara's grave. Oh, how awfully nice! Only think—that is, I don't exactly mean nice—but you understand, dear. I want to ask myself, if I only can. But he'll be here this evening; he must come to see dear Inez; she talks so much about him. Besides, he'll be glad to know that every thing is explained"

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### BEFORE HIS JUDGE

ON returning to Kane's apartments, Gwyn told him all that he had heard from Bessie, to which Kane listened in the utmost amazement. Many circumstances were explained, yet many more were inexplicable to him as yet. Above all, he could not understand how it was, if Bernal Mordaunt had died at Mordaunt Manor, that he could have written from his death-bed in Paris. These two things seemed irreconcilable, nor could Gwyn give him any satisfaction. Soon, however, there were other things mentioned which drew all Kane's thoughts away from the affairs of Inez. This was the statement that the remains of Clara had been exhumed, and had been taken to Rome for burial; and also the announcement that Blake had gone to Rome, and had "settled down in that place for good."

Both of these facts were to him of overwhelming importance. In his friendship for Blake he rejoiced to learn that he was well, though he could not help wondering why he had remained so silent. But this was of comparative unimportance in view of the astounding news about the remains of Clara.

Kane's feelings about his lost wife have been sufficiently described. It was to be near her loved remains that he had come to Paris—it was for this sake only that he lived here. Other places would have been preferable to him, but the presence here of Clara's remains gave to Paris an interest that no other place could have. It had been his habit to pray at stated times over her grave, and the anniversary of that awful day when they were separated was always observed by him with fasting and prayer. He had not been near her grave since that night of the "apparition" at Père-la-Chaise; but the anniversary was not far distant, and he would have to go there, no matter what might be his feelings, and observe the usual solemnities.

Now he learned to his amazement what had happened. This fact at once broke into all the even tenor of his life, and made it necessary for him to make some change. The removal of those precious relics destroyed all motives for remaining here. Where those remains were, there he must go. The state of his feelings was such that life was only tolerable near all that was mortal of her whom he loved, and the first thought that he had when Rome was mentioned was that he must leave Paris and go there. The information that Kevin Magrath, and Inez, and Bessie, were all going there to "pray over that grave," only intensified his desires to do the same, and all other thoughts became indifferent to him.

What he should do first was now the question. He was anxious to see Kevin Magrath. This man's character had undergone a fresh revolution in his mind. When he had first seen him, he had formed of him such an opinion that he seemed a sort of accusing witness, an avenger of blood, a relentless Nemesis. After hearing the story of Inez, he had been changed into a remorseless villain, a dark schemer and intriguer. Now, however, he appeared once more in the former light. Whatever might be the mystery that remained, it seemed evident to Kane, from Bessie's words, and the acts of herself and Inez, that the last judgment about Kevin Magrath was wrong. It seemed now as though he must have been the faithful friend of Bernal Mordaunt and his children; a just man; a tender-hearted guardian; a loyal friend; one who had been the champion of unprotected innocence, and one, too, who had felt merciful even to the guilty, whose former guilt he had resisted and denounced.

Yet the prospect of meeting with this man had in it something so terrible for Kane that he shrunk from it. For Kevin Magrath once more seemed to be the avenger of the injured Clara. He could not help recalling his look, his attitude, and his words, during that memorable evening in London—those awful words, every one of which had pierced like a stab to his heart. To go now to this man would be to expose himself to a repetition of this painful scene, to receive fresh wounds, and encounter fresh sufferings. Yet to do so was necessary. This man had assisted in the removal of Clara. He himself must have touched the casket that held that precious treasure, and from that touch the man himself seemed now to Kane's imagination to have acquired a kind of awful sanctity. To meet him would be more painful than ever, but it was necessary in order to obtain accurate information about the place in which they had laid the remains of his lost darling.

Kane therefore yielded to this necessity, and that evening called at the hotel along with Gwyn. Inez and Bessie were both in the room waiting for them. Kane greeted Inez with affectionate cordiality, and congratulated her most sincerely upon the favorable change in her affairs. But his thoughts were so occupied with the chief purpose of this visit that he did not question her very particularly, and the conversation took a general turn, which was at length interrupted by the entrance of Kevin Magrath.

He looked around with a beaming smile, which was at once benevolent and paternal. Bessie introduced him to Gwyn. He shook hands with him cordially with some warm words of welcome, and then, catching sight of Kane, advanced toward him.

"Mr. Hellville—ah—Hellmuth, sure it's glad I am to see ye here! It's sorry I was the last time I saw ye that ye had to make yer ajieus before the evening had begun. I hope we may be able to-night to pass the time in a more shuitable manner."

Saying this, he shook hands with Kane very warmly, and went on to chat with Gwyn, and Bessie, and Inez, one by one, in the easiest and pleasantest way in the world.

"There's no one going that knows Rome better than I do," said he, in reply to some remark of Bessie's about their journey. "Don't I know it? Haven't I lived there, off and on, for years? Meself has. There isn't a cyardinal of the holy conclave that I don't know, in and out. And they're a fine body of min intirely, so they are, but it's a pity they're so many of thim Italians. In a constichutional kingdom, as Italy now is, there's a wonderful chance for the holy father, if he only knowed how to avail himself of it. If they only wint to work the way they do in Ireland and America, they could howld the distinies of Italy and of the wurruild in the hollows of their hands. But they don't comphind, and they won't, till another generation comes along that grows into the new order of things. Ye see, what I always tell them is this: Ye must conform more to the spirit of the age. It's a liberal age and a constichutional age. Ye must be liberal and constichutional. It's no use excommunicating kings and imperors, and prime ministers and sinators. Look at the way they do in America. They take possession of the ballot-box, and thus become shupreme. Go, says I, into politics, bald-headed! Direct the votes of the people. They're all yours. Out of twinty millions of Italians how many d'ye think ye have on yer own side? There's tin million females. Out of the other tin million min five million are boys who are all under the control of their mothers. Out of the remaining five million adult min four million are adult pisinats, altogether under the control of the priesthood, and riddy to vote as they suggist. It is a great allowance to suppose a single million as belonging to the Antipapal or Liberal party. If ye wint among these, ye'd find numerous ways of gaining control of three-quarters of thim. Me own opinion is that, out of the twinty millions of Italians, there's only two hundred thousand min who can be called Liberals. And what could they do? Get universal suffrage and the ballot-box, and ye'd swamp thim, so ye would. Ye howld the distinies of the country in yer power, and all ye've got to do is, like children of Israel at the Red Sea, whin Moses came to thim as I do to you and said, as I now say, 'Go forward;' or, like the same, when Joshua the son of Nun said to them, 'Behold the promised land! Go ye up and possess it!'"

From such high themes as these the conversation gradually faded away—Gwyn absorbing Bessie, and Kevin Magrath alternately addressing Inez and Kane. But Inez evi-

dently took no interest in what she considered politics, and thus Kane was left as the only collocutor or listener or whatever else he may have been. Collocutor he certainly was not, however, for he simply listened, not attending particularly to Kevin Magrath's remarks, but rather thinking about the best way of seeing him alone, so as to ask him about those things which now were uppermost in his mind. At length Inez left the room. Gwyn and Bessie were taken up with each other, and then it was that Kane made known his feelings.

"I should like very much," said he, "to ask you about some things that are of importance to me. Can I see you alone for a few moments?"

Kevin Magrath smiled graciously.

"With the greatest plisure in life," said he. "Come along with me to me own room, and we'll make a night of it."

With these words he rose and led the way along the corridor to a room at the end of it. Entering this, Kane found himself in a large and elegantly-furnished apartment, opening into a bedroom. On a sideboard were bottles, decanters, and tobacco-boxes. On the table was a meerschau-mpipe, a box of cigars, and the latest *Galigiani*.

Kevin Magrath rolled up an easy-chair beside the table.

"Make yerself comfortable," said he, cheerily. "Ye'll take something warrum, won't ye—and a pipe or so? I've whiskey here by me, Scotch or Irish—'Coelum non animum mutant,' ye know; 'qui trans mare currunt;' and, for my part, I carry a bottle of Irish whiskey with me wherever I go—and Scotch too, for that matter; though, on the whole, I object to Scotch whiskey, for it savors somewhat of Calvinism. Howandiver, ye'll take one or the other."

Kane mildly suggested Irish.

Kevin Magrath smiled.

"It's charrumed I am with yer taste, and I take it as a compliment to me country," and he poured out a winglassful, which he handed to Kane, after which he poured out another for himself. "Here," said he, "lifting it to his lips, 'here is a libation which I've powered out in honor of old Ireland, let's drink to the first flower of the earth and first gim of the sea.'"

They both drank solemnly.

"And now," said Kevin Magrath, "having performed the first juties of hospitality, I'm altogether at your service. But won't ye take a pipe or a cigar?"

Kane declined.

"The fact is," said he, drawing a long breath, "my name is not Hellmuth."

"The divil it isn't!" said Kevin Magrath.

"Circumstaunces," said Kane, "made it necessary for me on my former visit to take that name. At present there is no such necessity. I have dropped it, and have taken my own again."

"Deed, thin," said Kevin Magrath, "I hope that yer circumstances, whatever they are, have changed for the better."

Kane sighed, and regarded the other gloomily and fixedly.

"My name," said he, is a familiar one to you. It is Kane Ruthven. I am the man

that married Clara Mordaunt, and caused her death. I wish to talk to you about her. I wish also to show you that, for any evil which I did to her whom I loved, I have atoned for by life-long remorse."

At the first mention of this name a sudden and astonishing change came over Kevin Magrath. His easy, placid smile passed away, a dark frown came over his brows, he pushed his chair back and started to his feet, and regarded Kane with a black, scowling face.

"You!" he cried.

"Yes," said Kane.

Kevin Magrath looked at him for some time with the same expression, but gradually the severity of his features began to relax.

"I've prayed," said he, slowly, "and I've longed for the time to come whin I could see ye face to face; and thin again I've longed and I've prayed that I might never see ye. I've prayed to see ye that I might have vengeance for Clara's bitter wrongs, for her betrayal, for her broken heart, for her death, for the dishonor of a noble name, and the shame of a lofty lineage; and I've prayed not to see ye, so that I might niver have another man's blood on my hands, for I felt sure that, if I ever did see ye, that momint I'd have yer heart's-blood. But, somehow," continued he, after a moment's pause, "somehow—now that I do see ye face to face—sure, I don't know how it is at all at all, but the desire for bloody vingince has gone out of me; and ye seem to have the face of a man that's paid the full pinalty already of any wrong ye've ever done, so ye do. And whither it is this that's the matter, or whither it is that I can't rise against the man that's drunk with me—but sure to glory I'm changed—and so I say to you, Kane Ruthven, in the name of God, what is it that ye seek me for, and have ye any thing to say for yerself in regyard to yer dealings with the young gyerrul that ye—destroyed?"

Kevin Magrath's manner was most impressive. It was that of a lofty, rigid, impartial judge, who will exact strict justice, yet is not altogether disinclined to mercy. Kane sustained his gaze with tranquillity, and looked at him with a solemn, sombre brow. When he had finished, he said:

"You are mistaken about me in many ways, and, when you hear what I have to say, you will have a less harsh opinion of me than the one you expressed in London."

"Go on, then; let me hear what you have to say, for it's meself that would be the proud man if ye could clear yerself of any of the guilt that's seemed to be attached to ye."

Kane now proceeded to tell his whole story. He told it frankly and fully, heaping blame upon himself lavishly, yet clearing himself of all those worse charges which Magrath had uttered against him.

After it was over, Magrath remained musing for a long time.

"Sure," said he, at last, "there was villany, though not with you. Your brother was hard, but it was my poor frind Henunigar Wyverne that was the arch-traitor and rogue. But how in the wurruild did it happen that Clara did not know herself that she was the daughter of Bernal Mordaunt, and heiress of Mordaunt Manor?"

"I can't account for it at all."

"I've heard it stated on imminent authority," said Magrath, "that a boy who leaves his home, or is taken from his home, at the age of tin, and is thrown into a foreign land among strangers, will in five years forget his own name, his father's name, and his native language. I never believed it before, but now this looks like it. Clara lost her home and her father at tin; she had not lived regularly at Mordaunt Manor either, and was sent into France; and thus it has happened that she forgot in a few years the most important things."

"It must have been so," said Kane. "She knew her name, but had no recollection of Mordaunt Manor—at least she said nothing about it—and she certainly had no idea that she was an heiress."

Another long silence followed.

"Kane Ruthven," said Magrath, at last—"or perhaps I ought to say Sir Kane—what you have said clears you completely and utterly from the suspicions which I had formed about you. You have not been guilty, as I now see, of any thing worse than carelessness, or thoughtlessness. For that you have suffered enough. I must say that me conscience condemns suicide, and in that act ye were clearly wrong; it was unnecessary; she would have drifted home or into my hands, for I was close upon her track at that very time. Howsoever, what's done can't be undone, and, as ye're an innocent and a suffering man, why—there's my hand."

With this he reached out his hand. Kane took it, and Magrath shook it heartily.

"I have understood," said Kane, anxiously and hesitatingly, "that—that she—she was removed from the cemetery."

"It was her father's wish," said Magrath, "that she should be buried beside her mother in Rome."

"She is now in Rome, then?"

"Yes, with her mother; and the other two daughters, Inez and Bessie, are going to pray over the graves for the repose of the souls of their mother and their sister."

"I should think that they would have been taken rather to Mordaunt Manor."

"It was Bernal Mordaunt's doing," said Magrath. "But they are all united, for Bessie's filial piety has accomplished one of the last wishes of her father; and, while she was living at Ruthven Towers, her father's remains were exhumed and taken to Rome."

Kane hardly heard these last words. His mind was occupied exclusively with thoughts of Clara. Magrath's information was conclusive. It was what he had wished to know, and there was nothing more to be learned. About the affairs of Inez he thought no more. She was safe now with loving friends; the mysterious circumstances about her late imprisonment were no doubt satisfactorily explained, and he himself had no further interest in the matter.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction, however, that Kane reflected on the formal acquittal which Magrath had given him of evil acts. For Magrath was now to him a stern, a just, and a wise judge, from whom a declaration of this sort was valuable, indeed. There was at the conclusion of this interview

a deeper solemnity than usual in the manner of each of them, and Magrath did not press him to stay, or ask him again to take a drink.

That night Gwyn bade Bessie farewell. She was to start with Inez early on the following morning for Rome.

"You'll come on soon, Gwynnie darling," said she, tenderly.

"Immediately, of course, Bessie dearest."

"And you'll bring dear Kane?"

"Of course."

Bessie looked at him earnestly.

"We're beggars now, so we are, Gwynnie dear, but I love you, and we can be as happy in our poverty as ever we were in our wealth, so we can."

Gwyn pressed her to his heart and left.

As he walked away, his heart was full of bitterness. Kane and Inez seemed now like interlopers, who had come between him and his darling, casting her down from the wealth and luxury with which he had thought he had endowed her. Kane again had been the innocent cause of this foul wrong which he had done his wife, and Inez came forward as her supplanter in Mordaunt Manor, and also as in some sort a rival to himself, since she had drawn Bessie away from him.

All these things filled his heart with bitterness, and with these feelings he sought Kane's apartments that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BIRDS' WINGS.

### PHILOSOPHY OF FLYING.

OUR readers have often observed the flight of birds, if not like Romulus and Remus in fabled history to gather divination therefrom, at least to admire one of the beauties of animated Nature. Doubtless, they have watched with delight the hopping of the sparrow from twig to twig, the heavy flapping of the crow over the cornfield, the steady march of the wild-pigeons in countless numbers to the forest, the rapid raid of the swallow joyfully whirling about in the sunshine, the coursing of the night-hawk through the evening air; they have admired the magnificent sailing of the kite floating high up in endless gyrations, exhibiting the very poetry of motion, or they have wondered with Solomon at the "way of the eagle in the air," soaring to the eyrie in the rock. They have heard repeatedly that all the works of the Creator evince design, but very likely they have never studied the bird's wing in connection with the question of adaptation of means to an end as exhibited in that organ. They know that wings are necessary to the act of flying. Angels are depicted with wings; not only fat little angels upon tombstones, but cherubim and seraphim. The Bible even speaks in figure of the wind having wings. The classical reader will recollect how Dædalus made wings of feathers and wax for himself and his son Icarus, and how the latter fell into the sea and perpetuated his name through his misfortune. Every lover of Italian remembers Tasso's exquisite description of the celestial messenger Gabriel, and the balancing of his wings upon Mount Libanus be-

fore he darted down into the camp of Godfrey de Bouillon. Wherever there is any flying to be done, we read of wings.

Solomon "spake of fowl" but, as his work on natural history has not come down to us, we cannot say whether he solved the mystery of flying. We incline to think, however, as he wondered at "the way of the eagle in the air," that his wisdom did not attain to the point in question. In fact, it is only of late years that some of the delusions which have existed in regard to flying have been exposed, and the "way of the eagle in the air" has been fairly demonstrated.

The former Duke of Argyll, a man of retired habits, but much interested in mechanics and the application of practical science, attracted by the motion of birds in the air, was induced to make an investigation of the subject, which resulted in his developing the "Theory of Flight." This theory has been further elaborated by his son, the present duke, whose devotion to philosophy and science has illustrated his order and distinguished his name. We purpose to glean from the writings of the duke the leading points connected with the "theory" referred to, and also with the aid of information from other sources to give an idea of birds' wings and explain the mechanics of flying.

It is manifest that a bird is much heavier than the atmosphere; that, when one is shot dead, it will drop to the ground, even with its wings extended, in obedience to the force of gravity. Every force is the expression of a law which never varies; it acts always and in the same way. The physical universe would become unsettled, were it not so. But every force may be compensated, and every law may be met by another law, so that resultant action is as certain as the operation of the original laws and forces. Hence, not understanding how a heavy body can swim in the air, some writers, following out a conjectural plan of compensation in forces, have put forth the hypothesis of buoyancy, assuming it to be a fact, and explanatory of the whole difficulty.

"The weight of birds," says Child, "is familiarly known to everybody. There is, in fact, no very striking difference in this respect between them and the other animals that live upon the ground, and it is obvious that mere wing-flapping alone would be insufficient to sustain them in the air, were they not aided by other means. As bones are the heaviest of the structures which enter into the composition of birds, it might naturally be expected they would offer the chief impediment to flight: and such would undoubtedly have been the case had not Nature, by a slight deviation from the general rule, converted what would have been a drawback into a source of assistance. Animals, whose movements are on the rough surface of the ground, require to have bones of great strength and density to enable them to withstand the shocks and strains to which they are liable; but birds, whose chief movements are in the air, do not require bones of such solidity. Nature, therefore, by forming them into hollow cylinders, has given them the shape which mechanically combines the greatest strength with the greatest lightness; and, after every particle of superfluous bony matter



has been thus removed, the interior of the bone is generally filled with air instead of marrow, by which the weight is still further reduced. Not only does air pass freely into the bones of birds, often down to the ends of the small bones composing the toes, the tips of the wings, and even into the quills of the feathers, but, by means of a peculiar system of air-cells or receptacles, it is diffused all over the body, with an abundance which corresponds to the flight-power of the bird. These air-cells are in free communication with the air-passages of the lungs, and many of them can be inflated or emptied at will. They are of large size in the thorax and abdomen; occasionally they reach high up in the neck, forming, as it were, a balloon in front of the body, and they are, generally, very widely distributed under the skin. In birds distinguished for their power of flight, such as the solan-goose, albatross, and pelican, the air not only fills the bones, but surrounds the viscera, insinuates itself between the muscles, and buoys up the entire skin. The whole body is like an inflated balloon. The circumstance, however, which chiefly promotes buoyancy, and gives to this remarkable arrangement its lifting power, is the comparatively high temperature of the included air. Birds are warmer-blooded than mammals; thus, while the internal temperature of man seldom exceeds 98° Fahr., that of birds varies from 106° to 112° Fahr. This higher temperature is an indispensable requirement of their great muscular energy, and it, no doubt, also helps to counteract that tendency to cold which necessarily arises from their rapid movements both in air and water. But the purpose served by this high temperature to which we now draw attention is that it acts as a furnace to heat the air within the bones and cells. In circulating round the walls of the cavities containing air, the blood imparts to the latter a portion of its own warmth, just as a service of hot-water pipes heats the air in a room round which it is carried. The heated air, of course, renders the whole bird buoyant, on the principle of a fire-balloon or caoutchouc-ball, both of which readily rise into the air on being warmed. When the weight of the bird has thus been brought more or less into equilibrium with the surrounding air, the action of the wings easily lifts it from the ground. How completely this equilibrium is sometimes attained, even in the case of very large and heavy birds, may be inferred from the fact that the gigantic condor of the Andes is occasionally seen wheeling in circles for hours together without the aid of a single flap from its wings. The perfection of buoyancy is even more wonderfully displayed by the frigate-bird of the Atlantic, which is said not only to rest its wings, but even to slumber as it floats in the air like a balloon."

We have given the above full quotation in order to show clearly what is the old-fashioned and popular view of the subject. Objections to it will readily suggest themselves to every reflecting mind. If a bird is thus charged with heated air, why does it not rise incontinently from the branch of a tree? Instead of sitting quietly on the branch, in obedience to the law of gravity, it would

have to use muscular effort to stay down. A bird would hardly alight to enjoy such repose. Further, if a bird resembles a balloon or a caoutchouc-ball, it would, like them, be entirely at the mercy of the wind, which we know it is not, unless the wind be a hurricane or whirlwind; and birds are not prone to go out in hurricanes or whirlwinds any more than men, for they have a pretty good judgment in regard to the weather. When they do chance to get caught in a hurricane, they generally find themselves blown about until the wind abates, or they perish from its violence. Inventors of flying-machines have been posed hitherto by this very difficulty in regard to the wind. They can secure temporary buoyancy, but they cannot obtain either momentum to overcome the wind or find an adequate fulcrum with which to guide the air-boat. The latter rises, floats for a time, and is driven by the wind until a wreck ensues. No one has ever yet succeeded in stopping even at a castle in the air. Now, a bird breasts the storm, revels in the gale, outstrips a fierce wind, and goes whither it will; flies, floats, poises, alights—in fine, is master of itself and of the situation. Hence some other elucidation of the mystery than the old-fashioned, fallacious one must be sought. As wings are, in heaven and on earth, the organs of flight, evidently we must look for the explanation chiefly in them.

The construction of a bird is peculiar, and, like all God's work, exhibits admirable adaptation to the end intended. Its body resembles in shape the egg from which it came, set with the big end forward. Its frame is compact, the pectoral bones being nearly solid, while the long bones are hollow, and filled with air as much as possible. Thus lightness and strength are combined in the highest degree, and the external pressure of the atmosphere is compensated. Besides, the internal air-system which is elaborated in the organization of a bird, which has been set forth in the extract from Child's work, gives the bird immense lung-power. That is its purpose; and it is one of vast importance to a bird, which needs to be very long-winded and very strong, neither of which capabilities can be had without more lung-force than their unaided lungs would afford. Hence the bird is, in some sense, all lungs, and has a power proportioned to its breathing process. A pigeon will consume more air than a kitten.

The pectoral muscles are very powerful—the shoulders being kept apart and sustained by the merry-thought—and the sinews which work the wings are exceedingly tense and elastic.

The whole body is covered by the plumage, which, in birds of some size, does not exceed two or three ounces in weight, thus affording a dress which is adapted to any temperature, of which many birds experience great varieties and great extremes, as it can be opened or shut at pleasure, and, at the same time, is easy-fitting and light—important considerations to the owner who cannot, like John Gilpin, "carry weight."

The head of the bird is set upon a flexible neck, so that it can see in any direction without turning the body. The legs are attached in such wise that, when tucked up, as they

always are by all good fliers when in motion, they do not take away from the egg-like shape of the body, or interfere with its general balance.

The wings, likewise, are so set that they hold the body in equilibrium. They vary in size and shape according to the character of the bird. Birds which fly little have short, round wings; birds which live in the air have very long—sometimes extending fourteen feet—narrow, sharp wings. There is every sort of wing, from the thick, puffed wing of the grouse to the ribbon of the swift. The species of the bird and its mode of life determine its peculiar organs. The main feathers of the wing are peculiar; they are those in the eagle, the swan, and the goose, out of which quills are made for writing. They are curved, and the air circulates freely through them, thus insuring their lightness and strength, as well as elasticity, for which characteristics they are remarkable. The quill, or root, is deeply and firmly embedded in the bone-frame. From the quill, or in continuation, the shaft extends to the tip of the feather, dividing it into two vanes, of which the upper is shorter and stiffer than the lower. The last-mentioned feature is worthy of special notice, as it enables the feathers to be imbricated in such a way that the shafts will lie parallel and near as possible together, thus affording the utmost strength to the armature. The impingement of the superior feathers is upward, being precisely the reverse of what one would suppose without examination. There is an important reason for this arrangement of the quill-feathers and their seconds. For instance, draw your hand down the upper surface of a wing, and you will open the imbrication; draw your hand down the under-side of the wing, and you will close it tight. The vanes are further locked by barbs, which hook their leaflets together. This compact arrangement adds to the strength of the feathers, and also causes the wing to rustle in cutting the air. Owls have no barbs, which accounts for their silent motion.

The frame of the wing is divided into three main sections—the shoulder, the forearm, or pinion, and the hand. They are so arranged that the wing can be folded close to the side, or extended more or less at pleasure.

The feathers which arm the wing vary with the section to which they are attached. The outer, upper, and main feathers, we have described. The other superior feathers are straight and equally vaned. Besides, there is a coating, or padding, of other feathers, which we need not describe particularly, as our readers have all, no doubt, often looked at birds' wings.

The tail is horizontal with the plane of the bird, though some birds have extra tail-feathers, which are variously set, as the cock, the pheasant, etc. The horizontal feathers are like the subsidiary feathers of the wings, straight and equally vaned.

The wings and tails of birds frequently differ in color from other parts of the body, and are generally marked for their variety of hue and great beauty. "The plumage has been perfected," as Child well observes, "by giving to birds, and especially to water-fowl,

the power to secrete an oily matter, which, smeared over the feathers, renders them impervious to moisture. All must have observed that, when a bird is dead, and can no longer diffuse this oil over its feathers, the water soaks in, and soon spoils the plumage. The feathers are so arranged over the body of the bird that, in flying, the pressure of the air or water keeps them closely applied to the skin, so as to offer the least resistance to motion." There is an exception to the latter statement which is important, as we shall show. Too much praise, however, cannot be bestowed upon the beauty and adaptation of the plumage of the birds which God "created to fly over the face of the earth."

We have now reached a point where we can undertake to explain the philosophy of flying. Let us suppose a bird, a good flier, at rest. It determines to fly. By the muscular power of its legs it might jump up, but what is to countervail the law of gravity and keep it up when the muscular force is exhausted? An arrow will ascend until the force given by the bow is wasted, and then, obedient to the attraction of gravitation, it descends. Again: what is to give the bird momentum, so that it may overcome the resistance of the atmosphere? When a bird springs up it always lifts its wings, which move equally, in the same time and with the same power, not, like a pair of sculls in the hands of a rower, variously, evenly, or unevenly, as will may direct, but, like a pair of coupled engines, together. The upward movement of the wings opens the plexus, or imbricated feathers, the air passes through, and so the dead lift which would attend the rising action of the arched wing, were it tight, is prevented. Further, the air, as it passes through, passes down and back, depressing the flexible plumes in its course, and giving the bird, through the leverage effected, a forward motion. Then it flaps its wings down. Instantly the plexus closes, as we have illustrated by the motion of the hand on the wing, and the concave wings compress the air in their embraces. The air, which is wonderfully elastic, reacts energetically, causing the bird to ascend. In addition, as the bird slides, the air rushes out behind and up, and thus acts a second time as a lever, and forces the bird forward. The motion of the air ripping out at the ends of the feathers is familiar to every one who has observed the flight of flocks of wild-pigeons. It seems, as the flock passes, as if the feathers were being torn, and adds largely to the general rustle created by the movement of the birds through the air. Here, by two motions of the wings, rising power and momentum are obtained, and that, too, without prejudice to the self-control of the bird. Hence the bird has only to flap its wings, and up it must go and on it must go—in a word, it must fly.

When a boy wishes to make his kite ascend, he checks the string; the wind, striking the breast of the kite, passes down and out behind, and, consequently, up and forward goes the kite. A bird, too, when it finds difficulty in rising from the water, or when launched in the air from some tree, wishes to mount rapidly, turns to windward, and the flapping of its wings produces the same effect

as the string of the kite, and up soars the bird, until sometimes it is almost lost to sight in the "cold, thin atmosphere," where it needs all its warming-apparatus and close-fitting dress to make it comfortable. It is with difficulty that a bird mounts flying with the wind. Generally it goes straight when accompanying or outstripping the wind, or moves in loops, rising and falling. To rise with the wind, it must make special exertion.

The wind facilitates flying in some birds. Thus people, not infrequently, as they watch the constant motion of the gull in the gale, wonder that it does not tire in the storm, while, in truth, it is the gale which is doing the work, and the gull has only to flap away at its convenience.

When a bird wishes to descend, it closes its wings, and then, by the law of gravity, it sinks, with constantly-growing rapidity, in proportion to the square of its distance from the earth. Usually a bird keeps its broadest expansion horizontal to the plane of the earth's surface, and its narrowest front forward. But it can change its lay in the air. For instance, if in a great hurry, as an eagle after its prey, or any hunting-bird, it will dive down, adding to the force of gravity by muscular exertion, like a boy in diving from a wharf into the water. Birds will often descend from great heights with frightful rapidity, then suddenly expand their wings, change their axis, recover themselves, and move off or up, as they may wish. "It is a singular fact," says Child, "that birds most remarkable for flight are sometimes no less distinguished for the ease with which they dive and glide about under water. The solan-goose, for example, which haunts the lofty heights of the Bass Rock and Ailsa Craig, is a most expert diver, as is proved by its being sometimes caught in fishing-nets that have been sunk *thirty fathoms* under water. The wings of such birds are adapted to their double purpose. A bird, however powerful by nature, unless so fitted, easily becomes helpless in the water. Hartwig tells us that the sea-eagle of the arctic regions, the foe of the auk, and the gull, and the high-swimming fish, sometimes strikes a dolphin by mistake, and is carried down to the depths forever."

Variations in flying are effected by changing the direction of the axis of the body and modulating the movements of the wings. Direction is ordinarily attained by the bird inclining its body the way it may wish to go. It goes, as a man goes, the way it wills. In rapid turning it can assist itself by depressing one side of its tail, but it never uses the tail as a rudder. Woodpeckers use the tail as a third leg, making a tripod from which to hammer; still they do not use the tail in the air except as other birds. The service which the tail renders to the bird on the wing is to facilitate it in a quick revolution, and to aid it in stopping, hovering, or floating.

If a bird is disposed to light, it slows its motion, brings its axis more nearly perpendicular to the earth, strikes its wings a little sharply up and forward, flutters, and then rests. It folds its wings, and its weight causes the fat to contract on the limb, and hold it firm and quiet. If a bird wishes to glide down, it expands and flattens its

wings. If it desires to hover in the air, it performs almost the same operation that it does in alighting, except that it turns to the wind, and makes the latter serve the place of the branch.

"I have seen," says Argyll, "a kestrel stand suspended in a half-gale, with the wings folded close to the body, and with no visible muscular motion whatever." Every thing depends upon the balance of forces being maintained, and this depends upon the construction of the bird and the character of its wings. Changing the axis, shortening, lengthening, flattening, sharpening the stroke, produce necessary results of different kinds. "Birds with superabundant sustaining power and long, sharp wings have nothing to do but to diminish the length of the stroke and direct it off the perpendicular at such an angle as will bring all their forces bearing upon their body to an exact balance, and they will remain stationary at a fixed point in the air." The expanded tail assists much in the manoeuvres of hovering and poising, and, indeed, it serves to stop motion forward when the bird drops its body so that the tail will be down and opposed to the wind. Very little movement will change the action and attitude of the bird from hovering or poising to flying. Frequently it is hardly apparent. "Generally it is a slight expansion of the wings, and a very slight change in the axis of the body."

Some birds have the faculty of floating or sailing in the air, like the hen-hawk, the eagle, the condor, and others. The martin and swallow glide, but do not sail in endless gyrations like some of the birds of prey. Both these movements, of which the former is superior to the latter, and may be said to include it, result from the bird having ample wings, great sustaining and propelling power. Thus, by its strength, having obtained immense momentum, it ceases to flap, and glides or sails along, exhibiting wondrous grace. It must be remembered, however, that these sailers, through their great wing-power, can sustain and propel themselves by a motion so slight that it would escape the eye, owing to their great height in the air.

The manner in which wings act may be learned by taking a pair of dried, outspread wings and flapping them in imitation of the original owner. It will be discovered that it is much easier to lift them up than to press them down, and that, as we have above described, they tend forward by the leverage of the wing.

The power with which a bird flaps can be gathered from the beating of a canary against the wires of its cage. Let any one endeavor to hold an enraged goose, and he will be quite as well satisfied with the buffets he will receive as Richard was with the one he got from the holy friar of Copmanhurst. Some of the vulture species will pounce upon the neck of an animal and stun it with blows from its wings. Von Buch says that the ox will rush away to escape the attacks of the sea-eagle, blinded and terrified by the sand it scatters in the brute's eyes and the terrible flapping it makes about its ears. A lamb, or even a small sheep, stands a poor chance against the mighty wings of the monarch of the air.

The force of the stroke a bird gives with its wings is equalled by its rapidity. A crow, which is a heavy flier, will make one hundred and fifty upward and as many downward flaps per minute. It would be vain to attempt to count the strokes of a woodcock or wild-pigeon. A humming-bird's wings almost disappear like the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion. The unweariedness and persistency with which a bird uses its wings can only be explained by its possessing great strength in proportion to its size, and having its wings endowed with sinews of singular toughness and elasticity. The raven which Noah dispatched from the Ark went forth to and fro until the waters were "dried up from off the earth." The time was about seven days. The wild-pigeon is celebrated for its long and rapid flights. The rice found in the crops of some that have been shot in the lake region proves how far and how fast they must have journeyed through the air. "In the time of Henry IV. of France," says Child, "there was a falcon which became famous in Europe by flying from Fontainebleau to Malta, thirteen hundred and fifty miles, in twenty-four hours. The man-of-war bird is sometimes found a thousand miles from shore, hunting for its food. Yet it never seems to tire, or to seek rest either on the surface of the sea or in the rigging of the ship. It is said only to seek the land on the return of the breeding-season." The migratory birds and the swallows are further examples of the endurance of birds upon the wing.

We alluded in the beginning of this article to the different modes of flying displayed by birds. The crow flaps incessantly, so does the pigeon, the sparrow, the game-bird, while the robin, the swallow, the hawk, and other varieties, exhibit every style of movement. Each species has its peculiar mode of motion through the air. Doubtless each understands the science of flying, and executes, in its own opinion, the highest feats of "wingmanship."

Such is flying. It will be observed that it all depends upon the bird, through its physical construction, obtaining a fulcrum in the air, and controlling forces by combining or equalizing them. By the use of its wings it makes the air not only compensate gravity, but gives it lifting and propelling power. It flies on the wind and through the wind. Momentum is the multiplication of weight by velocity. This force enables the bird to master the air. Again, it employs either gravity or the air, or both, to acquire direction. So, possessing all these powers, holding them in equilibrium, or exerting them indifferently, it is as much master of the air as the fish is of the water, and flies whithersoever it will.

GEORGE C. McWHORTER.

## THE SAP-SUCKER.

IT is a matter of great surprise to me to find that so few of those who take delight in observing and studying the character and habits of birds have discovered that there is but one species of sap-sucker in the United States, at least east of the Rocky Mountain

range. Three or four of our smaller woodpeckers, particularly the two varieties of the *Picus villosus*, and the pretty speckled fellow with the pale-red head, the *Picus pubescens*, so often seen in our orchards, have been named sap-suckers by ignorant people; but the true sap-sucker is a very unique and interesting bird, lonely in his habits, peculiar in appearance, and really very little like any other of the woodpecker family. He has been named *Centurus Carolinus* by the naturalists, but it seems to me that *Bacchus Americanus* would be a more appropriate title to confer on this bibulous little fellow who taps the racy veins of our trees, and complacently sips the nectar that bubbles out from the perforations his sharp beak has made.

The sap-sucker is not showy, like most of his kinsfolk, and he has a shy, quiet way of doing his limited "routine of duties" that prevents his being much seen or noticed by even a careful bird-hunter. You might spend several hours rambling in an apple-orchard where a number of sap-suckers were busy at work without seeing one. You would hear the sharp tap-a-tap of his busy beak, but the bird shrewdly manages to keep the body of a tree between you and him. He is not boring for worms or larvæ, not he! He is tending his pots of delicious sap. Observe closely, and you will see the rows above rows of small, cone-shaped cavities, encircling your finest apple-trees, that tell a bad tale of this bird. He is a sort of vampire, sucking out the life-blood of your pippin and wine-sap bearers. There he goes! What an odd flier he is! Like a sailor, "he has a rolling gait." He goes through the air as if riding on long, low billows, in the mean time uttering a shrill yet plaintive "quee-ek," unlike the cry of any other thing. This viscid wine he has been swilling has no doubt had something to do with making him fit so crazily. Poor bird, he will die of *delirium tremens*!

If you will hide near the tree he has been tapping, he will soon come back to his goblets, now overflowing with sweet, thick sap. At first he approaches slowly, flying from tree to tree, till at length he lights in the top of the one you are watching, and begins to descend, *tail foremost*, turning his head rapidly from one side to the other. Finally, emboldened by the silence round about, and seeing no enemy, he drops down to his *beakers* (no pun), and begins to drink in a way that tells you how greedy a toper he is. When he has emptied all the pits, he at once proceeds to peck new ones, continuing steadily to labor till the sap has refilled those first emptied, then he drinks again, thus alternately working and feasting till, grown full and tired, he muffles his head in the feathers of his shoulders, and sits quite still, as if drowsily and dreamily enjoying the gentle wind that flows round him, laden with the sweets of Indian summer.

You may now study his features. His back has a light-brownish stripe down it from neck to tail. His wings are dark, flecked with white and greenish brown. His head is striped with dull white and dingy black, a barely perceptible spot of red shining on the occiput, and his breast is cloudy white, running into brownish red near the throat and

tail. His beak is rather shorter than those of other woodpeckers, slender, and keenly pointed. His eyes are very small, and twinkle like cut glass in the sunlight. His feet are those of a climber, and his tail-feathers are coarse and stiff.

The sap-sucker builds its nest far in the woods, where its season of incubation is passed in silence and abstinence from food, amounting almost to starvation. Its home is in a hole generally high up in a tree. Its food is sap or the juices of green trees. It eats nothing else. I have found it from Georgia to the region of the Northern lakes. The principal trees from which it obtains its food are the maples, hickories, cedar, apple, pear, Southern pine, and swamp-ash.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

## REPENTANCE.

I.

HE kissed me, and I knew 'twas wrong,  
For he was neither kith nor kin.  
Need one do penance very long  
For such a tiny little sin?

II.

He pressed my hand. Now, that's not right.  
Why will men have such wicked ways?  
It didn't take a minute, quite,  
And yet it seemed like days and days.

III.

There's mischief in the moon, I know  
For I'm quite sure I saw her wink  
When I requested him to go.  
I meant it too—at least I think.

IV.

But, after all, I'm not to blame.  
He snatched the kiss. I do think men  
Are quite without all sense of shame.  
I wonder if he'll come again?

C. C. E.

## SCENE ON THE WISSAHICKON.

WE gave in the JOURNAL, No. 185, an illustration and a description of the Wissahickon, that wild and picturesque brook which runs into the Schuylkill near Philadelphia, in the heart of Fairmount Park. The many delightful pictures along the banks of this beautiful stream induce us to present the reader with a second view, representing not only the richly-wooded banks, but one of the many old mills that line its shores. Beautiful as the Wissahickon is, it has for many years done a vast useful labor, in "turning many a mill," on its way to the waters of the Delaware. These mills, fortunately, have not destroyed its charm—in many instances, indeed, adding a notable picturesque quaintness to the native wealth of beauty. Those within the boundaries of the park—which extends six miles along this stream—will probably be shortly removed, although a few only mar its attractions.





THE WISSAHICKON.



## CONCERNING GIANTS.

THE fourth verse of the sixth chapter of Genesis, beginning, as we read in the authorized version, "There were giants in the earth in those days," has given rise to a deal of controversy among the learned. The Hebrew word *nephilim*, in this passage, which the Septuagint renders *giants* (*gigantes*), has received a variety of interpretations, Biblical commentators not agreeing on its derivation. Among the more plausible meanings ascribed to it are: 1. Giants in the common acceptation of the word, men of huge proportions of body; 2. Men surpassing in physical or mental strength; 3. Fallen men, apostates from the worship of the true God. Among the early Christian writers who favor the first of these opinions are Ambrose, Cassianus, and Theodoret. On the contrary, Chrysostom says: "I think that those in Scripture called giants are not any unusual kind of men for shape or feature, but such as were heroic, and strong and warlike." Cyril also writes: "It is the custom of Holy Writ to call wild, fierce, and robust men giants."

But it is not our object to discuss a philological question. Even if we are not to understand *nephilim* in this instance to mean giants in our sense of the word, there are other passages in the Old Testament which seem to point conclusively to the existence of men of huge dimensions in the early days of the world. The Rephaim, and their allied tribes, the Anakim, the Emim, and the Zuzim, are always described as giants. The sons of Anak, in particular, are said to have been "men of great stature," before whom the children of Israel were "as grasshoppers." Of the height of Og, King of Bashan, one of the last representatives of the giant race of the Rephaim, we are able to form some conjecture. His iron bedstead, which was preserved in Rabbath in the time of the author of Deuteronomy, was nine cubits in length and four in breadth. Calling the cubit eighteen inches, the bedstead was thirteen and a half feet long, and King Og must have been, if in proportion, more than twice the height of an average man of the present day.

The Eastern nations have many extravagant traditions concerning this giant. According to some of the Arabian historians, King Og excelled by far all other monsters that ever existed. He was so tall that he could reach the heavens. He had an unaccountable hatred of Noah, whom he continually sought to kill. But Noah proved too shrewd for him; for, whenever the giant pressed him closely, he withdrew into the caves of the mountains, where Og could not follow him. One day, in his rage at his numerous discomfitures, the giant plucked out his beard and threw it at his nimble enemy. Each hair at once became a cedar-tree, forming an immense forest that covered the whole plain, and from which Noah eventually cut the timber for the ark. Og survived the deluge by wading, the waters reaching no higher than his knees. The only inconvenience he experienced during the flood was that he was reduced to a fish-diet, his sole food during its continuance consisting of

whales, which he roasted on the disk of the sun.

This is no more ridiculous than the stories told by the rabbins of Adam, whom, they say, God first created of a height so prodigious that his head reached the heavens. But the angels were so terrified at the sight, that God reduced him to a thousand feet high, or, according to others, a hundred. The latter estimate, however, is undoubtedly much too small; for, the father of the human race, when driven out of Paradise, waded through the ocean which separated this world from Eden.

Goliath, the Philistine of Gath, is supposed to have been another representative of the Rephaim, a remnant of that race having taken refuge with the Philistines after their overthrow. There appear to have been four brothers of this family, who were "born to the giant in Gath," all of whom were men of great stature. The names of but three are preserved, Goliath, Saph, and Lahmi. The fourth is said to have had twenty-four fingers and toes. The height of Goliath only is given. He was six cubits and a span, or about nine and a half feet high.

Passing over the fables of the giants and the Titans in classical mythology, which had their origin doubtless in terrestrial natural phenomena, many of them before our Aryan progenitors had left their Asian home, let us examine the numerous accounts of giants given by the Greek and Roman writers.

Herodotus says that, during the war between the Lacedæmonians and the Tegeans, the oracle at Delphi told the former that they would prevail over their enemies when they brought back to Sparta the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon. Liehas went to Tegea and succeeded in securing them. They were found in a coffin seven cubits long, the body being of proportionate length. The father of history also records that Artaceas, a captain in the host of Xerxes, wanted but four fingers' breadth of five cubits, he being, with the exception of the king himself, the tallest man in the army. Xerxes then must have been at least seven and a quarter feet in height.

Arrian describes the Asians of Alexander's time as commonly of five cubits in stature, and avers that King Porus was of that height; but Suidas excels him by making Gauges, a giant slain by Alexander, ten cubits. Pausanias relates that, when the body of Ajax was exposed by the washing of the sea, the whirlbones (patellæ) of his knees were found to be as large as the quoits used by athletes. The same author says that the dead body of Asterius, King of Crete, was ten cubits long. Pliny tells of a giant named Gabbara, brought from Arabia in the reign of Claudius, who was over nine feet high; and of two others, Pasis and Secondilla by name, whose skeletons, nine and a half feet in length, were preserved in the Sallustian Gardens. According to Julius Capitolinus, the Emperor Maximinus exceeded eight feet. He used his wife's bracelets as rings, and could break the teeth of a horse with a blow of his fist. The Emperor Andronicus Comnenus, if we can put faith in Nicetas, was ten feet high. Nicephorus relates that, in the

time of Theodosius, there was, in Syria, a man of five cubits and a hand's breadth. Florus says that King Theutobochus was of an extraordinary stature, higher even than the trophies; and Zonaras tells of a woman, in the time of Justin, who was two feet taller than women generally are.

But the ancient writers are not all so modest in their stories. Plato and Pliny are responsible for the account of the body of a giant, supposed to be Orion, found in a mountain in Crete, which measured forty-six cubits, or sixty-nine feet, in length; but, as Orion is generally said to have been buried in Delos, we are inclined to think that these two worthies were imposed upon. Plutarch, in his Life of Sertorius, tells a still larger story. Speaking of the city of Tingis, the modern Tangiers, in Mauritania, he says: "The Africans tell that Antæus was buried in this city, and Sertorius had the grave opened, doubting the story on account of the prodigious size; and, finding there his body, in effect, it is said, full sixty cubits long, he was infinitely astonished, offered sacrifice, heaped up the tomb again, gave his confirmation to the story, and added new honors to the memory of Antæus." The body of a man ninety feet in height may well have excited his astonishment! Strabo, in giving a similar account, which he credits to Gabinius, slyly observes: "Gabinius, the Roman historian, indulges in relating marvellous stories of Mauritania."

In the time of the Emperor Hadrian, the body of the giant Ida, which measured twenty feet, is said to have been found. Eumachus records that the Carthaginians dug up two bodies, one of twenty-three and one of twenty-four cubits in length. Philostratus saw a body thirty cubits long, another of twenty-two, and a third of twelve. Trallianus, who lived in the sixth century, informs us that the Athenians dug up the body of Macrotyris, and found it one hundred cubits in length.

One would think this last story wonderful enough for the most imaginative mind; but it was reserved for the fourteenth century, and for the great Boccaccio, to hand down to posterity an account of the discovery of the remains of a giant that exceeded in dimensions all others that the world had seen. The following is a free translation of this remarkable production, which is well worth giving in full:

"It is by no means a fiction that giants have existed—that is, men exceeding others beyond measure in form or in stature. On the contrary, its truth is well established, and an accidental occurrence, in our day, at the town of Drepanum, in Sicily, has clearly demonstrated it. While some rustics were digging foundations for the construction of a sheep-house, at the foot of the mountains which overhang Drepanum, not far from the town, they came upon the mouth of a cavern, which, anxious to see what was within, they entered with blazing fagots. They found a cave of great height and size; and, walking to the end opposite the entrance, they saw, sitting down, a man of immense proportions, upon which, terrified, they took to flight, and ran out of the cave, nor did they stop until they reached the town, announcing to all they met what they had seen.

"The citizens, anxious to see what evil thing this was, lit wax-torches, and, having armed themselves, went out of the city in a body, as if against an enemy. More than three hundred of them went into the cave, and they saw no less than what the clowns had reported. At length, the foremost ones made known, after they found out that the man was not living, that he was sitting on a seat, and supporting himself with the left hand upon a staff of such height and size that it would exceed the mast of the largest ship. The man, also, was of an unseen and unheard-of height, in no part decayed or broken. When one of them, stretching out his hand, touched the standing mast, the staff fell from sight, dissolved in dust, and they saw another staff of lead, stripped of its covering, reaching even up to the hand of him who held it. And, when they had observed it attentively, they discovered that the lead had been run into the staff to increase its weight. Those who afterward saw it weighed assert that the lead was of the weight of fifteen Drepanensian cantarii, each one of which is of the weight of a hundred ordinary pounds.

"At length, the figure of the man, touched in like manner, dissolved, and fell almost all to dust—which, Aristotle also knew, happens to the dead, he saying somewhere: 'The bodies of the ancient dead, which suddenly turn to ashes in sepulchres, have lost all their substance, and retain their form alone.' When some felt with their hands this dust of the dead body of Drepanum, three teeth, yet solid, of monstrous size, were found, of the weight of three rotuli—that is, of a hundred ordinary ounces. The people of Drepanum, in testimony of the discovered giant, and for an eternal memorial to posterity, bound them with an iron band, and suspended them in a certain church of the city, founded in honor of the Annunciated Virgin, and inscribed with her title. They found, afterward, the anterior part of the skull, yet sound, of the capacity of many pecks; also the bone of one of the two legs, from which, although partly decayed on account of its excessive antiquity, it was calculated, by those who know the entire man from measuring the least bone, that he must have been of the height of two hundred cubits or more.

"It was surmised, by certain of the wiser ones, that this was Eryx, the son of Butes, the most powerful king of the place, and of Venus, who was buried in this mountain. Others believe that it was Entellus, who slew a bull in the funeral-games instituted by Æneas for his father Anchises. But others think it was one of the Cyclops, and especially Polyphemus."

Hakewill, in his curious "Apologie" (1680), mentioning the height of this giant, quaintly adds: "This is somewhat, I think, beyond Paul's steeple." Kircher ("Mundi Subterranei," Amsterdam, 1678), who saw the teeth, thinks they are those of a mastodon. He measured the cave, and found it to be less than thirty feet in height!

Other writers, of still later date than Boccaccio, give numerous accounts of wonderful giants. Holinshead, in his "Chronicles of England," devotes an entire chapter to the subject. He tells of a body, fifty feet in length,

which was laid bare, in the year 1170, by the washing of the sea, on the coast of England; and of another, of fourteen feet, dug up in Wales, in 1087. In Perth, Scotland, one of fourteen feet was exhumed, "which to this day they show in a church." In 1475, says the same author, the body of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero, was taken up and found to be "higher by not a few feet than the common sort of women living in those days."

Gervase of Tilbury saw, in the suburbs of Paris, the body of a man twenty feet long, "besides the head and neck, which was missing and not found, the owner having, peradventure, been beheaded for some notable trespass committed in times past."

John Cassanion tells of the bones of Briat, found in Delphiny, that measured fifteen cubits; also of a giant of Bordeaux, a member of the body-guard of King Francis, who was so high that an ordinary man could go upright between his legs. According to Sir Thomas Elliot, a carcass was exhumed near Salisbury that was almost fourteen feet long. Julius Scaliger saw, in a hospital at Milan, a young man of so great a stature that he required the length of two common beds to lie upon. Goropius Becanus, physician to Mary, Queen of Hungary, says he saw a woman ten feet high, and that, within five miles of his dwelling, was to be seen a man of nearly the same height. Dalechamps, a French physician of the sixteenth century, asserts that a body of over eleven cubits in length was found in the bed of the river Orontes. Cælius Rhodiginus says that, in the reign of Louis XI. of France, the body of a giant, of stupendous magnitude, was dug up in Valentia, which, "judging from various pictures and from bones, would approach to eighteen feet." De Thou (Thuanus), in an account of an inroad of the Tartars into Hungary, in 1575, tells of a Tartar of great size, slain by a Pole, "whose forehead was twenty-four inches broad, and his body of such magnitude that, lying on the ground, it was as high as the navel of a man standing."

Hakewill devotes several chapters of his "Apologie" to a consideration of the subject of giants and their supposed remains. He says, quoting Melchior Nunnez, that, in the chief city of China, called "Paguin" (Pekin?), the porters are fifteen feet in height, and that the king entertains five hundred such men for archers of his guard. Odoricus Utinensis, in the account of his journey to India, asserts that he saw, in the court of the Great Cham, a giant of the height of twenty feet. Olaus Maguus, in his "History of the Northern Nations," tells of the body of a girl which was found, clad in a purple chlamys, that measured fifty cubits in length and four cubits across the shoulders. In telling so large a story, Olaus might at least have made the young lady of better proportions. His brother, John Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, appeals equally to our credulity in his account of Rollo and Starchater, two giants of immense stature and of robust form, but their exact height he leaves to our imaginations.

Andrew Thevet, the famous voyager and cosmographer to Henry III. of France, in his description of America (Paris, 1575), says that he met a Spanish merchant, on the coast of

Africa, who had come from South America. He had a coffer wherein he had preserved the bones of an American giant, who died in 1559, who, when living, was eleven feet and five inches in height. Thevet saw the skeleton and measured it, and exclaims: "A marvelous thing! to which I could scarcely have given credit if I had not seen it myself; inasmuch as the bones of the legs measured full three feet and four inches in length, and the skull was three feet and one inch about."

In 1684 Dr. Thomas Molyneux, F. R. S., read a paper before the Philosophical Society of London, in which he gave an account of a large human *os frontis*, preserved in the museum of the Medicine School at Leyden. He pronounces the bone to be human, without a doubt, and concludes that the man, if of corresponding proportions, must have been eleven or twelve feet high.

Diemerbroek, in his Anatomy, says that he saw in Utrecht, in 1665, a man eight feet and six inches in height, who was born in Schoonhoven, Holland, of parents of ordinary size. Ray mentions, in his Travels, that he saw the same man at Bruges. Charles Byrne, an Irishman, measured eight feet and four inches. He died in 1783, at the age of twenty-two. His skeleton, now in the College of Surgeons, London, is eight feet high. Edmond Malone, another Irishman, born in 1682, stood seven feet and seven inches with his shoes off; and Patrick Cottar, still another native of Hibernia, is said to have been of the enormous stature of eight feet seven and three-quarter inches. Walter Parsons, porter to King James I. of England, was seven feet seven. Maximilian Christian Miller, a native of Leipsic, who died in London in 1784, measured nearly eight feet. The brothers Knipe were each about seven feet two; and M. Louis, a Frenchman, was seven feet six. The latter had two sisters nearly as tall as he, and a brother who was taller. Miles Darden, born in Tennessee, in 1798, was seven feet and six inches in height.

Buffon gives a number of well-authenticated cases in which men have reached an extraordinary stature. The giant of Thoresby, England, was seven feet and five inches, English measure. A porter of the Duke of Würtemberg was seven and a half feet, Rhine measure. The giant Cajanus, of Finland, was eight Swedish feet in height, as was also a Swedish peasant. One of the guards of the Duke of Brunswick (Hanover) measured eight and a half Dutch feet. Gilli, a giant of Trente, in the Tyrol, was eight feet and two inches, Swedish; and a Swede, in the guard of the King of Prussia, stood eight feet six, also Swedish measurement.

But it is unnecessary to multiply individual examples. We will cite but one more case, that of the Patagonians, who have been represented to be a nation of giants. Hakewill says: "Ortelius describes a people whom he terms Pentagones, from their huge stature, being ordinarily of five cubits long, which make seven foote and an halfe." This is a truly ingenious derivation of the name. Pigafetta, who accompanied Magalhães, gives their height in general as eight Spanish feet, which is equivalent to seven feet and four inches English. Commodore

Byron, who circumnavigated the globe in the last century, says that few of them are short of seven feet. The officers of the Spanish expedition to the Straits of Magalhaens, in 1785-'86, took accurate measurements of many of them, and found the common height to be from six and a half to seven feet. The tallest specimen measured seven feet and one and a quarter inches. The English officers, Philip Carteret and Samuel Wallis, say that, although some of them are from six and a half to seven feet in height, the greater part are from six to six and a half. Conceding even the latter stature, they are, says Prichard, the tallest race of men living; and it is not strange that wonderful stories were told of them by the early navigators.

St. Augustine says that "almost never have been wanting those who have much exceeded the ordinary stature." This is undoubtedly true. Giants, so called, have existed in all ages of the world, but we must not rashly accept the conclusion that the times of old produced any greater prodigies than the present. There is not, probably, a single well-authenticated case among those given by the ancient writers, of men whose stature has exceeded the natural limits, that has not been equalled or excelled within the last three centuries. The enormous skeletons found in times past, of twenty, thirty, fifty, and a hundred feet in length, were, without doubt, the fossil remains of animals of the primitive world, which nothing but ignorance could have ascribed to a human origin. Hakewill, after expressing a general belief in giants, adds: "Yet may we suspect, the which Suetonius hath not spared to write, that the bones of huge beasts, or sea-monsters, both have and still do *passer current* for the bones of gyants." A notable illustration of this may be drawn from the case of King Theutobochus. In 1613 it was reported that his grave had been discovered in Upper Burgundy. A brick tomb was found, it was said, thirty feet long, twelve feet broad, and eight feet high, bearing the inscription, "Theutobochus Rex." Within was a gigantic skeleton, twenty-five and a half feet in length, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet from the breast-bone to the backbone. Some of the bones were carried to Paris and placed on exhibition. Both the pleasure-seeking and the scientific world were excited over the wonderful discovery; thousands flocked to see the sight, and the fortunate owner reaped a golden harvest. But one day a *savant*, who knew something more of anatomy than his fellows, announced that the skeleton of King Theutobochus was nothing more than a part of the fossil remains of an elephant. In so crude a state was the knowledge of science at the time that, even after this exposure, the owner is said to have taken the bones to other parts of the Continent and to England, and to have made a fortune from their exhibition.

In examining the claims of the giants of antiquity, we must take into consideration the fact that it was the custom of all the ancient nations to magnify the stature of their kings and heroes. To be considered a giant in strength and in size was the ambition of every warrior. Even the great Alexander was not free from this vanity, for we are told that,

in one of his Asian expeditions, he caused to be made and left behind him a suit of armor of huge proportions, in order to induce a belief among the people he had conquered that he was of great stature. Homer exaggerates the size and strength of all the heroes of the Trojan War, and leads us to infer that the whole race of man, even in his day, had degenerated. We may suspect that even the Jewish writers were not entirely free from a similar failing. Admitting that a people like the Rephaim existed in Palestine, of greater stature than the Hebrews, it would require but a little stretch of a poetic imagination to paint them as giants. They may have been no larger in comparison with their conquerors than are the Patagonians beside other more civilized races of to-day, yet have seemed immense to the children of Israel, who were more probably under than over the average height.

Again, there is no absolute certainty that the Biblical text, as we have it, is as it was originally written. Our authorized version makes Goliath, for instance, six cubits and a span in height; but the Vatican copy of the Septuagint (Codex Vaticanus), as old as any in existence (unless the Sinaiticus exceeds it), reads "four cubits and a span," agreeing in this with Josephus. To which account are we to adhere? If to the latter, then the giant of the Philistines was only a little over six and a half feet in stature, instead of nine and a half. The sacred writer does not give us the measure of King Og, but only that of his bedstead. It is not necessary to dispute the thirteen and a half feet of the giant's couch, but we are half inclined to suspect that Og was afflicted with an ambition similar to that of Alexander, and used a bedstead not in proportion to his actual size, but in proportion to his fancied importance. It is curious to observe that, according to Dr. Smith, the words in Deuteronomy translated "bedstead of iron" are also susceptible of the rendering, "sarcophagus of black basalt;" but this does not militate against the probability of our supposition.

Comparatively modern writers are not free from like exaggerations in regard to the stature of noted men. William of Malmesbury makes the tomb of Walwin, nephew of King Arthur, and one of his famous knights, fourteen feet in length; and Holinshead, quoting Sylvester Giraldus, says that the body of King Arthur, found in Glastonbury, in 1189, was two feet higher than any man that came to see it. As Camden, who gives an account of the discovery, fails to note this peculiarity of the corpse, the story is probably without foundation. In like manner Charlemagne and his paladins have been represented as of great stature. Eginhard says that the great emperor was "seven of his own feet" in height; from which we must infer either that he had a very small foot, entirely out of proportion to his size, or that he was a very tall man. The old writers would have us believe, too, that Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles, was also of gigantic stature and strength. Happily, we have some direct evidence on this point. Hakewill, quoting Camerarius, says: "Francis I., King of France, who reigned about a hundred years since,

being desirous to know the truth of those things which were commonly spread touching the strength and stature of Rouland, nephew to Charlemagne, caused his sepulchre to be opened, wherein his bones and bow were found rotten, but his armour sound, though covered with rust, which the king, commanding to be scoured off, and putting it upon his own body, found it so fit for him, as thereby it appeared that Rouland exceeded him little in bignesse and stature of body, though himselfe were not excessive tall or big." We have similar evidence in relation to the body of William the Conqueror, which was reported to have been dug up, four hundred years after burial, and found to be eight feet in length; for Stowe says that, when the English took Cannes, in 1562, some soldiers broke into the monument in search of booty, and found nothing remarkable about the bones.

Were it possible to get at the truth concerning the giants of antiquity, there is little doubt but that half of them could be shown to be pure myths, and that nine-tenths of the remainder could be reduced in size very materially. Pliny's assertion, that mankind is gradually degenerating, is wholly gratuitous, and has no foundation in fact. Indeed, a vast deal of proof can be adduced tending to show that the men of to-day are equal, and probably superior, in stature, to the ancients. The Greeks and Romans were undoubtedly of small size. The helmets and sword-hilts that have come down to us from the heroic ages could not be used by the majority of soldiers of the present European nations. Ancient rings also are generally too small for modern fingers.

But the classic writers give testimony enough on this point. Caesar, speaking of the Gauls, says: "Our shortness of stature, in comparison with the great size of their bodies, is generally a subject of much contempt to the men of Gaul." Tacitus also describes the Germans as of robust form, and of great stature; and Strabo says that he had seen Britons at Rome who were a half a foot taller than the tallest Italians. Yet there is no proof that the men of these nations were any larger in ancient times than they are now. On the contrary, the graves and barrows tell a different story. The remains are usually under the average height of men of the present day. It is the same with the Egyptian mummies. According to Athenæus, a man of four cubits, or six feet, in height, was considered of "gigantic size" in Egypt. Apollodorus, the grammarian of Athens, gives the height of the "gigantic Hercules" as four cubits; and Phya, the woman who was selected to personate Minerva, at Athens, in the time of Pisistratus, on account of her great height, which was considered wonderful, did not exceed in stature four cubits less by three fingers, or only about five feet ten.

Numerous other examples might be given, but the facts cited are sufficient to prove that mankind at the present day, if no greater, is certainly no less in height, and in size than in the days of old; and that fully as many instances of abnormal stature have occurred in comparatively modern times as when "there were giants in the earth."

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

## HOW THEY WENT TO SCHOOL.

"A CURSE on these stupid letters! I swear by God's body I'd rather that my son should hang than study letters! For it becomes the sons of gentlemen to blow the horn nicely, to hunt skilfully, and elegantly carry and train a hawk. But the study of letters should be left to the sons of rustics."

That was the emphatically-expressed opinion of an English country-gentleman of the old school, whose ire had been aroused by some remarks in praise of learning uttered by his companions at a dinner-table nearly three hundred years ago. Having thus delivered his formal protest against the innovating spirit of progress that already began to shake the foundations of society, the tough old conservative "caught hold of a cup of wine" and "began to drink," probably coupling his draught with a sentiment: "Confusion to all book-learning!"

But while it is true that mediæval knight-hood looked on the profession of letters as unbecoming a member of its order, and learning was held by the majority in light esteem, it is equally true that the greatest pains were taken in so educating the embryo chivalry of England that they should fill their allotted station in life with credit to themselves and their order. Though they knew nothing "of Aristotle and of his philosophy," leaving such matters to "clerks of Oxenford," who hoped to "getten them yet a benefice," they were taught how to "sit on horse, and fair ride;" to joust in the tilt-yard, and dance in the hall; to read love-romances, and write amorous ditties; to harp, pipe, and sing; to know the exact order of managing a household, and the degrees of rank and precedence; to serve the table, and to carve; and, if opportunity offered, to master the Latin and French tongues. Learning was of doubtful utility, if not a positive damage; but a perfect knowledge of courtesy, reduced as it was to a science, could not be dispensed with. The schools for the upper classes were therefore to be found in the houses of the great nobles, where the young scions of the nobility were sent to be taught "urbanitie and nourture."

The young gentlemen who were educated in these first-class boarding-schools had no easy life. During the first stage of their progress they were taught the rudiments of knowledge, so that they might be able to read the chronicles and romances for their masters and the ladies of the household when they grew older, and write French *serventes* for their mistresses. Arithmetic was a study befitting only sordid merchants, or bleary-eyed scholars who used it as a stepping-stone to the knowledge of geometry—then considered an occult science—and was beneath the notice of men of gentle blood. The plan of coaxing students on the road to knowledge had not then been discovered. The pupils were "pinched," and "bobbed," and "truly belashed," that they might progress on the painful path of study. Not only the teacher, but all their superiors in the household, kicked and cuffed the "yong enfantes" at

will. The maxim of the Israelitish king, that has caused centuries of juvenile suffering, was then held in high honor, those having charge of the young being advised

"To their plaints give no great credence,  
A rod reformeth all their insolence;  
Who spareth the rod, all virtue setteth aside."

But the acquiring of the arts of reading, writing, and one or two languages, was but a subsidiary feature in the system of education, and not unfrequently was scanted or altogether omitted. The studies considered of real importance were those of arms and courtesy—how to behave in the field and in the hall. The military education was commenced by gymnastic exercises, running, leaping, and tilting at posts and pendent sand-bags. As the pupil grew older, he was mounted on horseback, and instructed in the management of his steed. To the tilting at posts and pendent objects were added tilting at the ring with the horse at full speed, and finally the joust, in which thrusts were taken as well as given. Then his education in arms was complete, and he was ready for knighthood and had the right to enter the lists at the tournament, or to take a post of honor and danger in the battle-field.

The art of courtesy covered every thing relating to the manners and morals of good society, from the proper posture at church to the exact manner in which a nobleman should wash his hands, and how the table-cloth should be shaken and folded. Several treatises serving as manuals of instruction on these points have come down to us, and they afford a curious picture of the inner life of the upper classes of the middle ages. Written as they were in different forms, and for the use of different households, there is so close a general resemblance as to prove that they reveal the general life of the age, and not of some isolated household. Whether books of courtesy, of urbanity, of the table, of nurture, or of carving, they all inculcate some general moral principles, give some instructions in the rules of common decency, and describe minutely the economy of the household, laying particular stress on the etiquette of the table. The youth is told to fear God, obey his superiors, and keep his nails clean. When standing before a superior, he must remain perfectly still, without spitting or sniffing. At table he is first to see that his hands are clean, and his knife sharp. If a person of higher rank sits near, to him should be given the privilege of first touching the meat. The point of this instruction will be seen when it is remembered that the English people were then not generally acquainted with

"The laudable use of forks,  
Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,  
To the sparing of napkins."

The joint was grasped with one hand, while, with the other, armed with a sharp knife, a slice was cut off. The bread, set by the trencher, should, according to strict table etiquette, be split in two, the upper half being cut in four and then set together in one piece; the lower half cut in three and turned down on the others. Nothing should be eaten or drunk until the meats were brought in. Before touching the meats the nails should be

clean, "lest thy fellow loathe thee." The pupil is told not to bite the bread and lay it down, for "that is no courtesy to use in town." The piece to be eaten should be broken off. Particular stress is laid on the injunction not to eat with the knife, which shows the antiquity of the struggle between etiquette and a common custom that any well-filled hotel-table will show has not yet been abolished. Minute directions are given in a matter that argues unfavorably of the general decency of the people. It was considered uncourteous to spit on the table or blow one's nose in the table-cloth or napkins, and the diner is strictly enjoined, should he have occasion to resemble the stevedores and teamsters of to-day in their contempt of such effeminate contrivances as pocket-handkerchiefs, to

"Look thy hand thou cleanse withal,  
Privily with skirrt do it away,  
Or else through thy tippet that is so gay."

and it is "uncomely methinks" to take hold of the meat in carving with the same finger and thumb that had just grasped the nose, until they are cleaned. No doubt about that. Above all things, he is adjured—

"From blackness always keep thy nails."

In an age when the English were a more musical people than they or their kindred are now, singing and playing formed a necessary part of the page's education, and, as he grew up—

"Syngynge he was, or flowtynge, al the day."

The harp, flute, and pipe, were the instruments on which he was taught to practise. He was instructed how to sing ballads, part-songs, or to join in the church-chants, if need be.

At fourteen he passed from the condition of a page to that of a squire, and assumed a more responsible position. To the general instructions in good manners and the usages in good society were now added particular explanations as to the duties of the several members of a nobleman's household. Each young squire was appointed to fill a particular post, according to his birth and rank, the places of honor being those nearest the lord's person, and the highest rank being that of chief carver, a position generally filled by a son of the lord himself, like the "yong squyer" of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," of whom it is said—

"Courteous he was, lowly, and serviceable,  
And carved before his father at the table."

Thus educated in all that pertained to arms and courtesy, trained to "set a squadron in the field," or to marshal a household in the castle-home, the young knight or noble completed his education and entered the world, perfect in the knowledge considered fitting for his station in life.

But, while the noble was being thus trained for the position to which the accident of birth called him, what was done with the knave? The sons of the rich and powerful were above book-learning—were the poor and humble permitted to acquire it? What chance it was intended they should have may be gleaned from the statute of Richard II., enacted A. D. 1388, in which it is ordained that "he or she, which used to labour at the plough or



cart, or other labour or service of husbandry, till they be of the age of twelve years, that from henceforth they shall abide at the same labour, without being put to any mystery or handicraft," and, in A. D. 1405, a statute of Henry IV. confirmed and rendered more emphatic the ordinance, with the saving clause that "every man and woman, of what estate or condition that he be, shall be free to set their son or daughter to take learning at any manner of school that pleaseth them within the realm."

It is the dearest wish of the poorest peasantry in Ireland at the present day that one boy of the family may be brought up to the altar, and for this purpose the parents pinch and contrive small economies, that he may have an education fitting him to enter on his studies for the priesthood. A similar feeling existed among the poorer peasantry of the pre-Reformation age, and, where there were two boys in a family, one might grow up to be the "poor parson of a town," "rich of holy thought and work," and

" . . . also a learned man, a clerk  
That Christ's gospel truly would preach,"

while the other remained

" . . . a ploughman, his brother,  
That had y-laid of dung full many a sother."

To every monastery and cathedral was attached a school, or at least a person competent to instruct in grammar and church music. The son of the ploughman could there obtain such instruction as was given, free of expense, and the law we have cited protected him in his effort to acquire learning. The servants of the Church, too, were glad to obtain recruits for the service of the altar in this way, it being generally understood, although no obligation to that effect was imposed, that the pupils of the monastic schools should become servants of the Church in some capacity. If the boy proved an apt scholar, and gave promise of doing credit to his protectors, he was sent in due time to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which were mainly attended by poor men's sons, though occasionally the son of a rich noble sought education there, without greatly distinguishing himself by the result.

The struggles of the "poor scholars" at the universities are recalled by the experience of students at some of the Western colleges, who support themselves, while going through their collegiate course, by performing manual labor at odd hours, teaching country-schools during college vacations, and pinching their stomachs and backs to furnish their heads. The chief point of difference is, that the poor scholars of Oxford or Canterbury begged a maintenance, which the student of an American college would scorn to do. The author of the old poem, "God speed the Plough" complains, in the name of the husbandman, that, in addition to other burdens on him—

"Then cometh clerks of Oxford, and make their moan  
To their school-hire they must have money."

Licenses to beg were sometimes given by the chancellor to the students, and Sir Thomas More shows the degrading shifts to which the embryo priests and future men of learning

were sometimes reduced by saying that "then may we yet, like poor scholars of Oxford, go a begging with our bags and wallets, and sing 'Salve Regina' at rich men's doors." At one time the commonalty of Oxford set aside a yearly payment to furnish one hundred poor scholars with "a meal of bread, ale, and pottage, with one large dish of flesh or fish every St. Nicholas day." That saint was probably the most blessed in the poor fellows' calendar, and the recurrence of his festival anxiously and hungrily looked forward to. The author of "Piers Plowman's Vision" warned merchants to make better use of their money by "setting scholars to school," and Chaucer's "poor clerk of Oxenford" prayed busily for the souls of those who gave him money that he might study, while his "poor scholars two" of Canterbury thought it no shame to take their sacks of college-wheat to the mill for grinding.

In time the sons of the rich came in greater numbers to the universities, and edged the children of the poor toward the doors. Even those of the "poor scholars" who remained, and passed through the prescribed course of study, were cheated out of the prize for which they had studied and struggled. The church-livings were given or sold to rich men's sons or favorites, and the poor scholar, who begged that he might learn, was turned out, a graduate who had to beg for the remainder of his life.

While the sons of the rich were being trained in arms and courtesy to fit them for the knightly profession, and the sons of the country poor were picking up with painful labor the knowledge fitting them for the Church, the sons of the citizens and townsmen were cared for at endowed grammar-schools, of which there were many in the principal cities and towns of England. The London schools were early held in high repute. The sons of prosperous "cits" and the smaller fry of "born gentry" attended them, while the endowments of the founders and benefactors of the school made liberal provision for the maintenance and education of the poorer youth. The life of a scholar at these schools has been pictured by several who spoke from experience, some of them with a smarting recollection of the pains and sorrows of him that getteth learning.

Fitzstephen, as early as A. D. 1174, speaks of three schools connected with leading churches, at which, on festival days, the scholars held public disputations, or made orations. Their sports were manifold, and are described with minuteness and evident enjoyment by the chronicler, who prefaces his account with the remark that "we have all been boys." At Shrove-tide the boys brought each a fighting-cock to the master, and the forenoon was spent in seeing the cocks fight in the school-room. Dinner followed the cock-fight, and, after dinner, there was football in the fields. Every Sunday in Lent there was a sham-fight in the fields, and on Easter holidays a game of water-quetain on the Thames. In the summer holidays the boys exercised themselves in leaping, archery, wrestling, and other games of strength and skill. In winter holidays there were skating-matches on the ice in the marshes to the

north of the walls, with boar-fights, hog-fights, bull- and bear-baiting, as morning diversions.

Lydgate, toward the close of the fourteenth century, confessed, in his "Testament," to school-boy shortcomings that could be truthfully pleaded by many a school-boy of to-day. He says that, in his boyhood, before his fifteenth year, he was "disposed to many unbridled passions," full of wilfulness, loath to study, and fond of play, over-ready for quarrelling and fighting, but standing in awe of the master's rod. Like Shakespeare's school-boy—

" . . . with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school"—

Lydgate "had in custom" to come to school late, and, when there, to spend his time in idle gossip and quarrel, instead of in study; to lie, in order to shirk blame; and to mock his master when his back was turned. The fruit in other men's gardens tempted him, as it has tempted many school-boys since, and he climbed hedges and walls to steal apples and grapes. The innate spirit of mischief that incites boys to mock and annoy their elders, and to laugh at their misfortunes, is not peculiar to the present generation. Lydgate's chief desire, when a school-boy, was—

" . . . to scorn and jape,  
Shrewd turns ever among to use;  
To scoff and mow, like a wanton ape;  
When I did evil, others I did accuse."

Loath to rise; more loath to go to bed; coming to dinner with dirty hands; heedless of the advice or reproofs of his friends; shamming illness when he was too lazy to study; more ready to count cherry-stones than to go to church—Lydgate was such a school-boy as has vexed the souls of school-masters in all ages and all countries where the school is an established institution.

Lydgate says that—

"Of the yard, sometime I stood in awe  
To be scored; that was all my dread."

The school-masters in olden time were no sparers of the rod. Roger Ascham, in his "School-master," has recorded his testimony as to the manner in which the teachers of his day thrashed knowledge into their pupils, and his protest against the barbarous folly. Thomas Tusser, who was schooled at Eton, sorrowfully tells how—

"From Paul's I went to Eton sent,  
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,  
When fifty-three stripes given to me  
At once I had:  
For fault but small, or none at all,  
It come to pass that beat I was.  
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee,  
To me, poor lad!"

But the best picture of the old-time school-boy, his troubles and his sentiments, is contained in the following verses of a well-flogged scholar of about A. D. 1500, evidently written *con dolore*:

"Hay! hay! by this day!  
What availeth it me though I say nay?"

"I would fain be a clerk;  
But yet it is a strange work;  
The birchen-twigs be so sharp  
It maketh me have a faint heart.  
What availeth it me though I say nay?"

"On Monday, in the morning, when I shall rise  
At six of the clock, it is the gise  
To go to school without avise—  
I had lever go twenty mile twice!  
What avalleth it me though I say nay?

"My master looketh as he were mad:  
'Where hast thou been, thou sorry lad?'  
'Milking ducks, my mother bade;'  
It was no marvel, though I were sad.  
What avalleth it me though I say nay?

"My master peppered me with well good-speed;  
It was worse than finkel-seed;  
He would not leave till it did bleed.  
Much sorrow have he for this deed!  
What avalleth it me though I say nay?

"I would my master were a wat [hare],  
And my book a wild-cat,  
And a brace of greyhounds in his tap;  
I would be glad for to see that!  
What avalleth it me though I say nay?

"I would my master were a hare,  
And all his books hounds were,  
And I myself a jolly hunter;  
To blow my horn I would not spare!  
For, if he were dead, I would not care.  
What avalleth it me though I say nay?"

J. H. A. BONE.

## THE RIVER-THIEF.

THE river-thief who infests the harbor of New York, as usually painted, is an object of some curiosity. Living anywhere—among his friends one moment, and with his enemies the next; "roughing it" in an open boat one night, and officiating as a ward-politician, dressed in envious contrast to the laboring-men of his district, the evening following; sleeping under a junk-dealer's counter, or in a Cherry-Street garret—his is a life of contrasts, made up of a redundancy of petty tricks, few of which are worthy the lowest "rough" of Paradise Square. He emulates the nomenclature of the Houston-Street gambler, without assuming his gaudy exterior. The superior of the latter "gentleman" in cool villany, he will not do murder when garroting answers his purpose. Instead of saying, in a quarrel, "If you're a gentleman, step into Harry Hill's, and give me satisfaction," the discreet river-thief quarrels, comes to blows, gets thrashed, but says nothing. The next time his enemy goes into Gotham Court or through Ferry Street, on a dark night, he may be suddenly laid senseless on the pavement, with a broken head. This is the "satisfaction" for the lost honor of a river-thief—the *accipe hoc* of the Crusaders in a new dress.

He is unquestionably a lower type of the genus thief than the adroit burglar who enters our houses; yet he is gifted with a precocity which, in the successful river-pirate, becomes instinctive. He learns to think of danger at every cabin-window, to anticipate it under the shadow of every pier. His ear becomes schooled to every ripple of the tide; his heart, in its beating, echoes the river's plash against the wharves. "No fellow can tell, as he gets into his boat, how the night may end," said an old boatman, in my hearing, one day.

The devil is a good fellow if one is as bad as he; so the river-thief has his circle of acquaintances. He forms few friendships, and,

as a rule, discourages intimacy. He scoffs at the moral of "honor among thieves," and trusts only those over whom he holds some dangerous secret. He not unfrequently gathers around him the comforts of a home—such poor comforts as they are. He is, oftentimes, not a bad husband and father. In the eyes of his wife, the occupation of a boatman is doubtless a very hard life, but in no wise dishonorable. Naturally dissolute, the father of such a household has neither instinct nor inclination to cultivate or encourage the graces of refinement; but, when he returns in the morning, tired and hungry, and salutes the partner of his attic, as he taps her under the chin, "How are you, old girl?" it may be to her as endearing as "Good-morning, love," in genteel society. The representative river-thief is eminently a family man, and doats on his eldest son—his presumptive to the "profession" and the profits of the parent. The daughters are never treated with any sort of consideration, and at an early age desert the parental garret for the more genial hospitality of Annie Sanks or Mollie McCune. On the other hand, the boys are objects of the parents' especial care. They are early taught to regard the law as their enemy. They appear to derive this instinct with life, and to require little teaching. I have seen little scavengers in pinafores cursing the law, as embodied in a policeman, and have noticed that they will stop their play in the gutter to throw a mud-pie after it. The children seek their dark attics with regret, and their parents welcome their entrance with not a little of the same feeling. In short, the family life of the river-thief may be felicitous, but it is not charming to the outside observer.

As before stated, there is very little of the fraternity common among thieves perceptible in the daily life of the river-pirates. They are not extravagant boasters, although it is the delight of an idle hour to recount instances wherein lawlessness triumphed and justice was defeated on the river. They do not, in general, deprecate the justice of the arrest and subsequent conviction of a fellow-boatman, but buoy their minds, like true *savants*, in search of new devices into which to inveigle guilty though verdant ships'-mates and sailors.

This aquatic species of the genus thief is divided into four types:

I. The "morning-riser" and "sundowner" sneaks around the wharves between daylight and darkness, morning and evening, and steals whatever is left unwatched for a few moments. He never uses a boat, and is the lowest type.

II. The "greaser," always in company with one or more of his class, prowls around the docks in a boat, and, to use the language of the police, is "on the dead steal." He will take any thing, and resort to any desperate alternative to escape capture. He is the most dangerous scoundrel on the river, and the very worst type the law has to deal with.

III. The "square" belongs to a gang which has for its rendezvous the vicinity of Catherine Market, and is known among "the trade" as the "Catamarket Club." He usually effects an understanding with the mates

and crews of vessels, and buys what they have stolen—or "broached," in the language of "the trade"—from the cargo during the voyage. He belongs to the largest and most contemptible type.

IV. The "cabin"-thief is a cunning and adroit burglar, who enters the cabins of vessels by picking the locks, removing a pane of glass, or chloroforming the inmates. He always operates with a companion, who remains in the boat. He will not condescend to steal sail-cloth or rope, but carries off watches, ships'-chronometers, good clothing, and money. He avoids the junk-store, as a rule, and deals only with a regular "fence." He is the aristocratic and *beau-ideal* type—a dangerous man to meet anywhere, under any circumstances.

Along the streets near the rivers there is a legend, which becomes familiar from the very frequency with which it is encountered. "JUNK-STORE" greets the eye at every dark cellar-way, or demands attention as, on a dingy old sign-board, it bangs in the wind. Although it may be painted in all the colors of the rainbow, or scrawled in chalk on an iron shutter, its meaning is always the same. Like its synonyme, fence, which is never written, it means connivance at robbery. The junk-dealer becomes the powerful ally of the river-thief, from the necessity of the latter for a means of disposing of his wares. The vast number of articles picked up or stolen from the piers and wharves are sold directly or indirectly by the junk-dealers. The bargains may be struck in the presence of three parties, but the sly junkman always makes one. To put it in language more commercial, as the exchange is to the importer, so is the junk-store to the river-thief. The latter goes on 'change regularly; steals "long" in ships'-chronometers when the market is active, and "goes short" in rope and sail-cloth when the demand is poor, and prices dull or unsteady.

There seems to be very little doubt that "junk" is a corruption of the word "chunk," for if there is a word which means every thing this is it. I remember to have been strolling through Hudson Street not long since, and to have seen, through a low door-way, a small room, in which every thing imaginable seemed gathered together. I stepped in. An old man sat near a rusty stove, blowing smoke from a dirty pipe. Around me, on rude counters or huddled on the floor, were old brass clocks, ropes, inkstands, chains, canvas, pieces of candles, ropes'-ends, hides, empty bottles, a sextant, foot-rugs, meersch-chaum-pipes, kegs of white lead, a number of sacks of coffee, a crate of oranges, two large pigs of zinc, a small compass, several small anchors, knives, fire-arms, axes, lanterns, caulking-mallets, and *et ceteras* without number. Shades of old Ann-Street Museum! I was greatly in doubt as to what could be the old man's line of trade, and, upon going into the street, a cautious glance at the sign over the door did not enlighten me. There I read: "Old junk bought and sold." The qualifying adjective was the only definite word in the legend, but meant little in the connection in which it was used. Bob Knight's old place, on South Street is even

more strange. Although there seldom if ever exists an inventory of their contents, there may generally be found in these places, lurking away in dark corners or lying scattered about the floor, all sorts of ships'-stores, from a towing-hawser to a wax-end; from an anchor to a marline-spike; from a jib to a main-sail; from a pound of bacon to a sack of coffee; and from a blouse to a tarpaulin-hat. That this combination of sail-loft, clothing, hardware, and provision store, also carries on a large commission business, has already been shown. Very little of the stock-in-trade is honestly obtained. These junk-stores, in short, form the connecting link between many dissimilar branches of trade, and intimately associate our most estimable mercantile pursuits with the lax and uncertain traffic of common knavery.

The great trouble which the law finds in dealing out justice to the junkmen is, that one piece of rope appears very much like another; that a sail torn into widths is both useless and unrecognizable as a sail; or that cordage picked into oakum can hardly be classed under the head of ropes. After a capture is made by the river-thief, his first act is to thoroughly efface every mark by which the article might be recognized. The sacks of coffee are emptied into drawers, and pork is taken from barrels and scattered about in numberless tubs and boxes. These are only some of the inferior tricks of the trade, easily learned and much cultivated by the river-pirate and his worthy coadjutor, the junk-dealer. There is, perhaps, as much of a science in making any thing appear as unlike what it really is, as in constructing something unlike any thing else. At any rate, these fellows, to use the slang well known to themselves, have the system "down fine." Even should the police trace the pig-iron or spelter to a junk-store and arrest its proprietor, the latter merely puts his hands in his pockets, and, with the utmost *sang-froid*, tells the officer to search the place and make good the charge. The place is searched. Doubtless the consignee or ship-owner, who is called in, may think that he recognizes some of his pig-iron among the mass in the back-cellar, or that he identifies a coil of Manila among the odds and ends under the counter. But he is unable to prove his property. He may feel confident that the small lots of coffee which he observes in the drawers were bled from his sacks at Tobbin's stores, but how is he to establish the facts? The junk-dealer does not keep either ledger or day-book. His is strictly a cash business, and he never remembers from whom he receives his consignments. Forgetting is a part of his business. So, between doubt as to proof and dread of annoyance to which further investigation will subject him, the merchant abandons the charge. The officers of the harbor-police are discouraged; the merchant curses the inefficiency of the law; the junk-dealer bows them out, and resumes the conversation with an enterprising night-prowler of East River, which the entry of the officer interrupted. So the trade goes on.

In the actual life of the river-pirate and his coadjutor there is little to charm; and it

is only in the ideal existence with which the nefarious traffic has become invested that its romance is found. Vice, under this guise of strange mystery, is even less attractive than in any other forms.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

## THE BLACK BULPHINS OF CHARTLEY.

THE Prince of Wales, who avails himself freely of the hospitality of his subjects, and it is to be hoped is a less expensive guest than his illustrious ancestress Queen Bess, has just paid a visit to Chillingham Castle, Lord Tankerville's ancient home, in Northumberland.

Chillingham is conspicuous among the great seats of England for its breed of wild-cattle, which are supposed to be a cross of the indigenous breed with that imported by the Romans.

There are, we believe, a few of these animals yet at Hamilton Palace, in Lanarkshire, Scotland; but the only place in England where they are found is Chartley, a great wild park belonging to Shirley, Earl Ferrers, in Staffordshire.

There is a legend at Chartley that a black bulphin, or bull-calf, is born previous to any great calamity occurring in the family. Whether there are any duly-recorded facts in the stook-book bearing out this assertion we are unable to say. But undoubtedly incidents have arisen in the family which were "coming events" worthy of casting their ominous shadows before. For example, during the last century, the then earl, an odious, half-crazy wretch, shot his steward; and, as in those days juries were little disposed to palliate murder by the assumption of "emotional insanity" in the murderer, Lord Ferrers paid the penalty, and was hanged at Tyburn, enjoying the peer's privilege of a silken rope.

It is not so very long ago, too, that there was again a favorable opportunity for the birth of a bulphin, as some curious proceedings in chancery sufficiently proved.

The widow of the ninth Earl Ferrers chanced to become acquainted with a young lady who was heiress to a very large fortune, and had no father to protect her. It so happened that Lady Ferrers had a brother, who was a captain in the army. This gallant officer was in a chronic state of bankruptcy, had exhausted every possible device for getting money, was an *habitué* of sponging houses and the Queen's Bench, and in daily apprehension of renewed incarceration at the hands of Messrs. Aaron, Levi, Joel & Co.; in fact, among these inexorable Israelites he had a desperately bad time of it. Now, it occurred to the countess, no doubt a most affectionate sister, capable of great sacrifices to serve her kith and kin, that it would be a fine thing for her brother if he could marry her charming young friend with the sixty thousand dollars a year, and the nicest old historic place in the world down in Northamptonshire. It may well be supposed that the gallant captain

eagerly seized so agreeable a prospect of covering his elbows and escaping the close clutches of the children of Israel. But there were difficulties to be encountered; for when indeed did the course of true love ever run smooth? Although the heiress was fatherless, she, like Childe Harold, "had a mother;" and, although this lady was by no means accounted a miracle of prudence, yet the captain, notwithstanding his high birth, connections, and expectation of a coronet, was a sheep of such very dark hue that opportunities of prosecuting his suit in person were likely to be few and far between, inasmuch as decent people, for the most part, regarded his room as infinitely preferable to his company. But there is nothing like a woman to help you in a love-affair. Their delightful sex is so thoroughly imbued with the truth of the adage "All's fair in love," that no fence is too high for them to take, no ditch too dirty to wade through. But, of all coadjutors, a sister eager for the aggrandizement of her family through her brother is perhaps the most charmingly unscrupulous aide.

And this is how the noble diplomatiste went to work: About the time that the traditional black bulphin should have put in an appearance, she contrived that her gallant brother should meet the object of his adoration as frequently as possible. The heiress was not overwise, desperately romantic, and easily bamboozled. She knew about as much of the real antecedents of her lover—or, rather, of the lover of her money-bags—as she did of lovers in the moon, and was soon persuaded to entertain his suit. But then came the difficulty of communication. Correspondence by post couldn't be heard of. The agony column of the *Times* is too expensive for any letters from impecunious swains. She was going into the country for months, far away from her darling friend Lady Ferrers. How, then, was the adorer to communicate? Her ladyship proved equal to the occasion. Of course, she and the young lady could pour out epistolary proofs of their devoted friendship, *ad libitum*, without any suspicion being excited in the breast of the heiress's maternal parent; and, by the use of that ingenious preparation, sympathetic ink, the countess's charming correspondence was interlined with the impassioned and erotic outpourings of her brother the captain. The plan for a time succeeded delightfully. "Dear Lady Ferrers's charming letters" were duly exhibited to mamma, who was no doubt gratified that her daughter had formed a friendship at once so aristocratic and edifying. But it is a world of misfortune. All this was too bright to last, and no doubt the arrival of a black bulphin had ere this brought dismal forebodings to the conspirators at Chartley. One cold morning, when mamma came down to breakfast, she went to warm her hands at the blazing fire. She had taken up one of her daughter's letters from her noble friend, and, while talking, held it close to the fire. Resuming her perusal of its contents, it appeared, to her astonishment, faintly interlined. She toasted the sheet for a few minutes—the murder was out! And now there was "the deuse to pay"—"the deuse" being, in this case, an *alias* for the

Lord High-Chancellor of England, who is kind enough to take under his protecting wing all young persons heavily endowed with the root of all evil.

"Tampering with a ward of chancery" is a high crime and misdemeanor, and his lordship was not at all the man to pass it over leniently. He made "an awful row," de-claimed, as well he might, against this infamous conspiracy; and, in fact, Lady Ferrers was really within an ace of being committed for contempt of court. So ended the last tragedy connected with Chartley; and we may conclude this "strange but true" story by stating that the heiress, as the very fond and happy wife of an excellent husband, lives to congratulate herself upon her escape from an unmitigated scamp.

REGINALD WYNFORD.

## SOME WONDERFUL PLANTS.

IN the west of India are found thorny plants, or trees, nearly destitute of verdure, except what appears to be long, shaggy hair, which derives its nourishment from the atmosphere, rather than moisture from the earth.

The "moving-plant" is a native of the basin of the Ganges. Its leaves revolve in various directions during the day and night, except occasionally, on a very hot day, when the plant seems to desist from its habitual motion for temporary repose. A high wind is said to have the effect to produce a cessation of its action. At times, again, only certain parts of the plant are noticed to be in motion—a leaf, or, perhaps, a branch; and it seldom occurs that some portions of it are not quite motionless while the remainder is active.

In the valley of the Irrawaddy grows the *Borassus flabelliformis*, which bears a leaf of wonderful dimensions, and which is said to be of sufficient size to cover twelve men standing upright.

At Timor, near the island of Java, a plant is found, the leaf of which, being of a thorny nature, possesses a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. The victim, if not fatally poisoned, frequently suffers protracted illness. This plant is well called "Devil's-leaf."

"Club-mosses" grow in these islands to a length of several feet, among which the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a floral, giant, parasitical plant, is prominent. It is peculiar for its carrion-scented flower, of brick-red color, which it bears, and which measures between three and four feet in diameter, weighing about fifteen pounds, and bearing a natural cup in the centre, which often contains several pints of water.

In New Zealand is found the *Metrosideros robusta*, growing to a great size, and sending shoots from its trunk and branches to the ground, which, in due time, sustain the old stem when vitality has left it. Here, also, are arborescent ferns, attaining a height of forty feet; and in this island vegetation flourishes in water too hot for animal life.

There grows near Quito the olive (*Agave Americana*), the leaves of which are used by the poorer classes instead of writing-paper. They also thatch their houses with them. When tapped before being torn from the stalk, a syrup flows freely, that contains so much alkali as to make a rich lather with salt or fresh water for washing. With the same juice excellent pickles are made. The long stems are admirable in the construction of huts used by the natives. The fibres of the leaves and roots are woven into sandals; and the short, wiry sprigs are used as needles.

In Florida and Alabama—where abound the "air-plants," which cover the boughs of forest-trees, where they hang in festoons—is found also the *Cheirostemon*, the imprint of which leaf resembles the human hand.

In Jamaica the *Tellansia reticulata* is a noteworthy plant, growing on old, decayed trees, with leaves so adjusted that the water which runs down them is retained at their basis. These, in time, swell out in the form of a bottle, holding about a quart of liquid, by which means travellers and animals are afforded a supply of water often when other resources fail or are not available.

In the Falkland Isles they have the *Bolax*, growing in hemispherical tufts, often four feet high, and more than twelve in circumference, and of a yellow-green color. These "mounds" discharge a strong-scented, resinous substance. The *Dactylis cespitosa*, or tussock-grass, abounds here, flourishing most on the sea-shore. Each tussock forms a solitary plant, consisting of roots twisted together, and often six feet high, and four or five in diameter, from the summit of which a thick mass of grassy blades, six feet long, droops on all sides. This foliage, joined with that of contiguous plants, forms an arched shelter for sea-lions, penguins, and petrels.

In the Auckland Islands, which lie to the south of New Zealand, a plant grows near the sea which has clusters of green, wax-like blossoms, as large as a child's head.

The *Marocystis pyrifera*, a marine plant, attains a length of five hundred to fifteen hundred feet, and is the largest vegetable production known. On the shores of California there are fields of this plant so dense that ships driven toward the land have been saved by it.

The *Lessonia*, another marine plant, is found on the coast of the Falkland Isles. Its stems, thicker than a man's leg, and from eight to ten feet in length, cling to the rocks, above high-water mark, by means of fibres. Many branches spring from these stems, bearing long leaves, which hang down into the water. Marine plants form vast submarine forests at the southern extremity of America, and are so strong and buoyant that they frequently raise large stones from the bottom. Myriads of animals and parasitical plants inhabit these forests of the deep. A marine phenomenon exists, discovered in Columbus's time, and called the Sargasso Sea, in the ocean west of the Azores, which has the appearance of an intricate mass of floating vegetation, occupying an area equal to that of France.

HENRY KIRKE.

## MA MIE.

I.

My life's sore tangled skein,  
So weak, and worn, and vain,  
She holds in her white hands;  
She is so passing fair  
That each wild, wanton air  
Must kiss her where she stands.  
Yet I—oh, weary task I—  
Must watch, and wait, and ask,  
While other eyes may see  
Themselves in thine—*ma mie*!

II.

She has such wondrous eyes!  
The saints in paradise  
Must veil their own from her.  
Around her snow-white neck  
Great pearls, like foam-bells, flick  
The lustrous depths that stir  
With rhythmic rise and fall,  
To hide her heart from all—  
I hold a hidden key  
To ope the gates, *ma mie*

III.

She starts, for she doth hear  
My loving footstep near;  
She turns to bid me stay;  
With cheeks that burn for joy,  
With looks half kind, half coy—  
This is her heart's sweet way!  
So am I nothing loath,  
But answer oath for oath,  
And linger lovingly  
In silken chains—*ma mie*!

IV.

So, sweet, when we grow old,  
When locks of glistening gold  
Have turned to silver sheen,  
When youth's sweet seasons seem  
One dear, delightful dream,  
Love still shall crown thee queen:  
Our happy days shall run  
From risen sun to run,  
And Love's rare boon shall be  
For you alone, *ma mie*!

V.

But now is youth's glad time,  
Love's spring of pride and prime,  
And all sweet things that are;  
Swift, swift the moments fly  
Beneath this purple sky  
That holds Love's silver star—  
My heart—weak, trembling thing—  
Holds but a silver string  
That thrills, for love of thee,  
To thy sweet touch, *ma mie*!

EDWARD REHARD.



## TABLE-TALK.

THE lesson of the great fires of Chicago and Boston seems to us a very plain one. It is simply, to build better than we do. When we hear that a Japanese or a Turkish city has been laid in ashes, we are not surprised; we shrug our shoulders, and say: "The cause of their calamity is that they build of wood. No wonder their cities burn easily. Why don't they use brick and stone and iron, as we do?" But our mistake is that, while we do use brick and stone and iron, we persist in using wood with them. As the chief of the Boston Fire Department truly said, we pile up granite and iron to the height of six or seven stories, and then put a lumber-yard on the top in the shape of a Mansard roof. The stores destroyed in Boston were built, at vast expense, of the costliest materials, and with externally very solid walls; but internally the floors rested on wooden beams, and the roofs were of wood, with a thin coating of metal or of slate. The expense lavished in ornamentation, which, after all, does not really ornament, would have made the floors of brick arches, or have substituted iron beams for wooden ones, and made the roofs of iron. The buildings, then, would have been really proof against fire, as are the buildings of Italy, Spain, and to a great degree those of France. We never hear of a great conflagration in Spain or Italy, though in both countries the means of extinguishing fires are incomparably inferior to ours. But the truth is, the Italians and the Spaniards have been civilized for thousands of years, and learned, ages ago, what we are now learning—that it is cheaper to build well than to build badly, and that brick-and-stone cities cost, in the end, much less than wooden ones. In this respect we are not yet out of the woods, and, like the Turks and the Japanese, have a fondness for our original forests which leads us to cling to the use of wood where we should long ago have given it up. For isolated houses in villages or in the country it is doubtless a very good material; but it should not be used at all in cities, where costly edifices, containing property worth millions, are crowded together, and where a spark may start a conflagration. Properly built, as the Italians build, our cities, with their powerful fire-engines and expert and energetic firemen, could defy the flames. But there is not now a city in the Union which is not liable to the fate of Chicago and Boston, with perhaps the exception of Washington, whose wide streets and frequent open spaces might possibly preserve it from destruction. Boston was the most solidly and carefully built of any of our cities, and yet its most costly and substantial quarter—all built within a few years, at the expense of millions of dollars, with walls of granite and pillars of iron—has gone down as if it had

been of paper, simply because the builders persisted from old habit in making certain parts of wood, where brick or iron could have been used just as well. The *Boston Post* says on this subject: "Looking over what there remains of Boston, one marvels that the fire did not go on forever. A view from the house-top reveals a forest of Mansard roofs, stretching up angles and towers and cornices of seasoned wood like so many hands rapacious to clutch the flames. Tawdry with the meretricious products of the jig-saw and the machine-lathe, incrustated with a profusion of jumbled ornaments chiselled out of white-pine, and supported by wondrously-wrought pillar and capital, and frieze of the same material, they sit atop of lordly granite-blocks, like the old man of the sea, to ride them to the death. Each paltry scroll offers a position for the flying brand to rest and be fanned into flame. Each boss, each panel, and each individual outrage of architectural detail that fondly clings to the Mansard roof, presents a seat for the spark borne on the wind, and a veritable coign of vantage for the long-leaping flames. Once grasped, the fire will not leave the Mansard for a deluge, but revels and riots there, and sends out fresh emissaries of destruction to the detestable kindred far and wide. The thousands who enjoyed the mournful privilege of witnessing the great fire of Saturday night saw the Mansard in its glory. Far up in a Mansard roof, beyond the reach of the hardest-puffing engine, the fire first asserted its power. It spread along over the stout granite beneath. It leaped the street, and licked up a block of Mansards on the other side. From house-top to house-top it sped, compelling all beneath it to aid in the chase, until the name of the architect of Louis XIV. was written in the shattered and smoking ruins of Boston's noblest edifices. An acre of pine-wood goes to make the Mansard roof of one of our fine modern blocks, and a fine fire it makes."

— The sale of Mr. Belmont's pictures, undoubtedly the best collection of modern paintings in this country, is an event of too much note in art-circles to be entirely passed over by this JOURNAL. And yet we have room for only a brief notice of some of the pictures, which were sold on a rainy evening, November 13th, and brought seventy thousand dollars, or an average of about a thousand dollars a picture. They comprised specimens of the best Dutch, German, and French modern artists, and of a few American ones. Two of them call for special mention. In the midst of showy companions, which surrounded it in the exhibition-room, there was a quiet, grayish painting, of apparently very simple composition, called, in the catalogue, "Diogenes." In the frame, beneath the painting, Gérôme's name is inscribed. The canvas is about four feet long and three feet high, and over its entire surface there is not one bit of sharp color or brilliant light, but every part

is subdued, and a person ignorant of art might pass it without notice. Yet, notwithstanding its unobtrusiveness, a crowd was always gathered about it. The picture represents a brick-red tub, or rather an immense earthen jar, turned on its side, and resting at the base of a Greek pilaster, and beyond it, white in a noonday sun, a street lined with low buildings. Somewhat within the tub, its upper side forming a roof over him, sits the cynical Greek philosopher. His hair is shaggy, and his rough, unkempt, brown locks seem faded and burnt by sun and storms. Between his hands he holds a lighted lantern; while sitting, patiently gazing at him, on the ground outside the tub, are three or four mangy dogs. This is the subject of the picture, and, after these few objects have told the story, Gérôme's art and the real attraction of the picture begins. The charm of the picture to the artist himself is evidently in his consummate study of the qualities of the human figure, and, to develop these, every accessory of the picture lends its aid. The knotty, brawny frame of the Diogenes is cut across the middle by his strong, muscular arms, and his hard, wiry hands grasp the lantern. His legs, lazily stretched out, and crossing each other, are models of study, while the living structure of bone and muscle is enveloped in brown, vital flesh. Contrasting with the subtle intricate outlines of the form of Diogenes, are the two or three simple circles of the jar, and the straight lines of the pilaster, and Gérôme has given the dogs, his sole companions, forms as little broken up as possible. As a relief to these severely-studied lines, a ragged cloak, of fantastic shape, is swung about a stick, and rests against the tub. To forms so carefully felt, and masses of light and shade broadly and simply expressed, Gérôme has added a great power of color and texture to still further intensify his study of the man. The soft, warm hue of the flesh is well brought out by its contrast with dead, chalky reddish tints in the tub—a set of hues parallel to, but nowhere touching, the live color of the man—and the lighted lantern within his grasp throws its yellow rays, pale in the daylight, within the recesses of the tub, where they form a third range of colors, ethereal and vague, and help to add firmness to the flesh as the red tub helps to lend it delicacy; while the hair, partially rubbed off the dusty sides of the sickly curs, adds the last touch to Gérôme's wonderful realization. The other painting of greatest interest is of cabinet size, a "Cavalier awaiting an Audience," by Meissonier. Through the love Gérôme shows for textures and anatomy, which makes him seize on every artifice to relieve and develop brick and stone against flesh, and the rough hide of a dog with the vital textures of a healthy human body, and which leads him to express throbbing nerve and muscle side by side with inert clay, he exemplifies in the best manner the ideas and aims of a famous school of art which has long

looked to him as its head. Meissonier, like Gérôme, is a great artist of human anatomy, and his picture is exquisite in detail as the finest miniature; the face of the cavalier, being scarcely larger than a penny, shows consummate study from life and knowledge of structure and textures. Beneath the close-shaven chin and delicately-pencilled eyebrows of this miniature face is an anatomy of bone and muscle that seems almost inconceivable in so small a surface, and the loose skin of the throat, bronzed by exposure, is wonderful in its expressiveness. The cavalier stands before an open chimney, and his impatient boot that taps the andirons, his tagged waistcoat and splendid scarlet cloak, reveal the nervous, springy figure which they enclose. Among the other pictures sold by Mr. Belmont there were a number of exquisite cabinet-paintings, one by Frere, another by Jacque, and some admirable specimens of the Dutch school, with long-drawn lines and charming atmospheric perspective, and full of sunlight—a magnificent piece of texture-painting by Zamacois, called "Preparations for a Bal-masqué," a scene in Venice by Tilton, and a rich Roman woman, by Hamilton Wilde—all excellent in their way, but of which we have no space to speak in detail.

— After all the prophecies of expected improvement this year on the operatic management of the last, we have been disappointed. Mr. Maretzek's season at the Academy has been measurably successful, at best, for the simple reason that the opera-going public has been educated up to the point of knowing and demanding the best, and being disappointed if it does not get it. Mr. Maretzek has returned to the time-honored star-system, which is now some years at least out of date. Madame Lucca is an excellent singer, with a strong, clear, and penetrating voice, which betrays, here and there, some traces of wear, or perhaps of original harshness, and was never, it may be supposed, exceptionally flexible or sympathetic. She is an admirable actress, especially in realistic rôles, like Zerlina and Cherubino, but it might be stretching a point to call her *great*, either as actress or singer. Miss Kellogg, who for some indefinable reason has never won from the New-York public all the sympathy her merits deserve, is a really admirable executant, and has shown, during this engagement, unexpected power as an actress, but still falls short of that force and fire of dramatic delineation which should thoroughly carry her audience with her. Signor Jamet is a thorough *artiste* and good singer, though hardly of the first rank. Of all the rest of the troupe it is safe to say that they in no case rise above the rank of a poor second or fair third class; while chorus, orchestra, and *mise-en-scène*, show little or no improvement on the traditions of previous years. All things considered, it is not surprising that the opera has been a partial failure, and that the manager's

policy of spending his money on two distinguished and expensive *artistes*, plus an unnecessarily large number of very commonplace and cheap ones, should have proved as unprofitable to himself as unsatisfactory to the public. In other quarters, however, there is compensation. The Philharmonic, fired by competition, are playing with unusual spirit and delicacy, and, among the other attractions of their programmes, gave us at their first concert a performance by Rubinstein. By a coincidence their first symphony, the noble Seventh of Beethoven was chosen by Theodore Thomas for the first of his series of six concerts, which was given at Steinway's on Saturday, November 9th, with the assistance of Mr. Osgood, the young American tenor. Of the orchestral rendering it is sufficient to say that it was too good to offer salient points for criticism or almost for commendation. Absolute perfection is hard to praise. Mr. Osgood shows himself the possessor of a pleasing light tenor-voice, and correct style and expression, but lacks force for large concert-rooms. Musical enthusiasts are in great delight over the chamber-concerts of Rubinstein and Wieniawski, assisted by Messrs. Bergner, Matzka, and others, at Steinway's. The Mendelssohn trio and Hummel septette were prominent features of the first concert on Tuesday, and hardly shall we ever hear chamber-music so well rendered again. But why give these charming entertainments in the great hall? The very thing the public longed for was to hear these great *artistes* in their appropriate sphere, the small concert-room. To console us for their departure, Messrs. Mills and Damrosch give us a series of four chamber-concerts, commencing November 21st, with a choice selection from the most classical composers, which offered a precious chance for hearing this, to our thinking, the most really intellectual form of musical composition. Of the shower of sporadic concerts which may be expected to set in later in the winter we shall speak in due time.

— There can be no doubt that the subject of a reform of our civil service, which all parties acknowledge to be urgent, must soon occupy a large share of the attention of our public men. The result of the election leaves President Grant in an exceptionally favorable position to deal with a question like this, and the nation at large would greet, with deep satisfaction, the eradication of the official abuses which have grown up gradually, and which now present themselves on the very surface of our administrative system. It is a somewhat noteworthy fact that, just at the moment when we are contemplating the introduction of competitive examinations as a test of qualifications for civil offices, certain thoughtful Englishmen are expressing their judgment that such examinations, for such a purpose, are a failure. Limited competition for civil offices has existed in England for some four-

teen or fifteen years—that is, a competitive examination has been made of a certain number of nominees for a particular position, these nominees being selected either by the prime-minister or the minister in charge of the department wherein the vacancy has existed. Since Mr. Gladstone's accession to office, a radical change has, however, taken place; the civil service has been redistributed as to its grades and system of promotion, and has been thrown open to general competition, the only condition being as to age. An article in the *JOURNAL*, in 1870, described the condition of the British civil service as it existed just prior to the practical introduction of Mr. Gladstone's reform and the operation of open competition. The trial of the latter system, for two years, has convinced many of those who are familiar with its actual working that it is inefficacious, and that while it does, to a large degree, get rid of the evils of ministerial patronage, and especially of the interference of members of Parliament in appointments, it has resulted in a depreciation of the efficient capacity of the civil service itself. All honor is due to Mr. Gladstone for deliberately stripping himself of the large patronage which still remained in the hands of the chief minister on his acceptance of office; it enhances the general respect for his probity and high sense of public duty, to see him voluntarily proposing to lay down this formidable enginery of political influence. If our own high officials, especially the members of both Houses of Congress, could be prevailed on to exhibit a similar example of patriotic self-abnegation, it would be of bright augury for our political future.

— But, if we can learn any thing from the experiments of others, let us not disdain to give ear to them, and, if need be, eschew pet theories and crudely-broached projects. To get rid of the office-procuring patronage of Congressmen, which, we are oftentimes assured by themselves, is a burden to them, and which, with as little doubt, is an evil to the country, is an object worth struggling strenuously for; the question remains, Can this be done by competitive examination, and, if so, what sort of a competitive examination should it be? An able writer in the current *London Quarterly* discusses the subject at length, and evidently from a point of view arrived at by a personal intimacy with the civil service and personal observation of the working of open competition. He has no hesitation in declaring emphatically against it. He urges that the tendency is to make all the schools and colleges in the kingdom hot-beds for embryo civil servants; that the ambition of the scholars to obtain easy berths for life in her majesty's service confines their studies and aims to narrow channels; and that, therefore, the offer of these prizes for the competition of all the world must have an injurious tendency upon liberal education. In discussing the question as to whether open

competition and competitive examinations really produce the best kind of civil servants, or a better kind than those who filled the offices before the reform, the reviewer essays to prove that the brightest scholars—the prize-men of Eton and Oxford—are by no means well fitted for official work; and that the system of cramming for a particular examination is not only detrimental to broad scholarship, but tends to fill the offices with pedants and men who have acquired simply a parrot-sort of knowledge. He ridicules certain of the topics prescribed by the civil-service commissioners; and would prefer to take the civil servants rather from the muscular young Britons, who have spent their youth on the cricket-ground or in the hunting-field, than from among those who have been cloistered with Greek lexicons and exact mathematics. Physical health is much more necessary, according to him, to the civil servant than hastily-crammed “book-learning.” While there may be considerable justice and truth in the reviewer’s arguments, it may be said that an examination in certain things is a good test of probable official efficiency. We may reject, with him, the idea that a knowledge of Greek or exact mathematics is necessary, and may insist upon the rejection of all requirements of a pedantic or general nature; but, with subjects immediately bearing upon and necessary to the official duties to which the candidate aspires, it would be unwise to dispense, in establishing a civil-service reform. For instance, the applicant for a consularship in Germany or Spain should be absolutely required to know German or Spanish; and consular aspirants in general should have an intelligent familiarity with commercial and international law; a clerk in the treasury should be acquainted with the practical maxims of financial science; a clerk in the patent-office should know something of chemistry, mechanics, and so on. To get rid of the distribution of offices purely as a reward for party-services—not seldom services of an equivocal kind—will be a great gain, and will be likely to purify our politics at the source; but the competition need not, in order to effect this, be one between pedants.

—What a blessing it would be could we only infuse into New York a little of that healthy spirit of resistance to extortion which has lately been displayed by “les braves Belges!” In their happy little country the cabaret-keepers, notwithstanding they were driving a rousing trade, as any one who has walked through the streets of Brussels or Antwerp at night can testify, raised the price of that mysterious drink called “taro,” which, like its brother beverage “lambic,” is dear to the palate of the blue-blouses. This was striking a blow at a point rather too tender for patient endurance, and, consequently, the resistance has assumed a character which estimable-keepers durst not resist. But our victims here continue, with as little spirit as lambs,

to be patiently bled, paying war-prices all round. Duties have been reduced, gold and paper are nearly on a level, all the well-worn scares for maintaining prices are gone; but, go into *cafés* and restaurant, and you pay precisely what you did five years ago. The entire removal of duties from tea and coffee has produced no change in these establishments. When duties are raised, they instantly raise their rates, but, when the former are reduced, the latter know no change. Of course, so long as the public are foolish enough to stand such imposition, it will endure. The establishment of a coöperative restaurant, both up-town and down-town, would deal a powerful blow to these extortioners, and such an institution might easily be organized and maintained.

—In a recent article in the London *Times* the theory was advanced that overwork of the brain is an impossibility, the argument being that brain-work is simply the destruction of nervous tissue or brain-tissue; and that, as brain-tissue when destroyed must be repaired by food and sleep before it can be drawn upon, only such an amount of brain-work can be performed as corresponds to the existing amount of tissue, and that, therefore, overwork is out of the question. The fallacy of the argument is apparent, and yet it has found indorsement in a medical journal of the first class. As well might one say that death from starvation was impossible so long as any flesh and blood remained. Certainly we cannot go on working our brains till the total amount of brain-tissue is destroyed any more than we can perform physical labor as long as we have muscles. That we can overwork ourselves mentally and physically is a stubborn fact, attested by too many sad examples. We meet daily with men and women who by excessive toil have wrecked their bodies or their minds, who have grown prematurely old, and lost all power to work, through overwork. In the face of these melancholy instances it is idle to say that overwork of the brain is impossible.

—Tennyson’s new poem, “Gareth and Lynette,” meets with harsh criticism in the *Examiner*. It says: “More than one of his numerous copyists have written as good poetry as this, and there are not many of his caricaturists who would venture so thoroughly to burlesque him as he in several pages does himself.” It is granted that the poem contains a few vigorous lines and a few tolerable paragraphs; but, as a whole, the *Examiner* regards the poem as a failure, and has nothing but contempt for the working out of the story. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, is enthusiastic in its praise, and itself grows poetical in dwelling on its beauties. The story is lauded, and, as regards the poetic execution, the *Spectator* thinks that the poem “has much of the Homeric sweetness and power of Tennyson’s ‘Ulysses,’ and much,

also, of those swallow-flights of song which are peculiar to him, and come upon the ear like the song of the lark when one turns inland after listening to the sound of the breakers.” Both as a separate tale of Arthurian chivalry, and as a prelude to the completed epic, the new idyl is pronounced unsurpassed.

—The officials charged with the administration of the forests of France are about to commit a sacrilege against which the French painters are in vain protesting—namely, the wholesale destruction of the monarchs of the forest of Fontainebleau, from which many an artist has drawn his inspiration. Thirteen thousand oaks, of from one hundred and forty to three hundred years old, and nearly five thousand beeches, from ninety to two hundred years old, are to be cut down and sold.

## Correspondence.

### Alsace and Lorraine

To the Editor of *Appletons’ Journal*.

THE exodus from Alsace and Lorraine has introduced a large number of immigrants into the United States, for the most part bringing with them good habits, bodily strength, and a considerable amount of cash. Among upward of thirty *citoyens*, accompanied by their families, who crossed in the steamer with me from Liverpool, the majority of them possessed a certain degree of skilled labor; and all left their native land with an implacable hatred of Germans and German rule, and with a determination not to be compelled to take up arms against *la belle France*. I found these descendants of the Fatherland more bitterly French than the French. Frequently, during our voyage, were groups of Alsatians and Lorrainers to be heard singing their national songs, and, in conversation together, boasting that the tri-color flag would again float over Metz and Strasbourg, and that, when that happy day should arrive, they and their families would return to the deserted homes.

It has frequently been asserted that a good deal of exaggeration had been indulged in in regard to the extent of the exodus from Alsace and Lorraine. With a view to getting at the facts, I made inquiries among the most intelligent of the *émigrés*, and I feel satisfied that the city of Metz alone has suffered a loss in population of *not less than forty thousand Frenchmen*, who, since its annexation by Germany, have emigrated to France or elsewhere. The population they estimated at sixty thousand before the war (Lippincott’s “Gazetteer” gives it at fifty-six thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight in 1861), and now they assert it contains less than twenty, and some estimated it as low as ten, thousand. Eighty thousand emigrants had passed through Nancy; and seven million francs had been subscribed to aid and assist the people of the annexed provinces who voluntarily went into perpetual exile rather than live under a nationality they so bitterly detest. One of the number, who had served as a commissioned officer under Bazaine, said: “Bismarck has created a Poland in a dangerous place. The people who have left their homes will move heaven and earth to regain them. Russia, Austria, and Germany, are now friends; but when the day comes, as come

it will, when Russia and Germany quarrel, we shall go back to our homes, taking our flag and French nationality with us."

Put what construction we may upon it, the fact remains that a great many thousand people—natives of the annexed provinces—have voluntarily abandoned their homes and gone into France, or emigrated to this country, rather than become German subjects, and submit to that military law which would have put their young men into the field not impossibly to hereafter fight against the country which they call their own. It is a protest of the strongest kind against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1873.

## Literary Notes.

### Captain Marryat.

MRS. FLORENCE CHURCH, the daughter of the celebrated naval novelist, has just published the "Life and Letters" of her father, of whose career the following is a summary:

FREDERICK MARRYAT was born in Westminster, in 1792. He went to sea when a mere boy; he left it when a man in his prime; but he had been in above a hundred engagements on land and sea. He earned rank and honor by the zealous part he took in the destruction of men, and much praise for having rescued from watery graves almost as many as he killed. Thus the account was balanced. His novels began with the "Naval Officer," which was partly written before he withdrew from active service, and they closed with those juvenile stories, out of which alone he made a handsome income. Books of travel and a professional work or two may be included among his literary efforts. Magazine-writing he commenced in the first number of the *Metropolitan*, edited by Campbell. Marryat's contribution was the first part of the "Pacha of Many Tales." Without ever completely outting himself adrift from literature, he, in his later years, took to farming on his little estate at Langham, Norfolk. He tried hard not to be a gentleman-farmer, but a real farmer, and he dressed accordingly, and looked very like what he wanted to be. The result, however, was the usual crop which gentleman-farmers reap, and, amid disappointment and severe affliction, came ill health, successive ruptures of small blood-vessels, decay, delirium, and death, in 1848.

The sailor-author was one of fifteen sons and daughters, some of whom, besides himself, contributed to literature. He, for his part, was an idle, troublesome boy, who loved play, could learn easily, and was flogged continuously. One of his masters once found him standing on his head, book in hand, in the school-room!

He did so, he said, "because, finding it impossible to master his task on his feet," he "tried t'other tack!"

He was forever running away from school, and was always found at or near the sea. He was allowed to have his own way, and, in 1806, he was afloat in the *Impériouse*. In that fighting-ship alone the boy was in fifty engagements. After one bloody affair he was laid out for dead by the side of others between the guns, the fresh sea-air blowing over them all. An officer who had not been in the boarding affair, which had cost so many victims, and who was an enemy of the lad, looked down on him and said:

"Here's a young cock who has done crowing. Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!"

The fresh air had brought the "chap," however, to his senses, and Marryat faintly exclaimed, "You're a liar!"

In saving men from drowning, Marryat more than once nearly lost his life. In describing his own experiences of drowning in a rough sea he said he felt as if he were enclosed in waving green fields, which approached nearer and grew greener as his senses gradually forsook him. It was like sinking down overpowered by sleep in the long, soft grass of a cool meadow. On one occasion Marryat's gig upset, in which were himself, a middy, and an old bum-boat woman who could swim like a fish, but the boy could not. The old woman struck out, and held up the captain, who in vain called on her to leave him and save the boy.

"What," cried the old lady, "hold up a midshipman when I can save the life of a captain! Not I, indeed!"

There is a good ghost-story in the book of Marryat's brother Sam appearing to the captain at night, when he had turned in, just to say, "Fred, I am dead," an announcement which, in course of time, proved to be true.

As a candidate for Parliament Marryat was unsuccessful. He would not declare himself unreservedly hostile to flogging. An elector of the Tower Hamlets put the question to him, and Marryat replied that, if the elector or his sons, to whom he had alluded as of an age for the sea, should ever come under his (Marryat's) command, and deserve a flogging, he would order it without hesitation! No wonder the Tower Hamlets declined to be represented by him.

The sketches of the eccentrics with whom Marryat was acquainted are among the best things in the book. The captain thus describes Frank Napier:

"One of his peculiarities was very amusing. Whenever he was on shore he never would be encumbered with luggage of any description further than a small case which he could carry in his hand, and which contained his few articles for the toilet and half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. He was always well dressed, and had the appearance of a perfect gentleman, but he never had any wardrobe except the clothes that he had on. As soon as they were half worn he ordered another suit, leaving the former one to the waiter as a legacy, for he always lived at hotels. This was but fair, as the waiter had to supply him with linen; and, where he was known, they were so used to him that they always prepared and had every thing at his service, for he was liberal to excess. I have gone up to his room and found him in bed. He would ring the bell:

"Waiter, a clean shirt."

"Yes, sir."

"And, James, I dine out to-day—one of your best frilled."

"Yes, sir."

"When he paid his bill, the washing, and a handsome allowance for wear and tear, were accounted for; and Frank put on his one shirt, and walked off as light as a feather, and not at all anxious about the safety of his luggage."

Marryat had a way of heedlessly saying things which gave offence, as, for instance, when some one observed he "could not get over Colley Grattan's nose," Marryat remarked, "No wonder, since there is no bridge to it." And quite as heedlessly he sent a houseful of furniture to a poorer friend, not an article of which, except the chairs, would go in at the doors. His own house was crowded with me-

morials of his wars and travels. How he came by some of the trophies is thus told:

"During the war those Burmese who were in the possession of any stones of value used to make an incision in the flesh of their arm or leg, and, inserting the jewel, allow the flesh to close over it again. Captain Marryat became aware of this custom, and, after each engagement, made his sailors pass their hands up and down the bodies of the slain, and, wherever a bump was perceptible, a cut of the knife soon relieved the owner of his then useless property."

To his two boys Marryat was much attached, and the loss of the elder of them accelerated his own death. The following passage shows that they were their father's sons:

"Of Captain Marryat's eldest son Frederick, a fine, wild, generous fellow, who perished in his prime by the wreck of the *Avenger*, many stories might be told quite as amusing as those which signalized the early life of his father. He was a universal favorite, but the pranks he sometimes played in his profession alarmed even the least sober among his companions. Among his boyish escapades it is related how, when his ship once lay off Gib, he used to be selected to command the boat which took a certain blind admiral to and from the shore, and part of his duty consisted in telling the old gentleman whenever an officer saluted him in passing. The temptation to mischief was too strong for poor Fred; the warning, 'Officer saluting you, sir,' was given upon all occasions, necessary or otherwise, and the old admiral was never allowed to rest quiet two minutes without raising his hand to his hat. The trick played upon so important a personage having been discovered, Mr. Midshipman Marryat was transferred to another ship in disgrace, when he piled all his baggage in a boat so as to resemble a coffin, covered it with the Union Jack for a pall, and played the 'Dead March in Saul' on a coruopie as he was conveyed to his destination. On another occasion he was serving in a ship off Singapore, and not on the best terms with his captain, who, on giving a ball on board, omitted Mr. Marryat's name from the list of invitations. On the following day, however, when all the glass and crockery which had been hired for the guests were ready packed to go back on shore, he was the one told off, with malice prepense, to command the boat. On receiving the order, Midshipman Fred appeared on deck, slowly and indolently.

"Make haste, sir," cried the indignant captain. "Run, sir—jump."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the ready response; and jump he did, right over the ship's side, and dashed into the midst of the hired crockery, the destruction among which may be better imagined than described.

"The younger boy, Frank, was entered on the roll of the navy at the tender age of three years, and his father used to say that, when he took him up for that purpose to the port-admiral at Plymouth, and the officer, wishing to be gracious, patted the little one (who was attired in the costume of a seaman) on the head, with the observation, 'Well, you're a fine little fellow,' the youngster set all the by-standers in a roar by the cool reply, 'And you're a fine old cock, too!'"

The "Æneid" of Virgil, translated by Mr. C. P. Cranch, the well-known poet and painter, has been published by J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, in a very elegant volume, uniform with Bryant's *Homer*, Longfellow's *Dante*, and Bayard Taylor's "Faust." The translation is in blank verse, Mr. Cranch expressing



In the preface, the opinion that the trammels of rhyme make it impossible for a translator faithfully to render the original. Mr. Cranch handles blank verse with force and skill, and his version is singularly literal as well as elegant. The tender and pathetic passages of the original are given with remarkable felicity, and the whole work, indeed, is imbued with the spirit of a true poet and the high intelligence of a scholar, though, perhaps, a few inaccuracies, easily corrected, might be pointed out, if we cared to indicate the inevitable blemishes which mark this as well as every human production. The work, on the whole, is exceedingly well done, and is an honor to American literature, worthy to take rank with the kindred works of the distinguished poets who have translated Homer, Dante, and Goethe.

"Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Incumbent of St. James Church, Marylebone, London, is a collection of sermons on the profound issues raised by recent scientific speculations. Fortunately, Mr. Haweis comes to this discussion with large knowledge, with a catholic spirit, and with ability to comprehend the real attitude of science in its present forced antagonism with the Church. He accepts Herbert Spencer's "Reconciliation of Science and Religion" as conclusively sound and philosophical, expands and explains the idea with great fulness, and shows how the most inquisitive scientific spirit may exist in harmony with the profoundest religious convictions. Mr. Haweis's sermons are of exceeding interest, and will be specially welcomed by those who have recently had many occasions to resent the dogmatic spirit with which clerical writers have entered into the arena of scientific discussion.

"The Comedy of Terrors," by Professor James De Mille, which has been appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* as a serial during the past year, has been issued in book-form by J. E. Osgood & Co. It has the well-known characteristics of this popular novelist, and, though lighter in its structure than some of his books, is sufficiently surprising and amusing. The scene begins in Montreal, and is transferred to Paris at the time of the siege and the Commune. It has Mr. De Mille's usual liveliness of style, audacity of action, and rapid and amazing succession of events. It depicts also one of those voluble and inconsequential women whom the author sketches so easily and pleasantly, and one of those energetic and irresistible Western Americans whom his pen delights to delineate. It strongly resembles "The American Baron" rather than the graver "Cryptogram," or the novel now running in the *JOURNAL*—"An Open Question"—which bids fair to be his masterpiece in the intricacy of its plot and the tragedy of its incidents.

"The Greeks of To-day," by the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, late minister-resident of the United States at Athens, is an admirable survey of political and social conditions in modern Greece. It treats of public education, of the Church and the missionaries, of brigandage, of the Greek character, of the political situation, and gives with considerable fulness an interesting and valuable description of things in this small but always interesting kingdom. (Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons.)

The latest addition to the "Library of Choice Novels," issued by D. Appleton & Co., is "The Doctor's Dilemma," by Hosha Stretton, an English authoress, whose previous works have won much favor by their excellent

delineation of character, and their purity of tone. "The Doctor's Dilemma," we think, will add greatly to her reputation. The plot is interesting, even to intricacy, the characters well drawn, the style good, and the scenes of the story laid mainly in the picturesque islands of the English Channel, which are graphically described. The novel, in short, is very readable, and has the merit of decided freshness. Its scenes and its characters are equally original and interesting.

"Hints on Dress" is one of Putnam's "Handy-Book Series," in which the reader is instructed "what to wear, when to wear it, and how to buy it," all useful and often very necessary information. If "Hints on Dress" succeeds in relieving people in ever so small a measure from the thralldom of Fashion it will do a great good, and, that it is calculated to do this, its pages give good evidence.

The *Journal des Débats* makes an announcement agreeable not only to the ordinary, but to the extraordinary novel-reader. Lord Lytton is again in his publisher's hands, and a new novel, called "Chillingley," is soon to be published by Blackwood. In Leipzig it will issue from the press of Baron Tauchnitz—now English consul-general—and in Paris from that of Messrs. Reinwald.

Messrs. Osgood & Co. publish a valuable hand-book on pisciculture, entitled "Domesticated Trout: How to grow and feed them," by Livingston Stone, Deputy United States Fish Commissioner, and proprietor of the Cold-Spring trout-ponds. The work is comprehensive, and would appear to treat exhaustively of a branch of industry destined to assume an important place in the near future.

## Miscellany.

### The Americans in Paris.

CONFUSION reigns among the daughters of Eve, writes M. Bachaumont, in one of the Paris papers. The Americans are leaving us *en masse* to go home and take part in their presidential election, and their departure is an incommensurable loss to the *budget galant* of the capital.

If that, however, were all that is effected by the return of the Americans to their own country, I should deem it sufficient to simply record the fact, without uttering any very loud lamentation; but it is the very life of Paris that is endangered by this stampede, and this is the reason why it seems to me the matter deserves more than a passing notice.

It is America, in fact—humiliating as it may be to confess it—that for some years has supported Paris, and has enabled her to lead this four-in-hand existence that deceives even ourselves. There have been times when La Grande Ville, having exhausted her revenues, was incapable, unaided, of appearing in her traditional splendor. Thanks to the Yankee, she has, however, until now maintained her proud position; but, when he goes, what will become of her? Her prestige will disappear, and she will have to take her place among the have-beens, like Venice, Naples, Turin, Moscow, and many others.

Do not say I overstate the case. The proofs of what I say, alas! abound. To whom belong the finest hotels and mansions of Paris? To the Riggases, the Slidells, the Paynes, the Simmonses, the Simses, the Smiths, with Heaven knows how many, "and Sons & Co." Who drive the finest equipages aux Champs-Élysées

and au Bois de Boulogne? The Americans, *toujours* the Americans. Who own the best boxes at the opera? Your millionnaires of Boston and New York. What woman in Paris possesses the most diamonds? Madame Elisa Musard, an American lady. Who spends most money in Paris for pictures and objects of art? The great American merchant, Mr. A. T. Stewart. Finally, who furnishes the aristocracy of the Faubourg St.-Germain the most substantial dowries (and the prettiest women)? Youthful America, who covets nothing more, it would seem, than a high-sounding title!

And then, without the New World, what would be our drawing-room life? Is it not the belles of the Union who are the brightest ornaments of our balls, and are not the violinists more frequently paid in dollars than in francs? It is astonishing to see how fond the French are of taking part in social gatherings, provided it be not in their own houses.

Formerly, a foreigner, who aspired to keeping open house in Paris, was obliged to secure the indorsement of some French gentleman or lady of acknowledged position, who determined the invitations and controlled the presentations. Nowadays, this is quite unnecessary; on the contrary, if one would receive the "best society," the first condition is, perhaps, to know no one, and simply to open one's doors to all.

A sojourn in Paris has a curious influence on the American character. While it tends to emphasize more strongly the Anglo-Saxon character in the men, it metamorphoses the women into veritable *Parisiennes* of the day.

Full of animation, and of a buoyancy of spirits that nothing can repress, free and frank, yet modest and dignified, the American women have introduced into our social life an element which would be sorely missed.

The air of Paris, however, agrees with them so well that there is little danger of their remaining long away from us. I confidently expect, therefore, that they will persuade their husbands and fathers to return to us as soon as their electoral duties shall have been performed. They may be sure of receiving a hearty welcome.

### University Traditions.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the English universities lies in the splendid traditions which cluster round them, welding them so nobly into the life of the nation. The Oxford freshman, who has any worthy appreciation of his *alma mater*, takes the ladies of his family, on their visit to him at his first commemoration, to the Martyrs' Memorial, and tells them of Wycliffe and Erasmus and Dean Colet. If his bent is political, he shows them the gallery in St. John's which Laud resigned to Henrietta Maria and her ladies when the king's standard was raised at Oxford, and visits the colleges where Falkland, Pym, Hampden, and Elliott, were reared. He takes them to Addison's shady walk by the Cherwell, and to see the pictures of Raleigh and any number of other world-renowned Englishmen in the college-halls. What equivalent can the Harvard sophomore show for all this wealth of priceless association? "Let us live in America," says Emerson, "too thankful for our want of feudal institutions. Our houses and towns are like mosses and lichens, so slight and new; but youth is a fault of which we shall daily mend. This land, too, is as old as the flood, and wants no ornament or privilege which Nature could bestow." But need the Harvard boy fall back altogether on the bountiful gifts of Nature, or turn his face wholly to the future, and admit that he has yet to wait for traditions and associations

which make the pulses quicken and the eye kindle? Let us see. Within two minutes' walk of his college-yard stands the great elm on Cambridge Common, by the side of which Washington unfurled the flag of the thirteen colonies in the War of Independence. Close by are his headquarters, a charming old wooden house, now the residence of Longfellow. Within a walk on one side is Concord, where the first shot was fired in anger in the struggle which settled the future of a continent, and turned the current of the world's history. To get there he must pass the houses in which Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter," and from which Emerson still comes weekly to take his seat at the deliberations of the faculty of the university. On the other side, almost within sight, lies Boston, the seed-plot of American thought, whose every street is classic ground to him who has faith in the future. Elmwood, the birthplace of the "Biglow Papers," and the "Lay of Sir Launfal," stands almost within the university precincts. And now the Memorial Hall is rising, from the walls of which a scroll of names will speak for all time to Harvard students of the part which their college played in that fiery trial (let us hope the last for the New World), by the side of which the War of Independence sinks into insignificance, and in the agony of which "earth's biggest country found her soul." Surely such memories are a noble heritage, and the oldest university in America may hand them down with pride to the generations of her children yet to come.

#### Condition of Italy.

The policy pursued by the new Italian ministry has led to the revival of enterprise and industry in North and Central Italy, but unhappily has thus far failed in establishing order in the southern districts. In the old kingdom of the two Sicilies brigandage has taken the form of a combination of the peasantry against the nobility and land-owners. The peasants are required to give a fixed proportion of the crops, one-half or one-third to the land-owners, and they coalesce with the brigands in order to prevent the proprietors from ascertaining whether they obtain their rightful share of the harvest. If a land-owner ventures out of his house unaccompanied by a strong guard, he is liable to be shot, or to be carried off to the mountains, where an enormous ransom is demanded under penalty of mutilation, which, when paid, does not secure him from being again seized the next day.

The only apparent remedy for these disorders is to put the country under martial law, but this the ministry will not do, from fear of alienating the people from the new order of things. In the Ravenna district, crime is also rampant, but from a different cause. According to the correspondents of the London journals, two or three secret societies, headed by a few men of family and position, contrive to set all order at defiance. People are attacked and murdered in broad daylight in the streets, and judges and juries are too timorous to condemn the murderers, for death by the dagger awaits those who dare give sentence against them. If the Italian ministry would not cover itself with contempt, it must speedily devise means to do away with these land-pirates. Italy has suffered long enough from outlaws and brigands, and the first duty of the Italian Government is to render such atrocities impossible.

#### The Virgin of the Fish.

"La Vierge au Poisson" (the Virgin of the Fish), one of the famous masterpieces of

Raphael, has excited much curiosity and controversy as to the significance of the presence of the fish. The picture was painted in 1514 for the order of Dominicans at Naples, and is well known from the various engravings of it. The Virgin sits with the infant Christ in her arms. An angel, on her right, stands by a youth, who, kneeling on one knee, holds a fish in his hand suspended by a string. On the Virgin's left is an old man holding an open book. A lion crouches at his feet.

A French author, P. V. Belloc, in 1883 published, at Paris, a small octavo volume upon the subject, giving a new theory, which is that the picture symbolizes a candidate about to enter the Christian Church. The fish, of course, means Christ, for both the Greek word *ichthus* and the fish itself were used by the early Christians to signify Christ, when they were forbidden by the Roman law to pronounce His name. All the commentators seem to agree that the youth presents the fish to Christ, who holds out one hand, when it would seem plain that the youth has just taken the fish; that is, he has accepted Christ, a figure of speech used even to this day to express conversion to the Christian religion. The fish was a most significant choice as a symbol of Christ, for the conception or impregnation of the fish in the early days of science was a profound mystery. But neither M. Belloc nor any of the writers on the subject seem to have discovered this clew to the choice of the fish as the symbol of Christ.

#### A Centenarian.

There recently died, at Petit-Bicêtre, a locality in the environs of Paris, a centenarian named Odier, the half of whose life was a veritable romance. Born in 1770, he was shipped as cabin-boy on board the *Océan*, a French man-of-war, from which he deserted at the island of Réunion, where he was so fortunate as to find a home in the house of a rich planter, who adopted him.

In 1788 he returned to France, where he was immediately arrested as a deserter and imprisoned. In 1798 he regained his liberty and returned to Paris, where the revolutionary tribunal appointed him jailer of one of the prisons, where he remained until Napoleon was made first consul, when he enlisted in the guards. From this time till 1815 he served in five different regiments, and accompanied Napoleon in all the campaigns of the empire. After the Hundred Days he entered a Swiss regiment of the Royal Guard, of which he was made sutler. In this position he remained till 1830, when he demanded his discharge.

Odier now retired to a little house he had purchased at Petit-Bicêtre, and lived at first on his pension. In the mean time he learned that his old benefactor of the island of Réunion had died without an heir, and that his property had fallen to the government. He urged his claims as the planter's adopted son, and the authorities compromised by giving him one hundred thousand francs. At his death, having no relations, so far as he knew, he left his little fortune to one of the Paris hospitals.

#### "Evenings at Home."

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt from Messrs. Milton, Bradley & Co., of Springfield, Mass., of a very handsome case of social games, united under a general title of "Evenings at Home." The variety of games published by this house is very large, and hence the means they provide for home amusement is almost exhaustless. The need for amusements that will fill up agreeably the long winter evenings becomes notably apparent with the

first lighting of the autumn fires. In households where there are young people, it is specially incumbent upon the heads of the family to provide for the restless spirits around them, who otherwise might find home oppressive and wearisome. For this purpose few things are better than round games, and those published by the house we have mentioned are generally very good. "We have endeavored," they say, "with conscientious faithfulness, to exclude from our list every thing that might by any possibility offend the most conservative and fastidious, and to admit only such as are innocently amusing or positively instructive and elevating."

### Foreign Items.

THE recent movement for the abolition of the death-penalty in Spain arose from a frightful accident which took place at an execution in Seville, on the 14th of September last. Two assassins, named Vergara and Pepenos, were to be garroted on that day by Cevallos, the Spanish executioner. The latter tried on them for the first time a new garrote, which was believed to kill the criminal sooner than the old instrument of death. It worked well in the case of Pepenos, who was executed first; but, when the fatal screw was turned on Vergara, the iron ring broke, and the unfortunate culprit, after suffering untold agony for a minute or two, had to be untied and taken back to his prison. A few days afterward King Amadeus commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life.

A circular has been issued by M. Jules Simon, the French Minister of Public Instruction, directing important changes in the curriculum of the government schools. German or English is made obligatory for boys. Geography is to be carefully taught. Latin vers-making is to be abolished, and Latin prose composition to be made of less moment than formerly. M. Simon dwells particularly on the importance of gymnastics, drill, etc., and attention to the health of the pupils.

The Foundling Hospital of St. Petersburg, which appropriately owes its origin to Catherine, of Russia, whose own weaknesses certainly ought to have made her look tenderly on that of her sex, has just completed its centenary. This institution is now on a magnificent scale, and is the parent asylum of seventy-three schools and several *crèches*. Twenty-five thousand names are on its register, and two thousand children are receiving primary instruction within its walls.

A prominent feature of the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition will be the models of private dwellings in all countries; the main object being to point out what is considered by their inhabitants to be the best mode of building, having regard to climate, local circumstances, and the manner of life in vogue. The houses exhibited will be complete, both in furniture and decoration.

The *North-German Gazette* says that Mormon emissaries are again infesting the northern states of Germany, and it calls upon the police authorities to treat, with the utmost rigor of the law, such of these emissaries as fall into their hands.

The Russian emperor has authorized a St. Petersburg publisher to issue, next year, an official account of the travels of the Grand-duke Alexis in foreign lands. The grand-

duke's diary will be incorporated nearly in full with this work.

The Russian Princess Traubeshenoffs, who has joined the Oneida Community, has been deprived of her rank and of her real-estate property by a special decree of the Russian Minister of the Interior.

King Victor Emmanuel, who is an invalid, has been advised by his physicians to make a voyage to the tropics, and may this winter visit Madeira and South America.

Bears are still very numerous in Poland. During the present year, up to the 1st of September, ninety-six were killed in that country.

Fialin de Persigny, Napoleon's bosom-friend, has left memoirs, which his son is preparing for publication.

There is a boy of fourteen at the Munich Lyceum who knows the whole "Odyssey" of Homer by heart.

Edouard Laboulaye says he is firmly convinced that the republic is permanently established in France.

The Paris *Liberté* is offered for sale for three hundred thousand francs, which is considered very cheap.

The private library of the Empress Eugénie, which was recently sold in Paris, is now the property of Mme. Rattazzi.

The rumor that the illustrious Italian general, La Marmora, had gone mad, is confirmed.

Victor Hugo has declared that he will never aspire again to a political office.

The works of Louis Figuier have thus far been translated into six languages.

The late Théophile Gautier left seven sons, all of whom are journalists in Paris.

Three thousand species of grass are now known to botanists.

## Varieties.

**D**URING the Franco-Prussian War it was estimated that, averaging both armies, five Germans outweighed six Frenchmen. Not only are the Germans huge compared with Frenchmen, but huge as compared with their own ancestors. The Prussian soldier who fought at Sedan averaged three inches larger round the chest and two inches taller than the Prussian soldier who fought at Waterloo. This astonishing development is ascribed to fifty years of stringent military training, enforced upon the whole male population.

Sheridan was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly crying "Hear! hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play rogue, but had only sense enough to play fool, and exclaimed with greatest emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

Last winter a British steamship made two successful trips from the Chesapeake to London, loaded exclusively with Baltimore oysters. So great was the success attending the undertaking that three large vessels are now on their way to this country from European ports under charter to take cargoes of Baltimore oysters to London.

A young married lady in New-York City wears a peculiar breastpin which has excited great admiration. Her husband abandoned

smoking at her request, and she had the front of his meerschaum bowl—a handsomely-carved lion's head—put into a costly setting, and wore it as a constant reminder of her husband's devotion.

The Darwinian theory has reached ecclesiastical councils in New England, and young candidates for the pulpit are questioned on the subject.

Delaware was the first State to ratify the Federal Constitution. Rhode Island was the last State of the "old thirteen" to come into the Union.

John Pierpont described a ballot as

"A weapon that comes down as still  
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;  
But executes a freeman's will  
As lightning does the will of God."

A man who bought a thousand Havana cigars, on being asked what he had, replied, "They were tickets to a course of lectures to be given by his wife."

An Iowa hen lays double-headed eggs somewhat resembling dumb-bells.

A Bowery fish-store advertises for "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old."

The three balls of the pawnbrokers are said to signify addition, division, and silence.

Sewing-machines are run by water-power in California.

## The Museum.

### The Condor.

**T**HIS greatest of unclean birds has been singularly unfortunate in the hands of the curious and scientific. Fifty years have elapsed since the first specimen reached Europe; yet to-day the exaggerated stories of its size and strength are repeated in many of our textbooks, and the very latest ornithological work leaves us in doubt as to its relation to the other vultures. No one credits the assertion of the old geographer, Marco Polo, that the condor can lift an elephant from the ground high enough to kill it by the fall, nor the story of a traveller so late as 1880, who declared that a condor of moderate size, just killed, was lying before him, a single quill-feather of which was twenty good paces long! Yet the statement continues to be published that the ordinary expanse of a full-grown specimen is from twelve to twenty feet, whereas it is very doubtful if it ever exceeds or even equals twelve feet. A full-grown male from the most celebrated locality on the Andes, now in Vassar College, has a stretch of nine feet. Humboldt never found one to measure over nine feet, and the largest specimen seen by Darwin was eight and a half feet from tip to tip. An old male in the Zoological Gardens of London measures eleven feet. Von Tschudi says he found one with a spread of fourteen feet two inches, but he invalidates his testimony by the subsequent statement that the full-grown condor measures from twelve to thirteen feet.

The ordinary habitat of the royal condor is between the altitudes of ten thousand and sixteen thousand feet. The largest seem to make their home around the volcano of Cayambi, which stands exactly on the equator. In the rainy season they frequently descend to the coast, where they may be seen roosting on trees. On the mountains they very rarely perch (for which their feet are poorly fitted), but stand on rocks. They are most commonly seen around vertical cliffs, where their nests are, and where cattle are most likely to fall. Great numbers frequent Antisana, where there is a great cattle-estate. Flocks are never seen,

except around a large carcass. It is often seen singly soaring at a great height in vast circles. Its flight is slow and majestic. Its head is constantly in motion, as if in search of food below. Its mouth is kept open, and its tail spread. To rise from the ground, it must needs run for some distance; then it flaps its wings three or four times, and ascends at a low angle till it reaches a considerable elevation, when it seems to make a few leisurely strokes, as if to ease its wings, after which it literally sails upon the air.

In walking, the wings trail on the ground, and the head takes a crouching position. It has a very awkward, almost painful, gait. From its inability to rise without running, a narrow pen is sufficient to imprison it. Though a carrion-bird, it breathes the purest air, spending much of its time soaring three miles above the sea. Humboldt saw one fly over Chimborazo. We have seen them sailing at least a thousand feet above the crater of Pichincha.

Its gormandizing power has hardly been overstated. We have known a single condor, not of the largest size, to make way in one week with a calf, a sheep, and a dog. It prefers carrion, but will sometimes attack live sheep, deer, dogs, etc. The eyes and tongue are the favorite parts, and first devoured; next, the intestines. We never heard of one authenticated case of its carrying off children, nor of its attacking adults, except in defence of its eggs. Von Tschudi says it cannot carry, when flying, a weight of over ten pounds. In captivity it will eat every thing, except pork and cooked meat. When full fed, it is exceedingly stupid, and can be caught by the hand; but at other times it is a match for the stoutest man. It passes the greater part of the day sleeping, more often searching for prey in the morning and evening than at noon—very likely because objects are then more distinctly seen. It is seldom shot (though it is not invulnerable, as once thought), but is generally trapped or lassoed. Prescott, in his "Conquest of Peru" (volume i., 384), speaks of "the great bird of the Andes, the loathsome condor, who, sailing high above the clouds, followed with *doleful cries* in the track of the army." But the only noise it makes is a hiss like that of a goose. The usual tracheal muscles are wanting.

It lays two white eggs, three or four inches long, on an inaccessible ledge. It makes no nest proper, but places a few sticks around the eggs. By no amount of bribery could we tempt an Indian to search for condors'-eggs; and Mr. Smith, who had hunted many years in the valley of Quito, was never able to get sight of an egg. Incubation occupies about seven weeks, ending April or May. The young are scarcely covered with a dirty-white down, and they are not able to fly for nearly two years. D'Orbigny says they take the wing in about a month and a half after being hatched—a manifest error. They are as downy as goslings until they nearly equal, in size, a full-grown bird. Darwin was told they could not fly for a whole year. The white frill at the base of the neck, and the white feathers in the wings, do not appear until the second plumage, or until after the first general moulting, during which time they lie in the caves and are fed by their elders for at least six months. Previous to this the frill is of a deep-gray color (Gillies says "light-blue black"), and the wing-feathers brown.

The head, neck, and front of the breast, are bare, indicative of its propensity to feed on carrion. The head is elongated, and much flattened above. The neck is of unusual size, and, in the male, the skin lies in folds. The



nostrils are oval and longitudinal, but in the male they are not so much exposed as in the other sex, since the caruncle forms an arch over them. The olfactories, however, seem to be well developed. Yet the condor, though it has neither the smelling powers of the dog (as proved by Darwin) nor the bright eye of the eagle, somehow distinguishes a carcass afar off. The color of the eye is variously given — by Latham as nut-brown, by Cassell as purple, and by Bonaparte as olive-gray; but Gurney, in his "Raptorial Birds in the Norwich Museum," states it correctly as pale-brown in the male, and carbuncle-red in the female — a singular difference between the sexes. In young birds the color is dark-brown, which changes with change of plumage. They are peculiarly elongated, not sunken in the head as the eagle's, and very far back, being an inch and a half behind the gape, while those of the eagle are directly over it. The bill is shorter and weaker than the eagle's, and the decurved tip of the upper mandible only one-third as long. The tongue is cana-



THE CONDOR.

lulate, with serrated edges, which obviously assists in deglutition, as the head is never raised to swallow food. The caruncle and wattle are wanting in the female. The downy ruff is more prominent in the male, but in neither sex completes a circle. The primaries are black, the third and fourth being equal and longest — a feature wanting in the Old-World vultures; the secondaries are exteriorly edged with white. The tail is of twelve feathers, black and even; legs feathered to the tarsus; toes united by a small membrane — the middle one is excessively long, the hind one comparatively undeveloped, by which the foot is rendered less prehensile than that of other raptorial birds — claws blunt, as might be expected from its habit of standing on the rocks; nor are sharp talons wanted, as it seldom seizes living prey. The nail of the hind-toe is more curved than the other three, but far less than the talons of the eagle. The female condor is smaller than the male — an unusual circumstance in this order, the feminine eagles and hawks being larger than their mates.

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## NORMAN MACLEOD.

THE greatest and most genial of Scottish theologians, preachers, humorists, hymn-makers, song-writers, ministers, and philanthropists, in these later times, has now recently, almost immediately upon the completion of his sixtieth year, disappeared. Since the death of Dr. Chalmers, in 1847, there has been no one in any way comparable to Dr. Macleod among the great divines of the Kirk of Scotland. For nearly thirty years together he has been increasingly a power in the land. He was beloved and honored by the vast majority of the four millions of his fellow-countrymen. From the sovereign downward, no less than from the very lowliest of Norman Macleod's parishioners upward, the great pulpit-orator won to himself the regard only accorded to those who have risen to the rank of a nation's favorite.

Looking upon him, listening to him, conversing with him, you could see, you could hear, you could understand, that the man was no mere sectarian. The large heart of the Christian beat in that stalwart bosom. Gaelic though he was ingrained, never was Gael seen

at once under loftier or more alluring aspect. Instead of the high cheek-bones, the hard facial outlines, the shrewd penetrant glance usually associated with the popular notion of the true-born Scot, you recognized

in the full lips, in the half-closed, kindly eyes, in the every comely feature of Norman Macleod, the countenance of one whom even a compatriot, not knowing who he was, might

clarion. Welcome was the sound of it in its homeliest greeting, equally in the palace and the cottage. Twenty-eight years ago, when the accents of that voice first fell upon the

ears of the young queen, what was the instant impression produced by them upon her heart, her conscience, and her imagination? As charmingly as emphatically her majesty wrote at the very time in her diary, under date October, 1854:

"We went to kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. Macleod, and any thing finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable—so simple and so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night (St. John, chapter iii.). Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self and live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show us how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat;

as also when he prayed for 'the dying, the wounded, the widows, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted, and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such happy feelings! The servants



NORMAN MACLEOD.

readily have mistaken for a noble specimen of an Englishman. Athletic in form, he had one especial gift, however, that gained him willing audience everywhere. His voice, in speaking and singing, had the ring of a silver

and the Highlanders, *all* were quite delighted."

That was the impression produced by his first sermon before the sovereign. It was not only sustained admirably in Queen Victoria's regard until the end, but during the intervening years very signally advanced and elevated. The court preacher came to be at last the personal friend of the widowed monarch, by whom from the first his exceptional powers had been so heartily and earnestly appreciated.

The Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D., was born on Wednesday, June 3, 1812, at Campbelltown, in Argyleshire. His father and his grandfather each in turn like himself was the Rev. Norman Macleod—each was an honored minister of the Kirk of Scotland. At the period of Dr. Macleod's demise, on Sunday, June 16, 1872, he had not yet exceeded by a fortnight the sixtieth anniversary of his birth. The tidings of his death came quite unexpectedly to all beyond his own immediate circle. Passing away as he did in apparently the heyday of his powers, his decease is still looked back to as having been lamentably premature. The vigorous constitution had succumbed to the labors of his earnest life. As a Presbyterian minister he had spent himself for his people, and not only for his parishioners. With a view to the furthering as energetically as possible of the missionary labors of the Kirk of Scotland at the opposite ends of the world, he had gone himself far to the West, across the Atlantic, traversing the vast domain of Canada on a tour of personal inspection. This was in 1850, two-and-twenty years ago. Nineteen years afterward, in 1869, he advanced upon a yet more arduous excursion of a similar character—namely, when three years ago he went out on another tour of inspection far to the East, and there traversed vast tracts of country in Hindostan. Presiding, as he did at that very time, over one of the largest and most populous parishes in the United Kingdom, and editing, as he still continued to do all the while, one of the most widely-circulated periodicals now published, there can be little doubt of it that the unnatural strain thus put upon his powers overtasked even his giant energies. As the result of this he dropped—save in regard to the good he had done—all unripe into his grave, hurried thither by heart-disease, the first manifestation of which was noticeable only a few days previously in effusion of the pericardium.

The education of Norman Macleod began in the University of Glasgow. It was continued afterward for some months together at one of the German universities. It was happily and brilliantly completed on his deciding to go into the ministry, at the University of Edinburgh. There, at the period of his advent as an alumnus, the chair of Professor of Divinity was filled by the illustrious Dr. Chalmers, whose chief glory it is to have associated so directly with each other the sublime truths of Christianity with the stars of heaven. Among all the pupils of Dr. Chalmers, Norman Macleod has the reputation of having been his especial favorite. Unconsciously to each, the master was educating for the leadership of the kirk his own immediate successor.

The first charge committed to the care of

the Rev. Norman Macleod on his becoming a minister was that of the parish of Loudoun, in Ayrshire, four miles from Kilmarnock. To this he was ordained in 1838, being then twenty-six. Five years later on, at the memorable period of the disruption of 1843, the minister of Loudoun was removed thence, in his thirty-first year, to the more important parish of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. It was in 1851, however, that in succession to Dr. Black, then recently deceased, the already famous preacher, Norman Macleod, was advanced to the ministry of St. Columba's, better known as the vast barony parish of Glasgow. To his ministerial labors there for twelve years together, in reality to the time when they were abruptly closed by his death, Macleod gave himself up with all the force of his zealous nature. Year after year, he steadily directed his efforts to the erection of new kirks, and to the opening of supplementary schools, to meet the ever-increasing requirements of his teeming and enormous parish.

Whatever he did otherwise than in connection with his ministerial office, he did simply, as might be said, by the way. His literary effusions, for example, which were numerous, varied, and delightful, were thrown off by him as so many mere *tours de force*. The paramount aim, object, and ambition of his life, every one who came into personal communication with him could never for an instant fail to see, was the exact performance of his high and responsible duties as a Scottish presbyter.

Dr. Macleod was married some thirty years since to a daughter of Mr. Macintosh, of Geddes, in Nairnshire. It was in commemoration of her brother, the late Rev. John Macintosh, that he wrote his popular work entitled "The Earnest Student." Similarly, also, it may here be remarked that it was as a remembrance of his earlier home experiences that he penned his charming record so familiarly known now through Scotland as "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." It was as far back as in 1847, Dr. Macleod being then thirty-five years of age, that the former volume, called "The Earnest Student; or, Memorials of Macintosh," made its appearance. Busily occupied though he was during the years that followed in his ministerial capacity, his perfunctory labors as a man of letters, while time rolled on, increased and multiplied. One by one, as his works came from the press, they passed readily into a wide circulation. They were eagerly devoured by the more intelligent and earnest-minded of his own countrymen. They passed the borders, they crossed the channel, they went even farther afield, and, going almost simultaneously far to the East and far to the West, found fresh multitudes of delighted readers in India and in the United States. Nor can the popularity of Dr. Norman Macleod as an author be any matter for surprise when his writings come to be examined. They are characterized throughout by such an easy grace, and by so much winning geniality of manner, that the wonder would rather have been if they had, in some inconceivable way, failed to win to themselves a host of admirers. Steadily, step by step, he was ad-

vancing in public estimation as a leading divine in the Kirk of Scotland; while, at the same time, pen in hand, almost without an effort, he was gaining fame and influence in the world of authorship.

What tended, perhaps, as much as any thing toward the popularizing of his name, were twelve out of the twenty-two years he gave to monthly journalism. For exactly ten years together, namely, from 1850 to 1860, he edited the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*. It had a purely local and therefore a restricted circulation. The time happily arrived, in the year last mentioned (1860), when Mr. Strahan hit upon the happy notion of establishing a new periodical entitled *Good Words*. He selected as his editor Dr. Norman Macleod. Published month by month with the magazines, the price of it was only sixpence (sterling), though the letter-press was adorned abundantly enough with original illustrations. With such a title, and with such an editor, the religious element of the publication was designed from the first, of course, to be predominant. Wisely, however, the wholesome allurements of poetry and fiction, of art criticisms and scientific treatises, of humorous essays and innocent drollery, combined with graver matter, were embraced within the scheme of the undertaking. While Dr. Macleod was unquestionably a model editor, he also showed himself to be the most industrious, and not only the most industrious, but the most effective, of the whole staff of contributors. Sketches, stories, chapters of travel, sermons, poetry, he threw off with an abounding ease. Multitudes of articles penned by him in his happiest manner have never yet been collected together for separate publication. Nevertheless, his printed books have already numbered up surprisingly. Two of them we have already particularized. More than a dozen others yet require to be enumerated. "Eastward" recounted most graphically his travels in Egypt, in Syria, and in Palestine. "Parish Papers" gave a charming record of some of his own homelier recollections. "Simple Truth spoken to Working People" were truths spoken in good season, and even in themselves as good words as any given to the world in his own publication. "The Gold Thread" was a graceful story for the young. "Wee Davie"—who does not know him? And "The Starling"—who that has ever read it has lost remembrance of the noble old sergeant, and finds not his heart stirred within him at the mere memory of the corporal's war-song—that splendid song that Norman Macleod used to sing himself so sonorously and inspiringly? And that singing once unexpectedly, when he had risen, as every one thought, to make a speech, to a gathering of veteran pensioners, he roused the old soldiers to a burst of martial enthusiasm:

"Dost thou remember, soldier old and hoary,  
The days we fought and conquered side by side,  
The fields of battle famous now in story,  
Where Britons triumphed and where Britons died?  
Dost thou remember all our old campaigning,  
O'er many a field in Portugal and Spain?  
Of our old comrades few are now remaining—  
How many sleep upon the bloody plain!"

That was one stanza of the glorious ditty. This was another :

"Rememb'rest thou the bloody Albuera !  
The deadly breach in Badajoz's walls !  
Vittoria, Salamanca, Talavera !  
Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls ?  
Ha ! how we drove the Frenchmen all before us,  
As foam is driven before the stormy breeze !  
We fought right on, with conquering banners o'er us,  
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees."

"Character Sketches" was one of the latest of his separate publications, and is probably in the recollection of the majority. "Peeps at the Far East," giving a familiar account of his visit to India, forms now a melancholy record of the last labor, under the weight of which his splendid energies succumbed. "War and Judgment" will long be remembered as one of the most spirit-stirring of his many impressive and impassioned sermons. Preached before the queen, it was published by her majesty's command. There was a world of humanity in his earnest inquiry, "How can we best relieve our deserving poor?" And a world of large and generous thought in his "Concluding Address to the Assembly of the Church of Scotland." Such were the works, such was the life, such was the death of Dr. Norman Macleod—a Gael by birth, a cosmopolitan by sympathy, a Christian above all.

## MR. BRONSON'S FALL ENGAGEMENTS.

ONE hundred and fifty feet above the river lies a blue lake, three miles in circumference, nearly surrounded by hills. In depth of winter you may find hundreds of men upon the crystal ice, into which the waters have been transformed, hewing it out by the ton for the great store-houses on the shore, which will keep the treasure safe until summer days, when it will be sent forth, to bear the luxury of its transparent coolness into ten thousand homes. But on the July day that we write this little lake lies blue and beautiful under the sky, all its borders embossed with lily-pads, and fragrant and lustrous with white bloom. In every ice-cart the citizen may see that placid sheet of water, which lies away among the silent hills, blue as heaven, and fringed with water-lilies.

Not long ago a carriage, filled with Chesterfields, turned the sharp angle by which travellers on the north road enter the east one, and, according to the statements on the guide-board, found themselves on Lake Avenue.

Just as this change in their course was made, Mr. George Chesterfield, who had been reading from a daily for the edification and entertainment of the little company, folded his newspaper and looked from the window, obedient to the nudge of the young lady seated beside him.

"About ten minutes yet, at the rate these horses travel," he said to her.

Just then a voice from the back-seat advanced, with its accustomed dignity.

"I am sorry to hear that, George. Our

beautiful singer has appeared in public once too often, to my thinking."

"I wish I could write as entertaining a letter as this correspondent's," said George. "Mr. Bronson would congratulate me if I should furnish the *Times* as graphic a description of Rockland Lake."

Miss Laura Chesterfield, a young lady of fourteen, looking quite indignant at the words first quoted, exclaimed :

"George, why don't you give a direct answer? I am sure I think it perfectly splendid that Nilsson should be married in Westminster Abbey.—If that is what you mean, Sister Sarah."

"It is precisely what I mean," said Miss Sarah, from her corner, and she glanced at the gentleman on the front-seat, who sat with his back to the horses, and with his face toward Mr. Arthur and Miss Sarah, Miss Laura and Master George, and within touch of the twin boys, who were perched on the driver's box just now. Mr. Bronson, she noticed, had his eyes directed to the roadside, and looked abstracted and tired, and not quite at his ease. She was not given to whims, inconsistencies, or silliness of any kind, and yet Miss Sarah almost wished and almost expected to see him step from the carriage in a moment and walk up the hill, and to herself confessed that she might better have let the Nilsson topic alone. Miss Sarah had had several misgivings indeed since she set out with her family in search of the picturesque on the banks and in the valley of the Hudson. Leisure did not seem to agree as well as work with Mr. Bronson, and she wished now, as I said, that she had not offered her criticism on the marriage in Westminster Abbey. Miss Laura would not drop the theme, and to what might it not lead? "You said when Dickens died," continued that young lady, "that it was glorious to think of him among all those great writers."

To this Miss Sarah vouchsafed no response. She also was now gazing from the carriage-window, and looked grave, and, at the same time, indifferent.

"I am sure you made me attend his funeral with a vengeance," Miss Laura went on, with increasing animation. "Why, George, I had to hunt up every thing I could find about that old abbey from the time of the Confessor, and write an article about it. I had work enough. And I think I have earned the right to say that a great many persons have been crowned there not half so worthy of a crown as dear, beautiful, glorious Christine Nilsson."

"Now, sister, you must have something to say after that climax," said George, turning toward Miss Sarah.

It was perhaps because of the glimpse George had given her of his handsome face, so ever fresh and good-natured, that Miss Sarah answered :

"It is really not worth discussing," she said. "It is one of those things that you see, or you don't see. Mr. Dickens was carried to the Corner—to sleep beside his peers."

"But, really, I don't understand you, Sarah.—George, do you?"

George was a young gentleman who did

not quite like to acknowledge that there was any thing he did not understand, and he answered evasively :

"Sister Sarah, do please calm Laura's excitement by a cool, dictionary definition of your words."

"Westminster Abbey is a parish church, George. I found that out, and I know what it means," said Miss Laura. "Anybody may be married there who chooses, I suppose millions have been, but it must be done before noon. 'Up in the morning early' on your wedding-day, Mr. Junior, if you marry in England.—Now, Sister Sarah, do please declare your objections.—Mr. Bronson, what do you think about it?"

"I think that the occasion presented its incongruities, certainly," said Mr. Bronson, with a promptness that showed he had not been an inattentive listener.

"If you do not see, Laura, that the young lady allowed herself to be made use of as a spectacle in one of the most sacred hours of her life, there is no use of my suggesting it. Besides, intentionally or otherwise, I think the prestige of the throne has been made to suffer."

"O Sister Sarah, and you a republican!"

"A democrat of democrats, and a republican, moreover," she answered.

"And the supporter of caste," said George, in a low tone.

The boys on the driver's box, catching the words democrat and republican, waved their hats, and hurrahed, and had their reward, for their lungs were filled thereby with the untainted country air.

"And, being a republican and a democrat," said Sister Sarah, in that tone which always brought order out of domestic chaos, so steady was it, and withal so kind, "I repeat that I think it a pity Miss Nilsson should have appeared upon that stage, under whatever solicitation. You can see that it was against the good taste of the French gentleman. He probably felt that any other church was to be preferred to the one in which his bride would be kept continually as an actress before the eyes of spectators."

"Christine Nilsson is as much a queen as any woman ever crowned at Westminster!" exclaimed Miss Laura.

"Not in point of law," the elder sister said.

"All the better for that! All the more splendid for her!"

"That may be; but, to call her a queen, and suggest the comparison, as she stood before that altar where veritable sovereigns have knelt, is to use an absurd hyperbolic metaphor, my child. 'But the age seeks bawbles.'"

"O George! O Sarah! O everybody! Look yonder!" exclaimed our young lady. "We have reached our destination."

"The lake!" said everybody; and George added: "Laura, you have given me an awry neck for life. Hereafter I shall just see what I can for myself, but, the moment you cry, 'Oh, look!' I shall shut my eyes."

"Why do you not direct your attention to Sarah? Do you pretend that you agree with her, hypocrite? You waited three hours on the pier to wave your cap at Miss Nilsson

when the ship sailed. And, when you stood up that night at the opera-house, when she sang for the last time, and applauded so, I saw—"

"Laura, Laura," whispered the youth, "when I disagree with the lady on the back-seat, I always have to eat my words afterward. I have made it a rule now to keep my thoughts to myself for six weeks until I have digested her arguments."

"What a delightful companion you are going to make! Do you think that I—"

Miss Laura's emphatic remarks were suddenly suspended by the driver's announcement, "Here we are!"

The carriage-door thrown open, the occupants of the middle seat, Miss Laura and Mr. George, seemed to spread their wings and fly forth. How young, and blooming, and equal to any thing, they looked, as they stood gazing around them for a second before they bestowed further attention upon their travelling-companions!

Miss Sarah was the last to alight; Mr. Arthur, the elder brother of the family, immediately preceding her. These two were the guardians of the young people gathering around them, and no second glance was necessary in order to discover on whom the burden of parental guidance fell. Mr. Arthur Chesterfield, half blind, half deaf, overtaken in his prime by the infirmities of age, looked as if he might be to his sister no less an object of solicitude and care than the boys Harry and Will, who were yet, if they lived, to pass through those stages which make of all good women prayerful watchers, perpetually haunted by misgivings and fears.

Mr. Bronson, the tutor, not too old to be the sympathizing companion of George, helped the youth in getting down the hammocks and baskets, and the boats were soon ready to convey the party to the grove.

While they are getting off, we may admire Miss Sarah, if we please. There may be varieties of opinion as to the oval face illuminated by dark eyes, which would be imperious if they were not kindly—but the way things drift about till all are adjusted to her satisfaction must command general admiration, as it does that of the old boatman, who stands under the scrubby willows on the margin of the lake, waiting final orders.

Miss Sarah has obviously stood on high ground always, and thence she has directed and controlled. She can look down with caressing and benediction, but what do the eyes that look up see? A woman to be loved, but by no means to be wooed; a woman whose pride of descent is a source of everlasting exasperation to every thing not Chesterfield.

Mr. Bronson had been for three years George Chesterfield's tutor, and had during that time almost lived in the family. Dissatisfied by the course pursued by his teachers in the preparatory school, Miss Sarah had said to Mr. Arthur, through his trumpet, "The only thing for George is, to have a tutor." Mr. Arthur had responded in a way that showed Miss Sarah that she had but herself to rely on in conducting domestic affairs. She had therefore silently continued her reflections, and in this wise:

"If George ever learns any thing, it will be for the reason that his interest is aroused. He is naturally indolent, and not in the least ambitious for school honors."

The thing, then, was to find a gentleman not too old, and not too young, to perform successfully this work of arousing the dormant life of the grandson of that eminent broker, George Washington Chesterfield.

Such a gentleman was living, at the time when he began to be sought after, within much less than a mile of Washington Square; and his friend, the Rev. Dr. James, informed Miss Chesterfield that Mr. Julius Bronson, "a gentleman and a scholar," was just now in a position to control his time, and his services, if they could be secured, etc.

A personal interview resulted in the engagement of Mr. Bronson, and three years spent in studies had answered to the utmost the expectations of Miss Sarah—George was admirably prepared for, and in a few weeks would enter, the university.

The family had now been spending two or three weeks of the summer vacation in search of the picturesque. Points of Revolutionary interest had, moreover, been visited, and with reverent steps they were about to turn toward the home and burial-place of Washington Irving. Miss Laura said that her sister and Mr. Bronson were conducting school in these days under false pretences; but the boys took in what they were taught without much misgiving. Their croquet set, and the backgammon board, the dominoes, the hammocks, mosquito-nets, and baskets of fruit, made them regard themselves with complaisance, and not quake with alarm when peripatetics were mentioned.

Arrived at the grove, and their hunger appeased, the young people were "wild" next for water-lilies.

Mr. Arthur shook his head and smiled faintly, as a lamp shines when the oil is nearly exhausted, when asked by his step-brother, gallant young George, to take a place in his boat. He would stay in the grove, he said, and perhaps get a nap. His time for play, poor man, had come and gone, and he had never known it. He was another victim of that vast network of business in which his father had snared himself to destruction. The young Chesterfields should find much joy in wealth, at such a frightful cost had it been secured to them. Mr. Arthur, who in his youth had exhibited so wonderful a passion for account-books, was an old, gray man, not forty yet—little good the hoarded thousands could do him.

It was Saturday afternoon, and so perhaps there was another reason besides that sufficient one of youth to account for the almost greedy zest with which the boys and Miss Laura turned from one enjoyment to another. They were going to spend the next day in the neighborhood of Irvington, and Laura had set her heart on carrying an offering of pond-lilies with her to the church where Irving once worshipped; she intended to fill the font with them, and she had talked George into her spirit until he was eager as she.

Miss Sarah had the newspapers with her, and said that she preferred to remain in the wood with Arthur; so the hammocks were

swung, and the elder brother and sister were left together with the newspapers; and, when they were alone, Miss Sarah gave Mr. Arthur his ear-trumpet, and she read him to sleep. She might then have ascended into the other hammock and watched his slumber, or herself have taken a nap. She chose, instead, to walk about the little grove—to glance at the initials carved in trees, and, if not to conjure up the groups which had made the grove bright and joyful, to indulge in flights no less imaginative concerning those children of hers, strong-willed Laura, courageous and resolute George, and the gay youngsters left in her charge by the death of their mother, who had succeeded her own in the honors of the great Chesterfield family.

She might think, too, of the change impending in her own way of life, now that George was going to the university, and Laura to boarding-school, and Mr. Bronson his own ways.

She might reconsider, also, her recent criticism on the event at Westminster, and regret, perhaps, the course it had taken: the children might need to be warned against the love of display, which was becoming so vulgar in its manifestations; but Mr. Bronson certainly did not. He had himself said that the occasion presented its incongruities.

When Mr. Bronson followed the young people, he would have preferred to remain with Miss Sarah and Mr. Arthur, of course. The gathering of pond-lilies would prove, he suspected, slow and difficult work, however romantic, and however dignified by its object. In half an hour he had transferred the twins to another boat, and was rowing back to the grove, in spite of the grief expressed by the merry company on account of his sudden attack of sea-sickness.

In no mirthful mood did he approach the shore. He had decided that on this day he would find opportunity for a conversation with Miss Sarah, which would set him free forever from a bondage which made him the most miserable of men, because in his own eyes the least worthy of respect.

Two years ago he had surprised himself on the verge of becoming Miss Chesterfield's lover. Reason had brought the poor self speedily to order, and passion and sentiment were sent their separate ways. For two years he had been living in awe of ancient Chesterfields, and closely-guarded lares and penates, until now, when his relations with the family were about to be closed, he had proved to himself that his duty to himself as a man was to show the descendant of seven generations what Fortune had done for him. He aims then, does he, to make himself secure in Miss Sarah's indifference? What does he really fear? That his love will at some unguarded moment declare itself and find a response, and so his mouth forever be sealed to the past? Why should his mouth not forever be sealed to the past under such circumstances? Why should he declare it? Was not the woman worth the price of silence? But could he really love a woman who would find it impossible to understand the kind of pride which glorified all his recollections? Was it this he was going to prove?

When he stepped on the shore, Mr. Bron



son saw Miss Sarah not reading in a hammock, but walking about singing, and gathering carefully a fern-leaf now and then, which she laid between the leaves of the newspaper she had reserved for reading.

When she saw Mr. Bronson approaching with a pond-lily in his hand, she looked surprised, but a smile of pleasure seemed to stand in waiting to illuminate her face at some expected signal.

"This way the sound was, if my ear be true,  
My best guide now"—

he said.

"So soon!" she returned, taking the lily which he offered her, looking into it, and graciously returning it again.

"I hope I am not unwelcome," said he; "I came purposely to intrude my own affairs on you this afternoon."

"You are welcome," said Miss Sarah. "I was beginning to see the force of 'the awful quiet of the country,' which I have heard young people dwell upon very forcibly at times."

"I have proved to myself that it is the height of folly to let you know how disturbed I really am, and I suppose it is the conviction of my foolishness that leads me on."

"Do you wish me to remind you of the endless questions and perplexities I have availed upon you?"

Mr. Bronson was silent a moment. Perhaps he half repented his purpose. He began quite hurriedly, as if to escape from his indecision and prevent retreat:

"During the six months preceding the day when I had the good fortune to be chosen as the director of your brother's studies, I had no occupation. I gave up my church and came to New York, that I might be entirely separate from my people. I am approaching, I fear, the same shoal of indecision that nearly wrecked me then."

Miss Sarah looked open-eyed surprise in spite of herself. It was the first time that she had heard a church alluded to in connection with Mr. Bronson.

"I had charge of a country parish during three years," he said. "I began to preach as soon as I had completed my studies, and was the youngest man officiating in the diocese. Four years ago I lost my sister. She died very suddenly—I cannot but think in good time for her own happiness, for I was considering just then whether it could be my duty to remain in the ministry merely because I had been educated by her for the sacred office. If I had been able to arrive, during her lifetime, to the conclusion I came to after her death, it would have been a great grief to her. My sister was as a mother to me. I have often been reminded of her when I have seen you with your brothers and Miss Laura, though we were born to very humble fortunes."

Yes, he had now actually told the story to Miss Chesterfield. It was easy to say what remained. He had staked all—he could do no more. If she loved him, it would not be for blank-stock once possessed, or the heritage of ancestral honors. There had been moments when, to have felt assured of her love, he would have sacrificed every other purpose

or ambition. But not in any moment such as this—his *future*.

"I was the youngest of the family, and she was the oldest," he continued, quickly. "Her great desire was, that I should be a minister. It was her opinion that from every family one should be set apart for the Lord's service in the ministry."

"That was a grand thought," Miss Sarah said.

"I managed to help her by giving lessons—I taught languages and mathematics before I was seventeen. I should never have been an educated man, though, but for her."

"I think you would; but you had a noble helper," said Miss Sarah.

"No; I would have been a locksmith, as my father was before me. Just about the time of her death, as I told you, I became so perplexed and distressed about my fitness for the ministry, that I resigned my charge immediately after. I have had four years in which to reconsider those steps of entrance and exit. Sometimes I feel that, if I could lay my hand in my sister's, she would lead me back, and that I would not strive against her."

"You have certainly labored in the ministry among us. You have preached the gospel here," said Miss Sarah. "I know I could not dictate to George what his life's work should be."

"At times I am quite sure that I may use my freedom about it. Then again I see her, a gray-haired, feeble woman, laying by her small store for the Lord's service, and stinting herself of the very comforts of life until—I have said many times," he continued, checking the emotion which had threatened to master him, "that, when George was ready for the university, I would seek out some obscure place where people lived whose wants I could comprehend, because I have experienced them, and whose needs I could minister unto; and now the time seems to have come when I can take myself at my word."

"And you doubt still whether a genuine human love is the best foundation for a pure divine love?" asked Miss Sarah. "I am wondering what other call you can ask for."

Mr. Bronson had laid the lily on the grassy bank on which they sat when he began to tell his brief and simple story. While speaking these last words, Miss Sarah took it up and looked at it again.

"This flower is like some lives," she said, "so pure, simple, and direct. I wish I had ever known one such woman as your sister must have been."

"I have never seen one like her," answered Mr. Bronson, and the simplicity with which he expressed his veneration was not lost upon Miss Sarah.

"I should be a happy woman," said she, "if I thought that George would ever say the same of me. Your sister is a saint, Mr. Bronson, and I envy her."

"There are people who believe that water can rise no higher than its level. It may be—but I am certain that she starts out on her new life high up among the immortals."

"All that is for the school-room, Mr. Bronson," said Miss Sarah, and it was as if a statue had blushed.

"But our school is never dismissed," he said, as if that a statue should blush were a thing incredible.

"This, at least, is a holiday," said she.

"And I have done my best to cloud it. But it seemed hardly right that I should always keep silent with regard to my family. People do not who have reason to rejoice in their recollections."

"Shadows are cooling and friendly. Providence seems to have brought you among us." Miss Sarah paused a moment. She knew what she was about to say—it was the best thing that could be said, she thought, to this knight who bore the indisputable evidences of knighthood about with him. "I have a proposal to make. Remain with us, and take charge of the boys' education. Let my house still be your pulpit."

"Miss Sarah, I dare not!"

Miss Sarah bestowed a glance of wonder upon Mr. Bronson; it was brief as lightning's flash.

"The children are coming," she said. "Let us go to meet them."

"Miss Chesterfield!"

"How triumphant they look with their boat-load of lilies!"

Miss Sarah found, however, that she must stop a moment beside Mr. Arthur's hammock, and speak to him. She remained five minutes, at least, to help him rise. When she went to meet the young people, George looked at her, and then, selecting the finest of the lilies, presented it to her with these words: "If you had been born in the waters, you would have shown these lilies what a lily should be. This is nearest to it."

Whereat Miss Laura clapped her hands, and cried, "Hear our junior orate!"

The next day our tourists were in Irvington. They had their choice between attending the church familiar to their beloved Irving's eyes, and the one at Sing-Sing prison, and unanimously pronounced in favor of the former, though Miss Sarah suggested that the sight of those lilies might work wonders in the prison-chapel.

"We gathered every one in memory of Irving," said Miss Laura; and, as the ride to Sing Sing would have been long, and the heat was great, the dead author, instead of the living convicts, had the floral offering.

When they came to the church, however, they found that the doors were closed, the minister absent, and no preaching was expected that day. Laura's regrets were loud. Couldn't the door at least be opened that they might see the interior, the aisle along which Irving had walked, the pew in which he had prayed. The individual to whom the questions were addressed proved to be the sexton, and, hearing the remarks of the young lady, he forthwith produced a huge key and unlocked the door, and the little party walked in.

"We have brought these lilies here on purpose for Mr. Irving," said Miss Laura, after she had walked half-way up the aisle, though that distance, at least, impressed her by the cool shadows and the silence of the place and by its associations.

"Can't you let me put them in the font, or a bowl, or a goblet? Isn't there any thing?"

"I will fill the font with water for you, miss," said the sexton, who was not so unaccustomed to this kind of address as not to know what to make of it or how to answer.

"You say there will be no service to-day because the rector is absent?" said Mr. Bronson, now addressing the sexton.

"Yes, sir, it's unfortunate," the man answered. "Here's an old lady waiting to be buried, and nary priest nor church-warden to read the service over her. I tried for 'em in Tarrytown, but they were as badly off there. So I've been speaking to a young man, and he said that maybe he could do it."

"But the family—is there a family?" asked Mr. Bronson.

"Oh, yes, sir, sons and daughters and grandchildren—a houseful. Our minister will feel bad that the old lady dropped off just now. She was a book of history and family records for all this region like."

"Did she remember Washington?" asked Miss Laura, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, miss, and she was first-cousin to one of the men that captured Major André."

"Oh!" exclaimed Laura, with a groan, "why didn't we see her before? Did she live at Washington's headquarters, did you say?—Well, George, there's no end of old women who have. Why didn't we come here last week?"

"If you had, miss, you would have found her as lively as a cricket."

"Miss Sarah," said Mr. Bronson, who had retired behind the group while Miss Laura carried on her animated inquiries, "I think that I must ask the sexton to conduct me to this family, that I may offer my services."

"It would be a Christian act," Miss Sarah said.

When Mr. Bronson left them to talk with the sexton, and then walked away from the church with him, she answered Laura's question quite briefly:

"Yes, he is a clergyman; he can read the burial-service, and preach a funeral-sermon, if he pleases."

"A clergyman! George, what if you had known that all along? It was a trick, Sister Sarah."

"If it was a trick, it has answered its purpose very well," said Miss Sarah. "Please to remember where you are, my child."

"I have never forgotten for one moment," answered Miss Laura, in an injured tone; and forthwith she gave herself up to recollections of the beautiful words that had been spoken from his lily-wreathed pulpit by the revered and beloved preacher whose grave had attracted them as pilgrims are drawn to a shrine.

By-and-by, the ringing and the tolling of the church-bell brought together the people of the neighborhood. They gathered slowly, for they knew the minister was away, and no service had been expected. The greater number came after the procession of the funeral had passed in. A stranger, it appeared, had been moved to do Christian homage to old age and poverty. He stood in the reading-dress, and read the lessons for the day and the burial-service, and delivered, in conclusion, an address which had in it that "touch

of Nature" which shows "the whole earth kin;" and, by no word he uttered, by no manner of utterance, could any have been led to suppose that he who spoke that morning, in full assurance of hope, of life, death, and immortality, had been tormented with doubts as to the authenticity of his call to the ministry.

When the little party had returned to Chesterfield Place, Mr. Bronson went his ways, and was not seen again for a fortnight. At the end of that time he went to announce to Miss Sarah that he had found a field of labor, and was about to enter it with a blessing from the skies.

Miss Sarah, meanwhile, reflecting much on that conversation in the grove, had decided that Mr. Bronson was to take charge of the boys. Whatever he might decide about preaching, those boys should go with him, if to the ends of the earth. Having concentrated her thoughts and her purposes around a point so simple, it would be an easy thing to make her will clear when he gave her opportunity. But what had become of him?

She was asking herself this question when he presented himself one evening to say to Miss Sarah that he had accepted a call to take charge of a city parish in desperate need of the services of a man who was free to give his life to the work.

"I am going there to test my own honesty of purpose," said he. "I shall have little need of Greek, Latin, or Hebrew—little need of any thing in the books of theological writers or ancient philosophers. The life of my sister, as I saw it lived, will be of more practical value than many studies."

"Then," said Miss Sarah, "you understand yourself at last. Must not the master of the vineyard have known where to find the workman he needed? He makes no mistake when he seeks for efficiency. You are going to look after needy people of all sorts, Mr. Bronson; you must not forget my boys. They are to be placed in your hands."

"Do not say it cannot be," she added, when he delayed his answer.

Mr. Bronson looked up from his grave contemplation of the carpet beneath his feet; his eyes met the friendly glance of hers.

"I told you I dare not," said he. "I dare not. What have I to do with all this?" and, as with a slight hand-wave, he seemed to dismiss the Chesterfield pride and glory.

"Nothing," she answered, quietly; "absolutely nothing. All I ask is, give those boys good reason to be proud of their descent, as you have to be of yours. Why can I not make you see that this is a genuine call?"

"I will take the boys in charge," said Mr. Bronson. "But I must not be held responsible for consequences. If I take those boys in hand," he continued, rising, and looking toward the door, as though flight from the doom he desired were still to be thought of, "it is solely for your sake, Miss Chesterfield—solely because they are yours."

"I do not, therefore, withdraw them," said Miss Chesterfield. "For your sister's sake—" There she made an end.

Mr. Bronson sat down again and covered his face with his hands, and, for how many

minutes, dared not look upon his happiness!

But by *this* time, you see, of course, that he must have made all his fall engagements. And to think the season of the water-lily's bloom is not yet passed, and over the hot roads young people still go picnicking to the grove on Rockland Lake! What a summer it has proved to many souls!

CAROLINE CHESTERBRO.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

FOR a long time Blake lay senseless, but at last struggled back into consciousness. When he did so, the constraint of his position, the weakness of his limbs, and the hard stone which met the first feeble movements of his arms, all tended to retard the approach of sense, while the deep darkness all around added to his bewilderment. By a mere animal instinct, he drew himself up from the place where he had fallen, and turned his eyes around, seeking to find some visible object in that worse than midnight darkness. But nothing whatever was to be seen, and not one ray of light, however faint, appeared in any direction. Confused and perplexed, and not as yet able to collect his thoughts, or comprehend his situation, he stood for a few minutes thus, staring blindly into the gloom; and then his limbs, which had not yet recovered their full strength, gave way under him, and he sank down upon the rocky floor of the passage-way, immediately outside the sepulchre, through which he had made his ill-fated entrance here.

Here his mind struggled to establish a connection with its former self, but for some time was baffled. Blake was aware of his own identity, and could recall much of his past life, particularly that which referred to his adventures at St. Malo and Villeneuve. But every thing since then was dull and indistinct, nor could his memory recall any thing that had occurred since his parting with Inez. There was a terrible sense of disaster, a desolating sense of some irreparable calamity, and somehow it seemed to be connected with Inez, but how he could not tell. Then there dawned slowly upon his mind the knowledge of the place where he was. The rocky floor and wall, the rocky cell which he had just left, served to suggest this; yet, for a time, he was quite unable to account for his presence here. He was in the Catacombs, imprisoned here, without light, without hope of escape. Who had done this thing?

Gradually the remembrances of the past returned. First came the recollection of those last words as they sounded, hollow and terrible, through the piled-up stones, "*Blake*

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

*Wyborne, farewell forever!*" Then the thought of O'Rourke, his desertion and betrayal; of the plot that had been made to entice him here; of the long preparation, and final completion of it. Each incident seemed more terrible than its predecessor, and at length every thing was recalled, and the whole horror of his fate stood revealed, rendered now doubly so by that horror of great darkness which closed in all around him.

He was here, shut in among the dead—himself as good as dead. He was buried here—in the Catacombs! The existence that yet remained was but a mockery, a life in death, a prolongation of woe, a lingering out of his capacity for suffering, and better would it be to destroy himself than to wait for the slow and agonizing approaches of that death which was inevitable. With a shudder he recalled the story of Aloysius, and the dread fate of the lost Onofrio—a fate which, by a terrible coincidence, was now to find a counterpart in his own. Between him and the world there lay an impassable barrier; he was buried alive, and the stones at the door of his sepulchre could be moved away by no power of his.

Suddenly there came to his ears a rushing sound, the patter of footsteps. He started up to his feet in horror, and, for a moment, though he had thus far been a stranger to superstitious feelings of any kind, there came to his mind a terrible thought, the thought of Onofrio, of disembodied spirits, and of all those other horrors which beset even the boldest in such a situation. But the pattering sound came nearer, and something brushed against his feet, and his hasty, superstitious fancy was displaced by the discovery of the truth. That truth was hardly less formidable, however, than the fancy had been, for he now knew that this was an army of rats, and he knew, too, that in such a place these animals are bold and ravenous. He feared, too, that they had scented him from afar, and had come to him to begin their abominable work.

A moment before he had not thought it possible that any thing could increase the horror of his situation, but now he recognized something which added to the bitterness of death. But it did more. It stirred him up to activity—to self-defence. This mortal enemy was something against which he had to fight at once, and well was it for him that he was roused, even in such a way as this, out of his despair, and forced to some sort of action.

Now, no sooner had he started to his feet with the instinct of self-defence, and prepared to do battle against this ravenous enemy, than all his soul started up into strenuous vigilant activity, all the powers of his mind regained tone and force, and in an instant he took the measure of himself and his assailants, and the scene of conflict.

Now, for the first time in the midst of this impenetrable darkness, he thought of his lantern. Hastily reaching out his arm, he felt in the cell behind him, and to his great joy found it lying there. He had matches in his pocket, which, being a smoker, he usually carried with him; and on this occasion he could not help feeling a fervent

emotion of joy that he had ever acquired that habit. In a few moments the lantern was lighted, and the rats, squeaking and shrinking back like wild animals from the unaccustomed gleam of light in such a place, hurried away in fear; and Blake heard their pattering footsteps dying away in the distance, in the direction of that way which O'Rourke had led him, and over which he had returned.

The rats were thus driven off for the present, but Blake knew very well that they would return, especially if his lamp should go out. That precious light would have to be guarded with care, for upon this alone now rested any hope, however feeble, which he dared to cherish. There was no time to stand and deliberate. He would have to make use of his lamp while it yet was burning, and so he hurriedly set out along the path in the opposite direction to where O'Rourke had taken him, with a vague idea in his mind that he would reach the vaults of the Monastery of San Antonio, and perhaps be able to effect an opening through the walled-up archway.

It was not long before he came to a cross-passage. This surprised him, for he did not expect to find any. He kept straight on, however, and walked thus until he had gone a much greater distance than that which lay between the house by which he had entered and the street on which the Monastery of San Antonio stood. Here, at length, he came to a chamber, something like the one which he had visited with O'Rourke, out of which two passages led. At this point he paused.

It now became slowly apparent that there was no archway walled up, no vaults of San Antonio contiguous to the Catacombs, and consequently no further hope for him in this direction. He began to believe now that there was probably no Monastery of San Antonio, but that this, like the monk Aloysius, and the monk Onofrio, had all been the creatures of O'Rourke's imagination. Again, he had to make the discovery that the whole story of the monk's manuscripts, down to the minutest particular, had been narrated only for the purpose of enticing him here, and that it only agreed with facts so far as it was necessary that it should.

Once more, full of the conviction that what was to be done should be done quickly, Blake turned and hastily retraced his steps, thinking as he went on about what his best course now was. His first thought was to get the clew and the ladder, without which he was but ill prepared for penetrating in any direction. With these he felt able to make some vigorous explorations as long as his lamp held out. Now, as he turned, he heard in the distance before him the pattering footfalls of his ravenous pursuers, and knew that they were watching him all the time. As he advanced now, they turned and fled, their footfalls dying out far away. It seemed to Blake that their haunts lay in that direction. It seemed, too, that they must have some communication with the upper world, for in these Catacombs there was nothing upon which they could live. A faint hope arose, therefore, that if he should continue his searches in that direction he might possibly reach some opening.

As he walked on, he at length came to the

place where the ladder was. This he took possession of. Not long after he came to the clew, which lay on the ground, and this he proceeded to wind up for future use; for he felt sufficiently familiar with the way thus far to go without the clew in case of necessity. But there came to him, even while he was winding it up, a mournful thought of the utter uselessness of the clew to one in his circumstances, who would not wish to retrace his steps, but rather to go on till he should find signs of some way of escape.

And now his active mind busied itself, as he went on, in the endeavor to discover what direction might give the best promise of escape. In spite of his conviction that the whole of O'Rourke's story was a fiction, he still thought that some portions of it might give him information; and, as his description of portions of the paths had been true, so also might his assertions about the general direction of this path on which he was going. O'Rourke's assertion had been that it ran toward the Palatine Hill, and the whole point of his narrative had consisted in the theory that it actually passed under the Palatine, and was possibly connected with some of the ancient vaults. If this were so, it seemed to Blake that an opening might be found through these vaults, and that thus his escape could be made.

With this in his mind, Blake concluded to go on as rapidly as possible along that very path by which O'Rourke had tried to lead him to destruction. In a short time he came to that place which O'Rourke had called the Painted Chamber, and, hurrying on quickly, yet cautiously, he soon reached the opening into the lower passage-way. Down this he descended, and, as he passed down, his eyes caught sight of those holes in the wall which he had so laboriously made. But it was not a time to yield to emotions of any sort, or to feed his melancholy in any way.

He now walked on very cautiously, for he was afraid of openings in the floor, and it was necessary to look well to his path. He expected before long to reach some larger chamber, which might mark the neighborhood of the Palatine Hill. For O'Rourke's story had still so strong a hold of his mind that he fully expected to see that place which had been called the "Treasure Chamber," though of course he had not the slightest expectation of finding any treasure, nor was there any possibility that one in his desperate circumstances should feel the slightest wish to find it.

As he went on, he found that the cross-passages were much less numerous than they had been. The path also along which he went had but a slight deflection from a straight course—so slight, indeed, that it was the same to Blake as a straight line. No pitfalls lay in his way, and it seemed to him that he had reached the lowest level on which the Catacombs had been made.

At length he had walked on so far that he began to hesitate. It was time for him to have reached that chamber under the Palatine, but he had found nothing in his way which, by any stretch of fancy, could be called a chamber. It had been a narrow passage-way, preserving the same dimensions all

along, and the characteristic features which distinguished all the passages here. He seemed to be wandering on interminably, and at length the vague hope which thus far had encouraged him, or at least led him on, now faded away altogether, and he walked on slowly, merely because it seemed better than standing still.

There was no treasure, *that* he already knew; but he had now found out that there was no chamber either, no connection with any ancient vaults, and possibly no approach to the neighborhood of the Palatine. That part of O'Rourke's statements seemed now evidently thrown in to stimulate the fancy by giving plausible grounds to his theory of the

and more. With a despairing hand he opened the lantern, and picked off the top of the wick that had caked over, feeling all the while the utter hopelessness of such an act, for how could that prolong in any degree the life of the dying flame? It did not prolong it; the flame died down lower and lower.

Upon this, Blake, actuated by a sudden impulse, blew it out. He thought that the small quantity of oil yet remaining might better be preserved for some extreme moment of his life, when a ray of light for but a minute might be of far more value than now. So he extinguished it for the present, and preserved the minute or so of light that might yet be given for future need.

around, was almost equally impressive. Now, as he listened, that silence was broken by sounds which to him were more terrible even than the silence. They showed the presence of those ravenous foes who had held aloof during his progress with the light, but who now, while he stood in darkness, prepared to attack him. It was their hour, and they seemed to know it. From afar came the sound of their advance, the movement of rapid, pattering feet, the hurry of abominable things past him, the touch of horrible objects that sent a shudder through him. Since he had descended to this lower level, he had seen nothing of them, and in his other cares had forgotten them. Now they made their



"And he sank with a groan to the ground at her feet."—Page 658.

treasure of the Cæsars. And where, now, should he go? In what direction should he turn? Might he not be wandering farther and farther away from the path of safety?

With such thoughts as these, amid which not one ray of hope presented itself, Blake wandered on more and more slowly. At length he reached a cross-passage, and here he came to a full stop. To go on any farther along this passage-way seemed useless. Here, too, his hesitation was succeeded by a discovery that promised the very worst. Already he had noticed that the lamp had become dimmer, but he had refused to believe it, and had tried to think that it was the hardening of the wick, but now the fact could no longer be concealed. Even as he stood here for a few moments, that light—which to him was symbolical of the light of life—faded more

All was now darkness, dense, impenetrable, appalling. His long search had resulted in absolutely nothing, and he began to think that it would have been better for him at this moment if he had never set out upon it. It seemed now as though he might have effected something, had he devoted all this time toward the task of moving away some portion of the stony barrier which O'Rourke had set up. A little reflection, however, showed him that this would have been impossible. He recollected the immense masses that closed up the opening, and considered that behind these were other masses. No; escape by that way was impossible.

He was at the intersection of two paths, and he had no idea now in what direction it might be best to go. The darkness was tremendous. The silence, also, that reigned all

presence felt and feared. They came up from the passage-way on his right. He could tell by the sounds that they were very numerous; he could feel that they were very bold.

To stand still there was impossible; to do so would simply be to make an attack certain. Once he struck a match, and the flash of the light revealed a sight so abhorrent that he was glad to have the darkness shut it out again—a multitude of eager, hungry eyes, from the ravenous little monsters that shrunk back at the sudden blaze, but were ready at any moment to spring.

He must move, for movement was his only safety. The narrowness of the passage favored him, for he could not be surrounded; he might possibly drive them before him. To move along this passage, by which they were advancing upon him, was necessary. Perhaps,



also, it might be best. These animals must have some communication with the outer world, and it might possibly be found in this direction. This way, then, seemed to him to be by far the most promising, or, rather, to be the one which had less of despair. He could not help wondering why the rats had not appeared when O'Rourke was with him. Could it have been the greater light or noise that deterred them, or the sound of human voices?

No sooner had Blake thought of this than he resolved to break the silence himself, and to use his own voice against them, hoping that the unusual sound might alarm them. Already they were leaping up his legs. He swung his ladder around, and advanced, pushing it before him, and wriggling it backward and forward. This was partly to drive the rats before him, and partly to feel his pathway, so as to guard against openings. Thus he set forth, and resumed his journey in the dark:

But not in silence. He was to try the effect of a human voice over his assailants. But with what words should he speak, what cry should he give there, commensurate with that appalling gloom, that terrible silence, these abhorrent enemies? No common words, no words of every-day speech, were possible. Where should he find words which might at once be a weapon against the enemy and at the same time be concordant with the anguish of his soul? No words of his could do this. He would have to make use of other words. Back went his thoughts to words heard in years past—the solemn and sublime words of the services of his Church, heard in childhood and boyhood, and remembered, though of late neglected and despised. In his anguish his soul caught up a cry of anguish—the cry of despairing souls in all ages, which never sounded forth from a more despairing soul, and never amid more terrific surroundings, than when Blake, wandering wildly on, burst forth:

*"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam."*

*"Plani aures tuas intendentes in vocem deprecationis mee."*

Nor was this the first time that this cry had gone forth, in Latin, in Greek, or in Hebrew, from despairing souls in the Catacombs of Rome.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### BACK TO LIFE.

THE loud and prolonged cries of Blake proved more efficacious than any active efforts. There seemed something in the sound of this human voice which struck terror to the fierce assailants by whom he was threatened; and though but a short time before they had been swarming near and leaping up against him, yet no sooner had the first words of his cry pealed forth, than they started back as though terrified, and finally retreated far away. There was a mournful satisfaction in having been so far successful, but none the less there remained in his soul a feeling which was now one of unalterable despair. Though

for the present his enemies had fled, yet he did not cease his cries utterly, but from time to time gave utterance to them, so that whatever power they had might be made use of.

He still walked on, pushing his ladder along the floor before him, and moving it as he pushed it so as to test the floor, and guard against the danger of openings into lower regions. He still carried the lantern which contained its few drops of oil as a last resort when some supreme crisis should arrive and light be needed. Thus he went on, nor did he forget that faint encouragement which he had gathered before he began this last march, by the fact that the rats had emerged from this direction, and might possibly have some communication here with the outer world. There was now nothing better for him than to move on, and he was resolved to move on till he died.

He had not gone far, after all. It was not long since he had left the place where his lamp had failed him; he had walked very slowly and very cautiously, for in that darkness any rapid progress was utterly out of the question. He had to step slowly and cautiously, feeling his way most carefully, first with the ladder, then with his foot, testing the ground before him, first with his toe before daring to plant himself firmly, and advancing only a few inches at a time. In this way he accomplished about twenty or thirty yards, when all of a sudden he became aware of something which was so amazing that he stood still as though paralyzed, with his eyes fastened upon that something before him.

That something had no very definable shape or form, yet the very fact that there was something before him, upon which his eyes could fix themselves, was of itself sufficient to account for the great rush of contending emotions which now succeeded to his despair, and overwhelmed him. There was before him—before his eyes—a visible something; dim, obscure, yet appreciable to the sense of vision, and it was not far away. It was a dull and barely perceptible light—so dim that it could scarce be called light, and yet it was light, light positive and unmistakable—light, too, from no lamp, but from the great external ocean of light which he had so yearned to reach, and which now seemed to send forth this faint stream to beckon him onward, and to inspire him with hope and joy and life.

As he stood there motionless for a time, of which he took no account, that light grew perceptibly brighter, and every moment brought a fresher and a sweeter assurance to his soul that there was no mistake, that his wanderings had led him in the right direction; that there was some opening here through which came the light of the external world—the world of life. At length the assurance grew so strong that it broke down his inaction, and he started forward to reach it, still moving cautiously, and feeling his way as before. He saw as he slowly advanced an irregular aperture gradually taking form, and through this penetrated that dim yet ever-increasing light which had met his eyes. Every minute that outline became more clearly defined, until at length there was more than an outline. He saw light and shade, and the

rough surface of stone, and a lighter space beyond the opening. The intense darkness from which he had just emerged had given to his eyes a greater power than usual of discerning objects illumined by this faint light; and, faint though it was, it brightened more and more, just as though the external source of this light was itself increasing in brightness. To Blake it seemed as if the sun was, or might be, rising in that outer world; and the increasing light which he saw might be the sign of that gathering dawn.

At length he reached the place, and stood for a moment scarcely able to believe in the reality of his good fortune. It was an opening into a space beyond, about three feet long and two feet high, formed by the removal of some blocks of stone. The space beyond was an arched passage-way constructed of enormous blocks of stone, about six feet in height, and much wider than the passages of the Catacombs. At the bottom water was flowing along. Thrusting his head farther through, he looked up and down. In the one direction all was dark, but in the other, at no very great distance, there appeared the glad outer world, over which was brightening the morning sky, with fields and houses reddening under the flush of dawn.

He remained here some time, drinking in great waves of this ever-increasing light with something like adoration, quaffing it like one intoxicated, hardly able to satisfy himself, but giving himself up altogether to the ecstasy of the moment. And what was this place, he wondered, upon which he had thus so strangely stumbled? What was this archway of Cyclopean stones, hoar with age, with its floor filled with rubbish, and running water passing on? A broken fragment of one of the massive rocks composing its sides had been removed, and formed the opening which had given him life once more. Doubtless this fragment had been removed in past ages by fugitives who thus were able to escape pursuit by plunging into the Catacombs. Perhaps those who removed the broken fragment cut the passage-way along to those farther in; or perhaps it was the work of some of the early Christians in the ages of persecution, and this may have been one of the secret and unsuspected entrances to the subterranean hiding-places. But what was this ancient arch itself? No place of graves—no passage-way among many others like it, was this. It was unique. It stood alone; and Blake, though a stranger in Rome, had sufficient knowledge of its most remarkable monuments to feel sure that this place upon which he had so strangely come was no other than the most venerable, the most ancient, and in many respects the most wonderful, of all the works of ancient Rome—the Cloaca Maxima.

But this was not a time for wonder, or for curiosity, or for antiquarian researches. Death lay behind him. Light and life lay before him. The horrors through which he had passed had produced their natural effect in extreme prostration of mind and body. Some rest, some breathing-space, was required; but, after that, if he would save himself, if he would not perish within the very reach of safety, he must hurry on.

He crawled through and stood in the

Cloaca Maxima. It ran before him, leading him to the outer world, giving him light and life. The treasure of the Roman emperors, which he had dreamed of finding, had been missed; but he had found the work of the Roman kings, which to him, in his despair, was worth infinitely more. He stood in ooze and slime, over which passed running water, which flowed to the Tiber. Blake did not wait, but hurried onward as fast as he could. The brightening scene, visible in the distance, and growing more brilliant every moment, drew him onward, and the terrors behind him drove him forward; so that this combined attraction and repulsion gave him additional strength and speed. He hurried on, and still on, and at length reached the mouth of the arched passage. Here he saw sloping banks on either side; and, clambering up the bank on the right, he stood for a moment to rest himself.

In that brief period of rest he had no eyes and no thoughts for the scene around, though for some that scene would have possessed a charm greater than any other that may be met with in all the world. He did not notice the Aventine, the Capitoline, the Janiculum, in the distance, and the yellow Tiber that flowed between. He was thinking only of rest, of refuge. He longed for some sort of home, some place where he might lie down and sleep. He only noticed that it was the morning of a new day, and consequently perceived that he must have spent a whole night in the Catacombs.

In that night what horrors had he not endured! As he stood there panting for breath, the recollection came over him of all that he had passed through. He thought of that first moment when he discovered that he was alone; that the ladder and the clew were gone; that he had been betrayed. He thought of his despair, followed by his efforts to escape; his long labor at the walls of stone; his ascent to the upper floor and pursuit of O'Rourke; his arrival at the opening, and his discovery that it was walled up. Then he heard the rattle of stones, and the voice of his betrayer, saying, "*Blake Wyverne, fare well forever!*" He recalled his fainting-fit, his recovery, and his renewal of his efforts to escape; and then followed that long horror, that night of agony, in which he had wandered along that terrific pathway, with its appalling surroundings. In such a situation a man might well have died through utter fright, or have sunk down to death through despair, or have wandered aimlessly till all strength had failed him. It was to Blake's credit that, even in his despair, he had preserved some sort of presence of mind, and had not been without a method in his movements. Yet the suffering had been terrible; and the anguish of soul that he had endured intensified his bodily fatigues, so that now, in the very moment of safety, he found himself unable to obtain the benefits of that safety; and so extreme was his prostration and so utter his weakness that it was only with difficulty that he kept himself from sinking down into senselessness on the spot.

This would not do. He must obtain some sort of a home, some kind of a lodging-place, where he might rest and receive attention.

His strong and resolute nature still asserted itself in spite of the weakness of the flesh, and he dragged himself onward, unwilling to give up, unable to surrender himself too easily to the frailty of his physical nature. The instinct of self-preservation also warned him to seek some shelter, where he might be concealed from the discovery of O'Rourke; for, even in the weakness of that hour and in the confusion of his mind, he had a keen sense of impending danger, together with a desire to maintain the secret of his escape. Animated by this, he went on, but by what ways and under what circumstances he was never afterward able to remember.

Afterward he had only a vague recollection of streets and houses. Few people were to be seen. The streets were narrow, the houses lofty and gloomy. It was the older, the meaner, and the most densely-peopled part of the city. The early morning prevented many from being abroad. He watched the windows of the houses with close and eager scrutiny, so as to discover some place where he might rest. At length he found a place where there was a notice in the window for lodgers. He knew enough Italian to understand it, and entered by the door, which happened to be open. An old woman was standing there, and a young girl was coming toward her from an inner room. Blake accosted her in broken Italian, and had just managed to make her understand that he wished to engage lodgings, when his exhausted strength gave way utterly, and he sank, with a groan, to the floor at her feet.

It was fortunate for Blake that he had encountered those who possessed common feelings of humanity, and were not merely mercenary and calculating people, who would have turned away from their doors those who promised to bring more trouble than profit. It is probable that this old woman would have been quite ready to overreach, or, in fact, to cheat any stranger who came to her in an ordinary way; and yet this same old woman was overcome by the sincerest compassion at the sight of this stranger who had fallen at her feet. Such apparent contradictions are not rare, for in Italy there is more tendency among the common people to swindle strangers than there is in our own country; and yet, at the same time, there is undeniably more kindness of nature, more tenderness of sympathy, more readiness of pity, more willingness to help the needy, than may be found among our harder and sterner natures. So this old woman, though a possible cheat and swindler, no sooner saw this stranger lying prostrate and senseless, than, without a thought for her own interests, and without any other feeling or motive than pure and disinterested pity and warm human sympathy, she flew to his assistance. She summoned the servants, she sent for a doctor, and in a short time Blake was lying on a soft bed in a comfortable room, watched over most anxiously by perfect strangers, who, however, had been made friends by his affliction, and who now hung over him, and tended him, and cared for him, as though he had been one of their own, instead of a stranger and a foreigner.

Blake was in a high fever—a brain-fever

—accompanied with delirium. A long illness followed. He lay utterly unconscious; his mind was occupied with the scenes through which he had passed of late; and all his wandering thoughts turned to the terrible experience of that night of horror. During all this time he was tended most carefully and vigilantly by the kind-hearted old woman and her daughter, who were filled with pity and sympathy. Not one word did they understand of all his delirious ravings, nor did they know even what language it was. It might be German, or Russian, or Bohemian, or Turkish, or English, but this made no difference to them. They maintained the part of the good Samaritan, and denied themselves every comfort for the sake of their afflicted lodger.

At length the crisis of the disease was successfully surmounted, and Blake began to recover. In course of time he regained consciousness, and began to understand the situation in which he was. His gratitude to these kind-hearted people knew no bounds, and his earnest expressions of his feelings had to be checked by his careful attendants. These good people had grown to regard him as some one who was dear to them, and to watch for his recovery as for something of the utmost importance. But Blake's prostration had been extreme, and his recovery was very slow. There was also something on his mind. This was a desire to communicate with his mother. But he was unable to write himself, and these good people, though most anxious to serve him in every possible way, were quite unable to write a letter in English at his dictation. So Blake was forced to wait.

At length Blake gained sufficient strength to write what he wished. It was a feeble scrawl, and the handwriting itself expressed the whole of his weakness; but Blake, from a motive of pious deceit, tried to conceal the full extent of his illness. He wrote something about his journey to Rome on "business" (a very convenient term), and about his contracting an illness from the unhealthy climate. He assured her, however, that he was better, urged her not to be at all anxious, and entreated her to come on at once and join him. This letter he directed, and the good people of the house mailed it for him, after which they waited with hardly less anxiety than that which was felt by Blake himself for the result.

That result soon took place. In about ten days an elderly lady came to the house, and inquired, in a tremulous voice, for Dr. Blake. She was a woman of medium stature, slender figure, hair plentifully sprinkled with gray, and a face of gentleness and refinement mingled with firmness and dignity, which also bore evident marks of sorrow. She was unmistakably a lady, and she also had undoubtedly experienced her full share of those ills to which all flesh is heir. The moment that she appeared, the good people of the house recognized her as the mother of their lodger; and, while some went to announce her arrival so as to spare Blake the excitement of a sudden surprise, others endeavored to soothe her evident anxiety by lively descriptions of the great improvement which had taken place in the health of the invalid.

In this manner a way was prepared for a meeting between these two, and mother and son were soon in one another's arms.

At first that mother had nothing to do but to nurse that son, to soothe him, and to prohibit him from mentioning any exciting circumstances. But the son had a strong constitution, which had favored his recovery, and that recovery was now materially hastened by the arrival of that mother whom he tenderly loved; whose presence at his bedside acted like a healing balm, and whose very words seemed to have some soothing, some vivifying power. After her arrival, his recovery grew more rapid, and at length he was strong enough to give to her a full and complete account of his whole history, without excepting any thing whatever. In that history she found many things to question him about. She asked very particularly about Inez and Bessie. She interrogated him very closely about the scene at the death-bed of Hennigar Wyverne, and also asked him many questions about his friend Kane Hellmuth. She was struck by the fact that Hellmuth was an assumed name; made Blake describe his personal appearance; learned from him the history of his marriage with Clara Mordaunt; and was anxious to know whether Blake had not found out his real name. But her chief interest was evinced in O'Rourke, about whom she questioned Blake over and over again, seeking to know all about his personal appearance, his age, his height, his gestures, his accent, his idioms, his peculiarities of every sort. The conclusion of all this was that she at length, with a solemn look at Blake, exclaimed: "This O'Rourke has been deceiving you, and under an assumed name. His real name is Kevin Magrath. It is impossible that these names can belong to any other except one man."

"Kevin Magrath!" exclaimed Blake. "I never heard the name before."

"I suppose not, dear," said his mother; "and so, as you are now strong enough, I will tell you all about him. You will be able to understand what his designs were about you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BRANWELL BRONTË.

IT WAS my fortune, many years ago, to make the acquaintance of Patrick Branwell Brontë, the gifted and unfortunate brother of the authoress of "Jane Eyre." Those who have read the life of Charlotte Brontë, written by Mrs. Gaskell, will remember the vivid and revolting picture she draws of the unhappy Branwell—a picture, in my judgment, altogether overdrawn, and far too highly colored. The young man had his failings, very grave and sad ones, but he was by no means the reckless profligate that he is represented to be by Mrs. Gaskell. He fell into evil courses during the last year or two of his life. He drank deeply, and disturbed thereby the peace and happiness of his family. They took his misdoings very closely to heart—perhaps too closely. He had his private griefs, and was not strong enough to carry them on his own shoulders. His family treat-

ed him unwisely, and spurned him when he most needed their love and forbearance. They also, no doubt, felt deeply wronged by his conduct, and allowances must be made for them; but it is quite clear that their indignation conquered their charity. His sins were not unpardonable, and he paid their full penalty.

Whatever he was, even had he been a criminal and an outlaw, instead of sinning in a direction whitherward tend all the uncleaned passions of mankind, and through a fascination of cause which has lured thousands and tens of thousands to destruction and death, it was no part of Mrs. Gaskell's duty, as the biographer of his sister, to consign him to ignominy and scorn; and, having done her worst to blacken his name and memory, take to the chanting of Pharisaical litanies over his doom. There is such a faculty as silence, and it was esteemed so highly among the ancient pagans that they exalted it into a god; and, if Mrs. Gaskell had tested its power in this case, the scandal might have been less offensive. It is no bad maxim that, when one can say no good of a man, 'tis better to say nothing.

Branwell, during the latter part of my acquaintance with him, was much altered, for the worse, in his personal appearance; but if he had altered in the same direction mentally, as his biographer says he had, then he must have been a man of immense and brilliant intellect. For I have rarely heard more eloquent and thoughtful discourse, flashing so brightly with random jewels of wit, and made so sunny and musical with poetry, than that which flowed from his lips during the evenings I passed with him at the Black Bull, in the village of Haworth. His figure was very slight, and he had, like his sister Charlotte, a superb forehead. But even when pretty deep in his cups he had not the slightest appearance of the sot that Mrs. Gaskell says he was. His great, tawny mane, meaning thereby the hair of his head, was, it is true, somewhat dishevelled; but, apart from this, he gave no sign of intoxication. His eye was as bright, and his features were as animated, as they very well could be; and, moreover, his whole manner gave indications of intense enjoyment.

We talked a good deal about his sisters, and especially about Charlotte. He said he believed that more strangers had visited Haworth since the acknowledgment of the authorship of the novels than had ever visited it before, since it was a village. He described some of the characters with much gusto, and found himself, as Charlotte's brother, almost as much an object of curiosity as she was herself.

He complained sometimes of the way he was treated at home, and as an instance related the following:

One of the Sunday-school girls, in whom he and all his house took much interest, fell very sick, and they were afraid she would not live.

"I went to see the poor little thing," he said; "sat with her half an hour, and read a psalm to her and a hymn at her request. I felt very like praying with her too," he added, his voice trembling with emotion; "but, you see, I was not good enough. How

dare I pray for another, who had almost forgotten how to pray for myself! I came away with a heavy heart, for I felt sure she would die, and went straight home, where I fell into melancholy musings. I wanted somebody to cheer me. I often do, but no kind word finds its way even to my ears, much less to my heart. Charlotte observed my depression, and asked what ailed me. So I told her. She looked at me with a look I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old—which I never shall. It was not like her at all. It wounded me as if some one had struck me a blow in the mouth. It involved ever so many things in it. It was a dubious look. It ran over me, questioning and examining as if I had been a wild-beast. It said, 'Did my ears deceive me, or did I hear aright?' And then came the painful, baffled expression, which was worse than all. It said, 'I wonder if that's true?' But, as she left the room, she seemed to accuse herself of having wronged me, and smiled kindly upon me and said, 'She is my little scholar, and I will go and see her.' I replied not a word. I was too much cut up. When she was gone, I came over here to the Black Bull, and made a night of it in sheer disgust and desperation. Why could they not give me some credit when I was trying to be good?"

One evening, as we sat together in the little parlor of the inn, the landlord entered and asked Branwell if he would see a gentleman who wanted to make his acquaintance.

"He's a funny fellow," said the landlord, "and is somebody, I dare swear, with lots of money."

As the landlord spoke, a squat little dapper fellow, with a white-fur hat on his head, an umbrella under his arm, and a pair of blue spees on his nose, strutted into the room *sans cérémonie*. He approached the table in a very fussy and excited manner, exclaiming: "Landlord, bring us some brandy. I must have the pleasure of drinking a glass with the brother of that distinguished lady who wrote the great book that made London blaze. Three glasses, landlord—do you hear?—And you, sir, are the great lady's brother, I presume? Professor Leonidas Lyon, sir, has the honor of introducing himself to your distinguished notice."

Branwell responded gravely: "Patrick Branwell Brontë, sir, has the honor of welcoming you to Haworth, and begging you to be seated."

Whereupon the little man bowed and scraped, and laughed a good-humored laugh all over his good, round face, and said it was an honor he could not have hoped for, to sit as a guest at the same board, as he might say, "with the brother, the very flesh and blood of the great lady who wrote the books."

Here the brandy-and-water came in, and the little man grew merrier still, and more and more communicative. He was a professor of Greek at the London University, and, chancing to be in at Smith's, the London publisher's, whose partner Williams was a "wonderful man of letters—a very wonderful man, indeed!"—Williams asked the professor if he had seen the book of the season—the "immense book," he called it—which

was going to make one good reputation and half a dozen fortunes. Mr. Williams praised it so highly that he (the professor) grew wild about it, and asked where it could be got; and, when the publisher showed it to him, and put the wonderful treasure in his hands, he threw down a sovereign to pay for it, and would not wait for the change, but hurried home as fast as he could go; when he threw himself down on the library-sofa, rang for his candles, and ordered them to be placed on a little table close to his hand. He then fell to work a-reading of the book which the great lady had written.

"It was prodigious, sir!" he exclaimed. "I never read any thing like it. Why, I fell in love with little Jane myself after I had known her only half an hour, and thought her the bravest little heroine in the world. Then—but you'll laugh if I tell you, I know you will! However, I can't help it, and it's the truth. I am an irreclaimable sinner, sir, if I didn't get as jealous as the Saracen who murders his poor, innocent wife in the play with a pillow, as soon as I found out that Rochester loved her and she loved Rochester. What right had that surly old bear to love that poor, little, forsaken girl of a governess? Now, a remarkable thing happened to me, sir, on that night. My usual hour of retiring is ten o'clock—ten to a minute; for I'm a punctual man, sir, very; like a clock. Well, ten o'clock came. I was absorbed in a most interesting conversation between Jane and Rochester. To me, sir, this was now a personal matter. I listened and listened, and read and read, on and on, until I got at the secret there was between them. How enraged I was! If I could have got hold of that Rochester, I would have pounded his bones for him. I kept thinking he meant no good to her, you see—and I should have liked much to have her myself, in a most honest and honorable way, sir, you see. So, away went the leaves over and over, and away went the time. Eleven o'clock, then twelve o'clock, and still I was in an interesting part. So I kept thinking 'I'll read away until a dull part comes.' And so one o'clock overtook me—that was the least the clock could strike, which was consoling to me—because I had all the less time to brood over the strokes, and think what a fool I was to be out of bed at such a small hour o' the morning. I had no time to think about any thing long, however; the book was so unreasonably interesting it absorbed me like a sponge. So two, three, and four o'clock came, and my candles were getting low, and I resolved that I would go to bed next page. But, instead, I got into the very focus of the magic where Jane doesn't mean to be a mistress, and makes up her mind to leave Rochester forever sooner. Didn't I put that like a sweet morsel under my tongue? Didn't I devour it as hungry as a wolf? Wasn't every thing outside those leaves as dead to me as if they had never existed? Even my bed forgot to call me, and my eyes to blink; and I swear that, if five o'clock struck, I never heard it! At last, all on a sudden, and singing an old milk-maid's ballad, if my wench, Sarah Anne, didn't burst into the library, broom in hand, and only half dressed, and all her hair in curl-papers! She screamed like

a hyena, or any other similar innocent animal of harmless habits, and I stared at her through my glasses like one who has seen a ghost, letting the book fall out of my hands at the same time. This broke the spell, as I thought; so I took the book under my arm and went up to bed. 'I'll just take another peep,' quoth I, as I sat on the bedside. So I cautiously opened where I had left off, running my eye over two or three pages ahead, just to see if there were any thing there peculiarly interesting, and so, likely to fascinate me for more hours to come; and, satisfying myself that there was no immediate danger, I began to read again.

"But, what's the use of talking? I tell you there never was such a book. It's most amazing! It would humbug a saint, and cheat him out of his prayers. For, to cut the matter short, I read and read until daylight, until nine o'clock and then ten, when I came to F for figs, and I for gigs, and N for Nickleby Bony; and I for John the waterman, and S for Sally Stony—which, in short, means FINIS, and in English The End."

Branwell said this history of a professor's reading of "Jane Eyre" made him laugh as if he would split his sides. And, when he told Charlotte about it the next day, she laughed as heartily as he did; and presently Charlotte told the other girls, and he heard them, up-stairs, making such a confusion of melodies in the mixture of their vociferous laughter, that he caught up the echoes and gave them another ringing peal himself.

When the professor's story was ended, he tried to cajole Branwell into introducing him to his sister, the "great lady who wrote the book." He was dying to see her, he said, and had come all the way down into Yorkshire from London in the fond hope of getting a glimpse of her, and perhaps of touching the hem of her garment. When he found that Branwell fought shy of the proposition, he actually offered him a large sum of money, and then, taking from his fob a valuable gold watch, laid it on the table, and said he would throw that in to boot, if he would only let him see her and shake hands with her.

On another evening, Branwell related to me the circumstances of his early life. The whole family, he said, was fond of drawing, and Charlotte was especially well read in art-learning, and knew intimately the lives of all the old masters, and criticised their works with great discrimination and judgment. She was a good judge of paintings, and knew the secrets of composition and analysis. Branwell was also a good draughtsman, and had attempted oil-painting. He hoped, when he was about twenty, that he should have been sent to the Royal Academy, and all his studies were directed to that end. His father had provided them all with a good teacher; but Charlotte would go her own way, and ruined her eyesight—so that for two years she could not read at all—by making minute copies of steel engravings; and she wasted over one of these six precious months. Branwell knew how worthless his oil-paintings were; but he mentioned a family picture of his, containing portraits of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, which a friend of

mine had seen, and spoke of in very high terms as portraiture, although not as art. The likenesses were perfect, and there was a spiritualization and an individuality in them, he said, very rare to find in the performance of an amateur.

I understand that Charlotte's husband is now in possession of this picture, and it is to be hoped that some publisher may be induced to engrave it for the benefit of the public. A more welcome picture to the friends of the three sisters could not be issued.

Poor Branwell told me of all his dreams and hopes when that bright vision of the Royal Academy floated before his eyes. He knew he had great and versatile talents, and had no fear of failure if he could once begin a career. So enthusiastic was he about London at this time, that he got hold of all the maps he could find, illustrating its highways and byways, its alleys, and back slums, and short cuts, and studied them so closely that he knew them all by heart, and often cheated the "commercial gents" who came to the Black Bull into the belief that he, though a young man, was an old Londoner, and knew more about the ins and outs of the mighty Babylon than many a man who had passed his life within its walls. Then Branwell would astonish them by saying that he was never in London in his life.

He confessed to me that, if it had been possible for him to have prosecuted his own purpose and the design and hope of his family by going to the Royal Academy as a student when he was nineteen years of age, or thereabouts, all would have been well with him. He was passionately fond of art, and so, indeed, was Charlotte, who had once a serious design of making it her pursuit instead of literature. Many a fine fancy and grand picture of the imagination has she expressed through its sorcery. The exquisitely fine, delicate, and almost invisible handwriting which she adopted and used in the composition of her earliest literary efforts, was not more exquisite than her drawing, which was rendered with such pre-Raphaelite faithfulness in the accessories, down to the smallest details, as to suggest a very intimate and universal acquaintance with Nature and her occult meanings and correspondences. There are still in existence, as I learn, small pictures of hers, which are crowded with apocalyptic characters and moving processions, and strange, wild, sublime scenery.

These pictures were often done extemporaneously, as it were, in great moments of silent and solitary thought, when the mind was big with conceptions which thus struggled, or rather burst, into being and birth. She found the pencil, indeed, so competent to express the creations of her mind, that she had hard work to persuade herself that literature was her true vocation.

Poor Branwell spoke of this sister in most affectionate terms, such as none but a man of deep feeling could utter. He knew her power, and what tremendous depths of passion and pathos lay hid in her great surging heart long before she gave expression to them in "Jane Eyre." When she wrote the first chapters of her Richardsonian novel, he condemned the work as in opposition to her



genius—which is good proof of his discrimination and critical judgment. But when “The Professor” was written, he said that was better, but that she could do better still; and, although it is not equal in many important particulars to “Jane Eyre,” yet it is a work of great originality and dramatic interest.

“I know,” said Branwell, after speaking of Charlotte’s talents, “that I also had stuff enough in me to make popular stories; but the failure of the Academy plan ruined me. I was felled, like a tree in the forest by a sudden and strong wind, to rise no more. Fancy me, with my education, and those early dreams which had almost ripened into realities, turning counter-jumper, or clerk in a railway-office, which last was, you know, my occupation for some time. It simply degraded me in my own eyes, and broke my heart.”

It was useless to remonstrate with him, and yet I could not help it, and did my best to rouse the sleeping energies within him to noble action once more.

“It is too late,” he said; “and you would say so, too, if you knew all.”

He used to be the oracle of the secluded household in earlier days—before the love of drink mastered him. His opinion was invariably sought for upon the literary performances of his sisters; but, at the time I am now speaking of, he was a cipher in the house. I do not believe, from what he said himself, that Charlotte read to him any portions of “Jane Eyre,” which she wrote, poor girl, under the pressure of terrible moral and physical suffering and calamity. His was a sad history, and, later in the night, I had from his own lips the story of his final fall. It was an awful temptation that he endured, and through which he fell into ruin and degradation. But the time has not yet come when the story can be told.

JANUARY SEARLE.

## LIGHTNING-PLAY.

COULD we look with the same quiet complacency upon the heaving bosom of a thunder-cloud as upon the flashing of fireflies in the darkness of a summer night, we should find few things in Nature more enjoyable to the eye than the keen play of lightning.

It is strange that we allow our prejudices and our fears to interfere so largely with our pleasures. For example, what creatures upon earth, not excepting the sylph-like movers in a ballroom, glide with more gracefulness than many of our serpents? Yet, because one species in fifty will protect itself by a fatal bite against being too closely intruded upon, the whole family is put under the ban, harmless lizards and all, and the cry of “Snake! snake!” will send a chill to the heart of every one within hearing. So, because it is a well-known fact that lightning can kill, and because one flash in a million does sometimes kill one person in a million (making the chances of safety 1,000,000 × 1,000,000 to one of danger), it is scarcely

possible for any, except the most philosophic, to watch its keen glare and listen to its deafening crash without an almost painful awe.

Yet, the lightning is *beautiful*—not so frequently the stream which leaves its track along the side of a neighboring tree, or shivers its trunk, for it is sometimes so sharp as to be blinding, and its beauty is rather of that order which may be denominated fierce—but more especially the gentler, and, at the same time, more picturesque display made by the radiation from one point of many zigzag lines thrown, almost like net-work, over a large part of the heavens; and still more beautiful is the combination of “chain” and “sheet” lightning, the first darting visibly from one mass of clouds to another, and the second (which is only the visible reflection of a flash too distant to be seen) illuminating the background of these rolling masses, so as to afford with each sheet of light a new form of beauty to their grand and graceful outlines.

Lightning has ever been a cause of dread to mankind, not only on account of the mystery attending its deadly strokes, but because, in most minds, it has been associated with the idea of a God in anger. This idea we discover among the ancient Romans, who called their chief deity “The Thunderer,” and who held as accursed, and marked with signs of abhorrence, all places and things which had been struck by Jupiter’s angry bolts. Nor was this idea foreign to the minds of those who wrote the Old Testament; for, not only is the thunder spoken of in Psalms xxix. as “the voice of the Lord,” but in other places the lightning is described as “the fire of God,” His “arrows,” His “divided flames,” His “hot thunderbolts.”

Indeed, taking the Bible history for our guide, there is reason to believe that the idea of a God in anger is coeval with the first thunder and lightning witnessed by the human senses. Certainly, the language of Genesis ix. 8-17, “Behold, . . . I do set my bow in the cloud,” etc., sounds as if intended to convey the idea that the rainbow was then seen for the first time. Yet this beautiful arch, which we usually see painted upon the skirts and the trailing drops of a thunder-cloud that has passed, is a natural phenomenon which must always appear when the eye occupies a certain position between the shining sun and the falling rain-drops. If the eye of man ever occupied such a position during the 1,652 years elapsing between the creation of Adam and the Deluge, then was a rainbow seen. But, when we come to connect the passage just referred to with the statement made in Genesis ii. 5, 6, where, in describing the paradisiacal state, it is said that “the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth; . . . but there went up a mist from the earth, and it watered the whole face of the ground,” we are left to infer that, during the paradisiacal state, and the generations next succeeding, the earth was irrigated by some gentler mode than the present system of showers and storms. The first rain, therefore, ever seen by man was that fearful down-rush from the open “windows of heaven” which swept off the guilty race of antediluvians; and the first rainbow was that which

caught the eye of Noah after the deluge, as it spanned the bosom of the retreating clouds.

Our general inference from the above thoughts is this: That if the first lightning-flashes and thunder-peals known by man appeared as the heralds of that wrathful deluge, we may easily understand how they have become so universally associated with the idea of a God in anger. The tradition passed down to every succeeding generation from Noah and his sons; just as we may suppose that the universal hatred of the serpent, by every son and daughter of Eve, is a traditional inheritance from our “beguiled” mother.

One hundred and twenty-three years ago a part of the mystery attending this subtle and terrible agent was solved. Franklin’s wonderful kite brought down sparks from the clouds, and demonstrated that the death-dealing bolt, known as lightning, was identical with that natural agent which sparkles so harmlessly in a cat’s back when rubbed, and which plays at hide-and-seek in our own clothing as we disrobe of a clear, cold night.

At this discovery, the whole world of mankind within reach of science and the newspapers (very few in number then) drew a long breath of satisfaction and relief, and from that day to the present the students of Nature have been hot upon the trail, like the hunters of a tiger in a jungle, and have added many facts of nearly equal importance.

“We have almost mastered the sciences!” thought some short-sighted persons, soon after Franklin’s discovery. But he had only opened the door. “We have almost mastered the sciences!” said others, subsequently, when they discovered electricity to be so universally diffused and so energetic that they were ready to attribute to it every natural act and influence for which they could not otherwise account. But this was only a step forward. “We have almost mastered the sciences!” think some now, after learning that all the “imponderables,” as they used to be called, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., are essentially one and the same, being interchangeable with each other, and convertible at will into each other, and all owing their origin to the same hidden “gen,” whether to be called photogen, or pyrogen, or electrogen, or kinogen, or something of the sort. We certainly have made great advances in electricity, especially during the last fifty years, so much so that the most learned treatises of that day on the subject sound odd, antiquated, almost absurd. But *what do we know now* in comparison with what remains to be known? Those who have plunged deepest into the mysterious chamber of which Franklin opened the door, come back to tell us that it is a mammoth cave, whose vestibule alone extends beyond all human torchlight, while there are openings to the right and to the left, above and below, leading to chambers and regions they know not where.

We have learned little in comparison with what remains, but we have learned enough to know that this agent, at times so wild and untamable, and fitted to inspire fear, is not always wild and dreadful. It can be evaded. It can be managed. It can be put into harness. It can even be made to do work like

an ox. We have learned too that, in many respects, it is like the air we breathe. Both envelop the earth, and are essential to organized life; with both we have our dealings ordinarily in their state of repose or of gentle action; and both are harmless, except in times of greatly-disturbed equilibrium, where the one rages as the tempest and the other appalls us with its thunder-crash.

The rapidity with which both these agents can pass from perfect repose to intense activity is familiar to us all; and between these two extremes what works of wrath, what pranks, what almost pleasantries, does not the lightning sometimes perpetrate! It is for the purpose of recording a few of these, occurring mostly under the writer's own eye, that this article is undertaken.

The usual or standard phase of lightning may be described as a keen flash or stream of light, accompanied by thunder, proceeding from clouds that ordinarily roll up in dark masses from the west.

These thunder-clouds—for they are as closely associated with the lightning as parent is with child—are often seen to work their way apparently *against the wind*; sometimes they do not *come up* at all, but start out of a clear sky, and stretch their dark wings on every side; and even when the angry masses come, as most others do, borne onward by impulse of the wind, they seem to come sullenly and in half rebellion, being whirled and convoluted as if driven by restless currents that have no definite direction. These, however, are more properly *cloud freaks*, while this article proposes to treat of those pertaining to the lightning.

This fitful agent has evident *likes and dislikes* for *places, persons, and pathways*, as strong as in some respects they are unaccountable.

We are told in books that, during a thunder-storm, it is unsafe to be in a crowd, since the human body has a strong attraction for lightning. Now, according to theory, this ought to be true, for the human body is so favorite a pathway that the lightning has been known to oblique from its regular course to take it, nay, to leap from a wall or a tree to a person near at hand; and, in one melancholy case, where two college-students were walking through the rain under the same umbrella, it was observed to leave untouched a two-story house on one side of the road and some moderately-sized trees on the other, and to prefer the umbrella-staff they bore, along which it passed to them, and left their bodies lifeless on the ground. But, while this is true, who ever heard of lightning striking a crowd of human beings, whether assembled in a house or in the open air? It may show a decided fancy for an individual, or for two, three, or as many as half a dozen, assembled near a conducting tree or wall, but toward a *crowd* it seems to have a repulsion.

In this respect the reported history of *cities* is remarkable. In Paris not a single death by lightning is said to have occurred from the year 1800 to the year 1851; while in the rest of France the number of deaths reported during the same time was at the rate of about sixty or seventy a year. In the city of London, out of seven hundred and fifty thousand deaths in

the course of thirty years, only two were from this cause, while in the surrounding *country* the number was as usual. Other large cities report similar facts, so that we may safely conclude that, although lightning will take very serious and undesirable liberties with individuals and with small companies, it shows great respect for crowds and for large cities.

But, even in the freedom of the country, its visits are by no means impartial; it has a strong preference for some places rather than for others. Certain fields, houses, and hills, are frequently struck, while other hills, houses, and fields, equally exposed, are untouched. This may be accounted for on the supposition that there are attractive deposits of metal in the underlying earth; but it has been so often observed as to have caused the remark that places once marked by lightning are most liable to be marked again.

This partiality is not confined to the lightning; but, to the great annoyance of farmers, is sometimes still more observable in the accompanying rain. Belts of country, running east and west, within sight of each other, will be deluged by successive showers throughout a whole season, while an intervening belt will be parched with unmitigated drought, the clouds passing over it dryshod, discharging their lightnings, it may be, but raining no rain upon it. Only a few days since a farmer was heard plaintively to say: "For the last fifteen years it has been so with my farm. I have seen the dark thunder-heads rise up from the west, so big that I was sure the whole country was going to have a wetting; but, just over yon mountain, the rain would divide, part of it go north and part go south within sight, but not one drop come to us who live in the dry streak." Experiences of this kind, repeated through a series of years, in the neighborhood of *railroad-tracks* and *telegraph-wires*, have roused the wrath of farmers against these great public improvements, from the belief that the clouds have been diverted from their usual impartial course by these long and attractive lines of metal.

As to *persons*, not only are some more keenly sensitive than others to the lightning-flash in perceiving the phosphoric or sulphurous odor which it leaves in passing, or in a tingling or benumbing effect upon the nervous system, but some seem to be more liable to the deadly stroke. Whether from peculiarity of constitution or of dress, or from the attraction of substances carried about the person, it has been observed that, of those seated on the same bench or standing in the same row, one or two will be struck down lifeless or rendered temporarily unconscious, while others will be comparatively untouched. For the comfort of the more timid sex it may be stated that *women* are more seldom struck than men, not merely because they are less frequently exposed, but because, when equally exposed, they seem to be for some reason less obnoxious. On a sultry afternoon an intelligent farmer was enjoying a loll and chat on a bench in his portico, with his head resting on the lap of a medical student, when a cloud rolled up from the west and began to mutter.

"We are about to have a thunder-storm,

and I doubt whether this portico is a very safe place," said the medical student.

"Safe place!" echoed the other in surprise. "Why, look at these tall trees overhead! what chance has the lightning to come through their branches?"

Scarcely, however, had the words passed his lips ere he was thrown from his wooden couch by a lightning-stroke, and his legs were so badly paralyzed that for days he did not recover their use; while the student, although feeling the shock, was so slightly affected that he sprang to his feet, and helped the other into the house. The farmer, however, was right about the trees. The lightning had not *come through them*; it had come from the cellar of the house, marking its way along the timbers, and had leaped from the portico to the trees in an *ascending* stroke. It seemed to say, by its gentle blow: "Don't boast, for you don't know me."

When a bolt is about to descend upon a grove where there is a variety of trees, there is a decided preference manifested for some kinds rather than others, not on account of their superior height simply, but of something in the trees themselves. *It is said* that the beech and the palmetto have never been known to be struck, although the latter, lifting its solitary, tuft-like head so high as to be often visible to a great distance at sea, would seem to be more than usually liable. Possibly this exemption—if such really exists—is attributable, in part, to the many *points* afforded by the small, lanceolate leaves of the one, and the sharply-serrated fans and pithy trunk of the other. Speaking of sharply-pointed leaves as a defence, has the *holly* ever been known to be struck? The cedar seldom is; and the immense forest-pines of the South, though often thunder-marked, are not so favorite a pathway for the lightning as the oaks and chestnuts. For instance, a pine about one hundred feet high, surrounded by others still higher, received among its lower limbs the head of an oak not so tall as itself by fifteen feet. The two trunks were about six or eight paces apart. A body of lightning, sufficient to kill both trees, descended through the head of the pine, marking several of its larger limbs, then leaped to the oak, which it tore from top to bottom, leaving the trunk of the pine unscathed. Why should the natural course of the electric current have been diverted from the one to the other, if there were not something in the watery sap or woody fibre of the oak more suitable for its passage than the resinous juices and constitution of the pine?

In cases where the general pathway is mixed, or made up of several different mediums, and where a selection is necessary between two or more of these at the same instant, it is sometimes curious to watch the choice. One Sunday afternoon, two negro-men were sleeping, back to back, in a stable-loft, upon a thin stratum of hay, with their heads toward an open window, and their feet toward a hole in the floor, over a rack from which a horse was feeding. A small cloud came up, and a flash of lightning, as if bent on a little mischief, and disdaining all ordinary rules, darted *horizontally* over some tree-tops, entered the open window of the loft,

waked up the sleepers by scorching their backs so as to take off the skin, then pitched *perpendicularly* through the feeding-hole, and *killed the horse*.

The last-mentioned particular is only one instance in many, going to show its especial predilection for horse-flesh. Some years since, a wild young planter, whose love of deer-hunting was second only to his love of fun, and whose love of fun yielded only to his dread of death, and especially of death by lightning, was returning from his plantation in a high-wheeled sulky, when, in the midst of a forest of pines near his house, he was overtaken by a thunder-storm. He urged on his horse to a dashing trot; for, of all places on the road, that immediate locality was most abundantly marked by lightning, and, of all situations that he could imagine, the most undesirable was to be seated, as he then was, between two large iron-rimmed wheels, directly over a heavy iron axle-tree, with his head raised several feet above every part of his equipage, while the lightnings were busy around him. All at once there was a fierce flash and stunning roar, and man, horse, and sulky, tumbled promiscuously into the road. He looked around in terror. Two pines, almost in reach of his whip, one on each side the road, were smoking from long white streaks down their sides. His house was only about two minutes' run from the spot, and in two minutes' time he was there. The story of his escape was told to his family with due eloquence, and, the rain having ceased, he ordered his hostler to go and bring the sulky home by hand.

"It has come already, sir," said the hostler, with a smile.

"Who brought it?"

"The horse, sir."

The poor brute, though struck senseless, had not been killed, and the falling rain had done for it all that art could do.\* It is noticeable that the sulky bore no sign of the lightning-stroke in its wood-work or in its iron. The electric fluid had preferred horse-flesh to either man or metal.

From the incidents related, it might be inferred that the course of this aerial traveller is very capricious. But this seeming caprice may be the consequence rather of our ignorance than of its irregularity. We know only the *general* laws by which it is governed. Many a time the course which it takes is very different from that which our philosophy would prescribe. We know that it loves a metallic conductor. We are not surprised, therefore, when, on a railroad-track, we hear it pass with a loud snap from rail to rail, or hear it sing, hiss, or howl, as it follows for miles the course of telegraph-wires. Nor are we surprised to find the wires so far overcharged at times that the fiery current shall seek relief by means of the supporting posts, and shatter them to pieces. But we are hardly prepared to see it leap from the wire to a tree six feet distant, rather than leap six inches from the wire to the telegraph-post; yet this has often been observed. Perhaps

the juicy wood of a vigorous young oak or chestnut, within moderate reach, affords a more attractive pass-way to the earth than the dry heart of a telegraph-post, even though its surface be wet.

In its attack upon a house, it is natural to expect that it will follow the sides, chimneys, and main timbers. No one expects it to perforate a wall. Yet, in one instance, it (or something else accompanying it) left a *fire-marked hole through the weather-boarding and plastering* of a wooden house, such as might be left by a red-hot grape-shot. True, no one *saw the lightning do it*, for the family were absent at the time; but the house bore unmistakable evidence of a lightning-stroke, and that hole was long left there as a curiosity.

One of the most singular freaks, however, to which the writer can testify, was one in which little or no harm was done. A fearful crash of thunder had caused every person within miles of it to believe that some object very near them had been struck. After the storm it was discovered that the mark of the stroke was borne principally by two small pines, about thirty or forty feet high, and perhaps twenty rods apart, on opposite sides of a public lane.

The road in this lane was worn nearly a foot through the light-gray soil down to a surface of compact red clay. Midway between the two pines, a beautiful water-oak, very thickly leaved and branched, and almost globular in shape, grew in a fence-corner. The lightning descended one of these pines, then followed the zigzag "worm" (or ground-rail) of the fence, leaving along its path a loosened ridge of earth, such as would be raised by a ground-mole the size of a cat, or of an opossum. Arriving abreast of the little oak, it sought to cross the lane, working its way underground, like a mole, between the substratum of clay and the sandy soil at top, and leaving an even, graceful ridge all along its passage, until it came to the hard-packed clay of the road. There it seemed to become actually frantic, tearing a ditch across the road, nine or ten inches deep by one and a half or two feet wide, and throwing lumps of the clay to the distance of several yards. Having thus, by a desperate effort, crossed the road, it made directly for the water-oak. What there could have been in that beautiful little tree to excite its wrath we know not; perhaps it had not yet recovered from its excitement in being resisted by the clay, but it went to work with a perfect vengeance. It did not ascend the tree—at least no trace of its ascent could be discovered on trunk or twig—but it wreaked its wrath upon the surface-roots, searching out every one, though no bigger than a goose-quill, tearing it bodily from the ground, and strewing the surface with the shattered fibres. This act of violence seemed to exercise on it a soothing effect, for it now confined its course to the worm of this second fence, as it had done to the first, working its way underground, until it reached the second pine, which it ascended and passed—who knows whither?

Among the apparent caprices of this yet mysterious agent may be mentioned the fact that it does not always confine its rude play

to the immediate neighborhood of a cloud. Flashes and reports sometimes come from a clear sky. In a little town on the seaboard of Georgia a man is said to have been killed thus in the open street. There was no cloud visible, so the spectators testify; but there was a flash, then a report, and after that a dead man lying in the street, apparently killed by lightning.

Like its cognates, light, heat, and magnetism, electricity has no appreciable weight, no momentum, no discoverable element of mechanical force, like that of a stone, a lever, or a wedge. It *ought not*, therefore, to be able to propel, to rive, to lift, or to knock down. But that it *can knock down* needs no proof beyond every summer's experience. That it *can lift*, and *project*, too, will be testified by our lolling farmer, who was so unexpectedly thrown from his bench; and still more to the point is the fact that about eight feet of a heavy brick chimney, in the city of Montgomery, Alabama, was left, after a lightning-stroke, sitting awry upon the part below. The fluid, in pursuing the tin gutter around the eaves of the house, had been interrupted in its course by the chimney, and thus showed its power by lifting and moving several tons' weight of brick and mortar. As to its *ripping* powers, we shall scarcely expect to see it splitting rails, or "getting out" palings or shingles with any remarkable skill, for it is rather a rough hand with most of its work; yet there are oftentimes pieces thrown from a shattered tree that might, on a pinch, be conveniently used for these purposes. That it does rive a pine-tree into pieces sufficiently small to be used for kindling is known to all dwellers in the "piney woods." This work of riving seems to be accomplished by its taking possession of the interior juices of a tree, and dissipating them so quickly into vapor as to cause an explosion. Whoever will take the trouble to examine the stripe left by lightning on a tree-trunk will discover a crack or split in the middle of it, following the grain of the wood. When the trunk of a tree has been scattered by such an explosion, the unsupported top and limbs must, of course, come to the ground, and it is not unusual for them to descend with no other disarrangement than that produced by their fall. A magnificent chestnut was thus shattered; fragments, as long and heavy as a man, were projected to the distance of fifty-five paces, and the raw ends of the unsupported boughs fell so as to stick in a great hole left in the earth where once the roots had been. It was a melancholy sight to one who had often gathered its nuts.

F. R. GOULDING.

## A SINGULAR CASE IN BELGIUM.

THE insufficiency of certain kinds of evidence to form a basis for conviction in cases of alleged murder has been lately established in the celebrated Wharton and Schoeppe cases in this country. The conflicting testimony of a number of the chemists and medical men in these cases went far to establish

\* It is well known that a drenching by rain, or by water artificially applied in like manner, is oftentimes highly restorative in such cases.

the innocence of both; whereas, fifty years ago, the testimony of one of them would have established the guilt of either.

Since the testimony of so-called medical experts has so frequently brought the innocent within the shadow of the gallows, the fact of its unreliability has gradually forced itself upon the public mind, and steadily and surely has the conviction extended, that this class of testimony, once so decisive and final in courts of justice in this country, at present ranks but little in advance of circumstantial evidence.

A case similar to the Wharton and Schoeppe cases, but more singular in its character and termination, has lately been tried at Bruges, Belgium, the seat of the Royal Medical College.

It was intended as a test-case of the value of medical testimony in establishing the guilt of accused persons in cases of this kind. Its strange result, and the high character of the medical men engaged in the chemical analysis, form one of the most conclusive arguments against placing too strong a reliance upon the testimony of experts or scientists, however eminent.

In August, last year, Agnel, a man-servant, was arrested in Bruges and placed on trial, charged with the murder of his master, M. Rigaud. The victim of the alleged murder had been a retired physician, a graduate of the Royal College, and a gentleman of wealth. His sudden and mysterious death at once enlisted the interest of a large number of people, and among them some of the most eminent physicians of the kingdom. The *post-mortem* examination and analysis were conducted under the immediate care of these latter gentlemen, including M. Girault, of the Imperial Laboratory, Paris, and M. Condé, a celebrated analytical chemist, of the city of Brussels. The case occasioned a deeper interest, occurring, as it did, at the time of the meeting of the Royal Medical Society in the ancient city of Bruges, of which society M. Rigaud was an honorary member. During its deliberations the subject of chemical poisons, and the methods of detecting their presence, formed a principal theme of discussion. In these discussions the Wharton case in this country was reviewed, and the tests then employed and the results arrived at were severely criticised. The discussion of the subject also developed a wide and irreconcilable difference of opinion among members of the society. The death of M. Rigaud, from alleged poisoning, occurring at this time, afforded an opportune test. The ability and learning of the college were at once brought to bear in establishing or demolishing the various theories that had been advanced during its sittings.

The result of an elaborate scientific analysis was held to establish the presence of a sufficient quantity of arsenic in the system of the deceased physician to have produced death; which, taken in connection with the evidence collected by the Bruges and Brussels police, led to the arrest of Agnel, the servant, on a charge of murder.

The criminating circumstances, apart from the testimony of the medical experts, which led to the suspicion and arrest of the servant,

were very complete and conclusive in their character; and, in a Belgian criminal court, which, like those of the French, seem intended only for conviction, it is probable that Agnel, under ordinary circumstances, would have speedily found his neck under the knife of the guillotine. He was a man of violent temper, and had been discharged from the service of M. Rigaud for exhibitions of ungovernable anger, the last occasion of his discharge being an intemperate quarrel with his master three days before the alleged murder. Three days before the death of M. Rigaud, Agnel had been reinstated, the physician appearing to possess a deep regard for his servant. This affection was also shown by an inspection of the will of the deceased gentleman, in which he bequeathed to his servant the sum of four thousand francs, and recommended him to the service of his (Rigaud's) brother, in Bordeaux, France. At the time of his death Rigaud and his servant were living in apartments in the Rue Varrie, with a lady by the name of Frank. The testimony of this woman and of Dr. M. Sardou, of the faculty of the Royal College, formed the strange dénouement of the trial which ensued, and saved the innocent Agnel from a felon's death.

After the death of the physician, and the result of the chemical analysis was made known to the authorities, the whereabouts of Agnel during the two days of his discharge were thoroughly hunted and traced by the detectives. Every angry word that had escaped him was noted, and an array of criminating evidence collected against him that must have been fatal. It was shown that, on the evening of his discharge, he had procured a small phial of arsenic from the dispensary of the college, for the use, as he had stated, of his master. This was after the quarrel and his departure from the residence of Mrs. Frank, in the Rue Varrie. It was also discovered by the detectives that Agnel had become involved in money matters in a manner that threatened his arrest and disgrace; so that the bequest in Rigaud's will, of which the accused was aware, became especially desirable to relieve him from his embarrassment. Agnel strenuously denied his guilt, as well as all knowledge of the matter, and evinced the deepest grief at his master's death.

The trial was conducted before the judges in the city of Bruges, and lasted four days. The testimony of the chemical experts who had conducted the analysis, was of a highly-interesting character, forming the basis of the prosecution. A number of dissenting opinions regarding the chemical tests for poison appeared in a newspaper during the progress of the trial, which were replied to by M. Girault and M. Condé, sustaining the methods of the test and defending their efficacy. On his examination before the judges, M. Girault testified positively to the presence of arsenic in the system of the deceased, and entered into a highly-scientific explanation of the manner of its detection, too abstruse for comprehension except by professionals. M. Condé's evidence, however, formed the most novel and interesting feature of the trial, being an explanation of a new pro-

cess of detecting arsenical poisons by the test of affinity. His testimony, which was very elaborate and interesting, called forth the comments of medical men in all parts of the kingdom and of France. M. Coterie, an eminent chemist of Brussels, as the representative of a large body of medical men, was called to the stand. He testified that the process employed by M. Girault was, in his opinion, wholly inadequate to establish the presence of poison, and that the process of M. Condé would, in its operation, generate arsenic. His evidence, which was voluminous, was carefully prepared, and elicited the profoundest interest of the medical profession of Belgium.

By a preconceived arrangement between Dr. M. Sardou and the counsel of the prefecture, the testimony of the former and of the landlady, Mrs. Frank, was reserved until after the evidence of the police and the long array of medical testimony had been taken. At that time the opinion of the judges and the public was evidently against the prisoner, who offered no evidence to dispel the damaging proofs of the police in regard to his strange conduct previous to the alleged murder.

On the last day of the trial the woman was called, and testified that, at the time of M. Rigaud's death, Agnel was not in the house, nor had he been there for four or five hours previous. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August, she had been summoned to the apartments of the deceased by a violent ringing of his bell, and had found him apparently in the agonies of death. As she approached his bed, he had handed her a large envelop, directed to M. Sardou, and had told her to send for him. Greatly frightened, she took the letter and hurried downstairs, for the purpose of sending her husband, as the sick man had requested. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, Agnel had entered the house. She ordered him to run for the doctor at once, that his master was dying. Instead of going, Agnel ran up-stairs to the room of M. Rigaud, whom he found dead. He then proceeded to the residence of the doctor, whom he accompanied back to the house in the Rue Varrie. Mrs. Frank gave the letter in charge of the physician. The interest of her testimony ended here, but it opened the way for the evidence of Dr. M. Sardou, which, with the letter, were submitted to the court. He testified that he had withheld his testimony and the letter from the previous investigation of the case solely for the benefit of medical science, and to establish a test of the reliability of chemical analysis in cases of this kind. The letter forms the strangest feature of this strange case. It thoroughly established the innocence of the accused by showing that the deceased had deliberately committed suicide, and, further, that his death had not been occasioned by arsenic at all, but by a dose of antimony. Altogether, the case is one of the most singular in the history of medical jurisprudence, and the medical *savants*, who conducted and defended the theory of the chemical tests for poisons, are astonished and indignant at its termination.

CHARLES HOWARD.





## SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

OH, sweet to dream, when summer days are long,  
 Above thy page, fair Fancy's gentle child!  
 Glad echoes, like the wild bird's fluted song,  
 Caught up from thee, our sorrows have beguiled.  
 And thou hast moved our hearts with terrors wild,  
 As swept along the storm of fierce Despair;  
 And Pity, too, and Truth, all undefiled,  
 Are thine; and the wrinkled brow of Care,  
 And Love, that still endureth, marvellously fair!

Fond, peerless Una, and her lamb, go by—  
 Bright Una, deathless as the soul of Truth!  
 With clinking armor, her true knight is nigh,  
 To save and conquer without fear or ruth.  
 So live these ever in their golden youth,

So glide along, in fair processional,  
 Thy rare and wondrous fancies; and, in sooth,  
 Their footsteps down the distant ages fall,  
 And evermore their voices musically call.

Thy verse—a pure and gently-lingering stream,  
 'Neath murmurous foliage weaving shadows brown;  
 'Mid nodding flowers with dew-drops all agleam,  
 By mossy rocks, and many a dimpled down;  
 Now rushing onward where the storm-clouds frown,  
 Then slowly sinking into soft repose,  
 With dappling sunlight for thy glorious crown;  
 And on thy banks the radiant, dreaming rose:  
 Oh, thus thou glidest onward until Time shall close!

## WITCHCRAFT AMONG THE NEGROES.

ALL over the South, wherever the African has been settled, he has carried with him the belief in and practice of the necromancy known in Africa as *obi*, and throughout the Southern States as voodooism, or "tricking."

In vain have religion and the white man waged war against this relic of barbarism; it still flourishes, hydra-headed, and ever and anon the newspapers raise an outcry as some fresh instance of its power and diabolical results is brought to light.

The negro witches have little in common with the witch of our story-books; they never ride broomsticks, or resort to the thousand and one petty arts of the Saxon or Celtic witch. Theirs is a far deeper and deadlier sorcery—a power which the negro firmly believes can waste the marrow in the victim's bones, dry the blood in his veins, and, sapping his life slowly and surely, bring him at last, a skeleton, to his grave.

Nor is this all a fable: there are hundreds of graves in the South on which might be placed the epitaph, "Died of *obi*."

"Well, honey," said a shrewd old negress to me once, when I had been exerting all the eloquence I possessed to convince her of the nothingness of this terrible bugaboo—"well, honey, dey mout jes' es well kill you es skear you ter deth."

Potent among their charms is that of the "evil eye," which, fixed on a man by one of these witches, has power to thwart every undertaking in life.

His axe will not cut; his hoe will not dig; his ploughshare will be broken against the rocks; his cow will go dry; plant he crops, they will not come up; and, whatsoever he doeth, it shall not prosper.

Mention has been made, in a former article, of this terrible scourge of voodooism, and the modes in which it is practised; but no mere words can describe the hold which it has on the mind of the Southern negro. Once convince him that he is "tricked," and, unless he be able to procure a "trick-doctor" whom he considers more skilful than the witch under whose spell he has fallen, no human power can save him—he *believes* that he must die, and die he will; a whole college of physicians could not save him.

A man was sick nigh unto death; his wife went to a witch-doctor, and received orders to open his pillow. She did so, and within it she found half a dozen or more tiny conglomeration of feathers, closely resembling the plumes on a hearse. These were burnt, and the man recovered. Another, very ill, was given an ointment with which to rub his stomach and chest. At the end of two days he vomited several hairy worms, and was cured. I know colored people who would swear to the truth of these statements, and I have myself seen the little plumes; indeed, learned men have taken the trouble to try to account for these last by natural causes.

This dread of "tricking" is a grievous cross to the Southern house-keeper, since it sometimes interferes with her changing servants,

as often they dare not take each other's places.

I had myself a cook of whom I was anxious to get rid. The woman had no desire to leave, and told every other servant whom I tried to secure that she did not mean to go. I finally engaged one, and this dread of *obi* was nearly the cause of my losing her. I was forced to notify the two women and their husbands that I would not and should not keep the former, if I had either to do so or to cook for myself. Even then my new cook remained under protest; and red pepper and salt—potent countercharms for voodoo—were freely used in my kitchen for the next week or two.

It is pitiful—it is mournful—to see, as we Southerners have often seen, strong men pinning away under the influence of this superstition, taking medicine with a sorrowful smile, whispering perhaps, in awestruck tones, the dreadful secret that they are "tricked," and dying, at last, in spite of all that medical skill could do for them.

I have known a young athlete, a brawny Hercules, whose strength was the glory of the plantation, who would shoulder a barrel of flour, and then, picking up a keg of nails, walk briskly up-stairs and deposit his burden with a grin, and who was as proud of his muscle as any wrestler of old; I have seen him laid on his bed with paralysis creeping from one member to another, until at last he could only move his eyes and tongue—dying by inches of a disease which the first physicians in the three counties around could do nothing to check or cure, and for which he and his fellow-slaves had only the one word of explanation—"tricked." The doctors held a *post-mortem* examination, and reported, "Singular internal discoloration, probably death by lead-poisoning in whiskey," when the poor fellow scarcely ever drank, and of numbers of sots in the neighborhood not one was affected in like manner.

Some of these old crones possess a marvellous knowledge of the nature and properties of every plant indigenous to the South. They have an herb for every ache or pain, and frequently prepare little bags filled with dried roots or leaves to be worn around the neck as a charm against disease or the "evil eye."

Some of the cures which they work are really wonderful. I was sick once—had taken violent cold, aching in every limb, and was booked, I felt sure, for an attack of pneumonia, or perhaps worse. My "mammy" had a noted herb-doctor for a friend, and brought me a cup containing a dark, bitter decoction. What it was I have no idea, but I took it from mammy with the same faith with which, when a baby, I had taken catnip from the same hand.

In ten minutes I was in a perspiration, and free from fever; in five more I was fast asleep; and the next morning waked as well as ever, and without a trace of cold; but I never could find out the name of my medicine.

Not far from the Virginia farm-house in which I was raised, just on the edge of my father's plantation, an old woman, renowned as a witch, owned a cabin and little bit of ground.

She had a crippled daughter, whose lameness was the result of white swelling in infancy, but the negroes scouted such explanation of the matter.

"White swellin', 'deed!" said one of my mother's sable handmaidens to her mistress one day, with a toss of her turbaned head which spoke volumes—"white swellin', 'deed! Yowl white folks kin b'lieve dat! Her mammy lef' summun her trick-mixchers layin' roun', en de chile tread on um!"

A cousin and myself were one day sent to carry some wool to this woman to be spun—for she spun beautifully, and my mother often employed her.

Our body-guard consisted of two colored girls, one an irrepressible mulattress, the other a quiet, demure little black girl, excessively timid.

The house was a double log-cabin, with two rooms. We were invited into the first while the old woman went into the inner chamber to get the yarn which she had already spun.

Emmeline, the mulatto girl, was in a saucy humor, and amused herself by some pert remarks about the "old witch," which distressed her companion so much that I had to order her to hold her tongue.

Going home, Emmeline probably hurt her leg in climbing the rail-fence around the little yard—at all events, she soon began to complain of the limb, which grew inflamed, and swelled so rapidly that, before we were half-way home, she could scarcely walk. Both girls were much alarmed, and Emmeline, weeping, begged piteously to know if I thought she would be lame for life.

I had been reading Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and, recollecting his account of the superstition that no enchantment is proof against running water, I made Emmeline bathe her leg for about half an hour in a branch which lay in our path. Imagination and cold water combined served to relieve her, but she, no doubt, believes to this day that she was "tricked," and considers me a marvel of learning, because I knew how to deal with her case.

Shortly after the close of the war, a near relative of the writer was teaching in the mountains of Virginia. On the farm of the gentleman in whose family he resided were two laborers, Jim and Sam, the former a pleasant-featured mulatto, remarkably intelligent for a negro, and extremely popular among his acquaintances; the other an ugly, black negro, with a hang-dog expression. Sam had with his own color the reputation of "voodooism," and many stories were told of his prowess in the "black art."

One day Jim was taken sick, and it was whispered in the negro-cabins that Sam had "tricked" him. The doctor was called in, but could not classify his disease, although the poor fellow was visibly drooping, and complained of pain in the back and limbs, accompanied by great languor, and his pulse was as feeble as an infant's.

The doctor's medicines did him no good; indeed, it is doubtful whether he took them; and the case excited great interest in the white family, and was freely discussed among them.



At this juncture M— (my friend) begged permission to undertake the case, and see if he could not effect a cure by working on the man's imagination.

It was readily granted, and he managed that evening to waylay Jim in the woods about dusk, and anxiously inquired after his health.

"Po'ly, marster," was the reply.

"Well, Jim, I have come to cure you."

"You, marster?" with a sad, incredulous smile. "You can' do dat; yowl white folks don' b'lieve in my sort er sickness. Marster, I'ae tricked."

"I know you are, Jim," gravely replied M—, "and I do believe in that kind of sickness, though I know there are not many white folks who do, and I can cure you."

Jim looked up astonished, while M— went on to detail his symptoms, which he had learned at second-hand from Jim's wife—telling him when and how he had been taken, and how Sam had tricked him—and, drawing on recollections of Scott and Mather, finally succeeded in convincing his patient of his great skill and knowledge as a trick-doctor.

"Now you see, Jim," he said, "this thing goes by weeks. Three weeks ago Sam hid a bloody hand under your door-step; two weeks ago you were taken sick, and next week you will be either as well as ever, or die. Now I know more about these matters than Sam does, and I mean to cure you; so come to my school-house to-night at twelve o'clock to see me; but don't tell anybody any thing about it, or the charm won't work, and I can't do any thing for you."

Jim was greatly impressed, and went away fully believing in his volunteer physician, and promising secrecy the most inviolable.

He was punctual to the appointment, and M— received him in pitch darkness, and went through a series of impromptu conjurations, which served to strengthen the negro's faith no little. He gave Jim a chalk-powder, to be placed in each shoe, and two huge, bloody hands—drawn in pokeberry-juice on white paper—with directions to bury them under his enemy's door-step, gave him orders to walk home backward, and finally dismissed him, fully convinced that Sam's power over him was at an end, and that he was on the way to recovery.

The next night he came to the rendezvous in good spirits, and reported himself much better; and, to make a long story short, at the end of a week he was really as well as ever; and M— had the satisfaction of having, in all human probability, saved the poor fellow's life.

But, in spite of his injunctions to secrecy, his fame as a trick-doctor went abroad in the neighborhood, and he had numerous applications from the afflicted for relief, insomuch that he was forced to announce officially his retirement from the profession, and decline positively to practise on any one.

I knew an old woman who supported herself entirely by her practice as a trick-doctor, and people came sometimes forty or fifty miles to consult her.

The medicines which these people use—if

medicines they may be called—are as singular as the disease which they profess to cure. A piece of bread stained with the blood of a wart and buried in the ground, will eradicate the wart (!). Chills and fevers are cured (?) by blowing into the mouth of a live frog, or walking backward to a tree in a graveyard, and tying a string around the trunk.

Parings from finger- and toe-nails, hair from the human head, blood from the tip of a black cat's tail, snakes' fangs, skins, and dried heads, wood that has been charred by lightning, of which negroes have a superstitious dread, believing (many of them) that a fire kindled by it can only be extinguished with blood or milk, and the horrible-looking insect known as the devil's horse, play an important part in the science of *obi*.

Education and religion are doing gallant warfare with this hideous form of superstition; still it yearly numbers its victims by hundreds, and it is probable that it will be long ere it entirely disappears.

Is there really any thing in it? Are these conjurers themselves deceived? Do they, in fact, know of such subtle and deadly poisons, or is it all imagination, proving only the power of mind over matter. Who shall solve the mystery for us?

MRS. M. P. HANDY.

## ENGLISH REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"THE magazine," says a writer of a quarter of a century ago, "is meant for the *déshabillé* and demi-toilet of authorship. It must depend upon its interest to us for its contemporary matter. It must talk of the day and hour, the whim or philosophy of the moment. It must be immediate and local. It must discourse readily upon the fashionable notoriety of the time, or read its homily for the benefit of the newest politician, or satirize the latest folly, and turn round to put us in conceit again with its conveniences and virtues. Its great aim is to make us pleased with the world as it is, its praise must be the very otto of egotism and complacency, its 'feigned abuse such as perplexed lovers use.'" This was written in what may be called the period of transition between the old and the modern magazine literature: the old periodicals, which had survived from the last century, and which were chronicles, were passing out, and the class of periodicals which now flourish, and which are epitomes of every department of authorship, had not yet come in. The magazine is exclusively a product of the Anglo-Saxon race. No Continental nation has adopted the system of periodical publications, which may be said to have originated with the *Spectator*, and which has now become one of the great literary powers among Anglo-Saxon peoples. The English and Americans, as they have advanced in prosperity, and as the cares of commerce and business have more and more absorbed their time, from being careful and leisurely readers, have become general and hasty readers. A taste has grown for coming quickly and briefly at the gist of things. Epitomes and abstracts have super-

seded treatises and the elaborate dalliance of the literary fancy. These busy nations, having little time for tomes, have taken to reading reviews and magazines, content with the rapid glance at men and things which they afford, and adopting in practice the old Greek saying that "a great book is a great evil." It would be curious, were there space, to inquire what influence the rise and still increasing popularity of magazine literature has had upon the style of English and American writers, and to illustrate the tone and coloring which it has imparted to the latest literary products of both nations. Perhaps Addison, in No. 124 of the *Spectator*, has indicated as clearly as could be done, in a few words, what change in authorship itself must necessarily take place, when the public abandons tomes for serials. Speaking of the guild of periodical writers, of whom he was the patriarch and first high-priest, he says: "We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid; our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. An essay writer must practise in the chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops." This "chymical method" is at this day imperatively enjoined upon the periodical author; and he who possesses the best mental laboratory for the boiling-down process is the most likely to gain the medium of the magazines for trying his solutions upon the public organism.

The idea of the modern magazine came, no doubt, from the *Spectator*. The success of that venture, the fame it won for its authors, the stir it created, being "canvassed in every assembly, and exposed on every table," stimulated many imitations, among which the *Tatler*, *Rambler*, *Indicator*, and many others, gained at least a temporary reputation and esteem. The idea of combining the publication of essays and criticisms, to which the *Spectator* and its immediate imitators confined themselves, with chronicles of events and narratives of political transactions and fashionable life, gave rise to that series of English magazines which flourished so vigorously in the last century, and some of which survived until late into our own. Indeed, one of the very oldest English magazines—if it is not the very oldest which bore that title—is still living, and, while it has renewed its youth, preserves something of the prim, old-century flavor. The *Gentleman's Magazine* began its long and notable career in 1731, when the "snuffy old drone from the German hive" was reigning in England, and Jonathan Belcher was royal governor of Massachusetts province, just a year before the birth of General Washington; and it is today discoursing of Disraeli and the Alabama claims, publishing sensational novels, and reviewing Ruskin and Darwin; having been for nearly a century and a half what a writer calls "a rag-bag of literature." Sylvanus Urban, *Gentleman*, has been all this while chatting in its "Table-Talk," and the old gentleman seems to have lost none of his quaint humor and last-century polish. It is interesting to observe, however, the changes that

have come over this hoary but still lusty periodical; for it represents perfectly the change in the tastes and requirements which the century and a half has brought about in the English-reading world. The first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, printed in 1731, announced that its pages would contain "Essays, controversial, humorous, and satirical, religious, moral, and political—collected chiefly from the publick Papers: Select Pieces of Poetry: a Succinct Account of the most Remarkable Transactions and Events, foreign and domestic: Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Promotions and Bankruptcies: the Prices of Goods and Stocks, and Bill of Mortality: a Register of Books; and Observations in Gardening: with proper Indexes." Fifty years later we find the *European Magazine and London Review* established, with contents somewhat different from, somewhat more modern than, the *Gentleman's*. Those contents were, parliamentary reports, which had not been permitted when the *Gentleman's Magazine* was founded, but which were now the most obtrusive feature of the *European Magazine*: odes by William Whitehead, poet-laureate, and other then notable but now quite forgotten bards; a "Theatrical Journal," with discriminating criticisms on John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Garrick, and Mrs. Jordan; a "literary department," with essays and poems on such topics as "the life of Johnson," "the progress of English song," and a "Nuptial Ode," by Sir William Jones; a monthly chronicle of events, political and court news, arrivals of celebrities, trials at Guildhall and Westminster, executions at Newgate, and a monthly obituary. Thus the magazine was an epitome rather of the facts and events, than of the thought, of the age; it was intended to keep country gentlemen informed, month by month, of what was going on in the metropolis; it had no fiction, in the modern sense, whatever; its essays were by no means confined to "live topics," but ranged over the widest field of classical and ancient English literature, seldom discussed questions of the day, and were of the most formal and desultory kind, imitative, to a large degree, of Addison, Swift, Steele, and Goldsmith, but most rarely imitating either with any thing like success. The magazine was essentially a chronicle, in days when newspapers were less enterprising, when the passion for fresh news had not been stimulated by steam and the telegraph, and when the gentry were content to wait for the monthly arrivals to learn the events of the day. The growth, however, of newspapers, the advance in locomotion, soon eliminated from the magazines their quality of providers of news; then the parliamentary reports, and the births, marriages, and deaths, the "promotions and bankruptcies," the prices current and bills of mortality, passed from the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the rest into the newspaper columns, and they became more exclusively literary organs. The principal magazines of the last century, besides the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *European*, were the *London Magazine* and the *Literary Magazine*, both founded in 1735, the *Monthly Review*, which had a prosperous career from 1749 to 1840, the *Critical Review* (1756), the *Monthly Magazine*, which first ap-

peared in 1796, the *British Magazine*, and the *Town and Country Magazine*. The contributors to these magazines were anonymous, and were very few in number; their pages were not open to general contributions; and often the editor did all the work, excepting, perhaps, the reporting of parliamentary debates. The letters which so plentifully appeared were often fictitious, and inserted as the text for an editorial essay or homily, but they were often also genuine, and gave a fillip of controversy to the usually staid pages. The system of correspondence was evidently derived from the *Spectator*. But few of the great writers of the eighteenth century contributed to the magazines. The modern competition and spirit of enterprise which enlist in behalf of the English monthlies the literary efforts of prime-ministers and archbishops, deans and Orleans princes, great men of science and peers of the realm, are a new growth. The old editors never seem to have hoped to secure Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burns, or Cowper, as "regular contributors." Such periodicals as the *Anti-Jacobin*, started by Canning and Frere toward the close of the century, were of course exceptions, for the *Anti-Jacobin* was rather a political series of satires, carried on by scholars and politicians for their own purposes, than a magazine started as a commercial enterprise. The old magazines acquired the reputation and merit of publishing excellent critical reviews of literary works; indeed, the criticisms of the *Monthly Review*, one of which so severely castigated Henry Kirke White's first volume of poems that it nearly had the same effect upon him that the *Quarterly* had upon poor Keats, have not been very much improved upon since. Perhaps it was the success of the *Monthly* as a critical organ, which gave to Sydney Smith, Horner, Brougham, and Jeffrey, the idea of establishing the now famous and still brilliant *Edinburgh Review*. The appearance of this periodical, which originated with Sydney Smith, who edited the first number, brought about a speedy and important revolution in English periodical literature. It appeared in October, 1802, at a moment when Edinburgh was the centre of Toryism and intense literary conservatism, and when, as Brougham says, "the prevailing tendencies of the age were jobbery and corruption." It at once took, both on literary and political subjects, a bold and independent tone; and the ability of its articles from the commencement was so conspicuous as to secure even its obnoxious doctrines a hearing and respect. With such a critic as Jeffrey, such a wit as Smith, and such a master of political satire, logic, and invective, as Brougham, it could scarcely fail of leaping at a bound into popularity and power. The *Edinburgh*, however, was started on a somewhat narrow financial foundation. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the establishment of the *British and Foreign Review* by a wealthy man, Beaumont, some thirty years afterward, said: "Hitherto it was thought that Lazarus, not Dives, should set up a review. The *Edinburgh Review* was written by Lazzaroni." Its projectors, however, did not long remain Lazzaroni in any sense. It is stated in a recent number of the *Edinburgh* that the first twenty numbers were

written principally by Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, and Smith; that these wrote sixty out of the hundred and one articles which appeared in the first year; and that three editions of the early numbers were rapidly sold. Brougham claims that the *Edinburgh* at once "raised the character and increased the influence of periodical criticism." Jeffrey had charge of the *Edinburgh* from 1803 to 1829. The *Quarterly Review* was established in October, 1808, by Ellis, Scott, and other active Tory literati, under the especial auspices of Canning, then just risen to a high political position. The necessity of such a review was seen in the political as well as literary influence which the *Edinburgh* had already acquired, and the Whiggery of which needed a Tory corrective in a similar enterprise. The names of Gifford, Lockhart, Southey, Frere, and John Wilson Croker, are indissolubly linked with the old *Quarterly*; and it was in its pages that the famous criticism of Keats's "Endymion," which, according to Byron, gave the young poet his death-blow, appeared. For a time the *Quarterly* surpassed the *Edinburgh* in the ability of its articles: this was owing partly to the rise of a brilliant coterie of Tory writers in the decade of George IV.'s reign, and partly, no doubt, to the political prosperity of the Toryism of that period. Of the later reviews the *Westminster*, which was begun as the *London and Westminster*, by Bentham, in 1824, is the best known and the most able, and is especially notable for the boldness of its speculations and its trenchant radicalism in politics, religion, and philosophy. It is the organ of the Mill school, discusses all new theories with candor and courage, and devotes itself less to historical and biographical gossip, and more to living controversy, than the other two reviews which have been referred to. The *British Quarterly* is the most recent of the great English reviews, and is the organ of the orthodox Dissenters and advanced Liberals. Some of its latest articles have exhibited remarkable ability, and it bids fair to rival its three elder contemporaries. These reviews, it is almost unnecessary to say, are the best products of the world's periodical literature. They present the history of current works and the results of literary and scientific study, in an epitome which is wellnigh exhaustive; they lend a most valuable aid to the desultory and general reader, in appreciating the varied literary genius of the age, keep him *au courant* as to the rise, development, and decadence of poets, historians, essayists, and men of science: no subject which interests the world escapes their consideration; their pages are a condensed history of human thought from quarter to quarter.

The remarkable revolution brought about in literary criticism by the establishment of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* was soon followed by a revolution scarcely less thorough in magazine literature. The prototype of the modern magazine was *Blackwood*, which is still enjoying a ripe prosperity, though it has lost its old ascendancy in the field which it may be said to have been the first to occupy. *Blackwood* was started at Edinburgh, in 1817, as a literary miscellany, though it did not wholly eschew politics and criticism. It became one of the organs of the Toryism which



was then dominant both in Scotland and in England, and it fiercely engaged in the wordy wars which followed the triumph of Waterloo, espousing the cause of the Liverpool and Castlereagh ministry. Its special function, however, was a literary one. It appeared monthly, and presented to the public an entertaining miscellany of poetry, essays, and sketches, the writer's names being at first studiously withheld; latterly, the names of the more prominent writers have been allowed to transpire, though not printed with the articles. *Blackwood* abandoned the old magazine chronicles, and did not pretend to give news of any sort. During the first years of *Blackwood's* career, its chief rival was the old *London Magazine*, which still flourished under the management of Mr. Scott, who, after his fatal duel with Christie, was succeeded by Mr. Taylor, noted as the author of a work on political economy, and as the stout advocate of the theory that Sir Philip Francis was Junius. While Professor Wilson gave an unaccustomed grace to the pages of *Blackwood* by contributing to them his "Recreations of Christopher North," De Quincey augmented the fame of the *London* by publishing in it his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." De Quincey tells us in his "Literary Reminiscences" that, in 1821, he found, among his *collaborateurs* as writers in the *London*, the familiar names of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Tom Hood, Hamilton Reynolds, Cary, the translator of Dante, and Crowe; indeed, it was in that year that Hood became assistant-editor of the *London*, whence he passed shortly afterward to the chief management of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Let it not be forgotten that it was in the columns of the *London* that Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" first appeared in a serial form; "Sartor Resartus" was published in the same way in *Fraser*, in 1833. *Fraser's Magazine* began its career in 1830, its opening article being a review of American poetry, *à propos* of a new volume of poems by N. P. Willis; and *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* first appeared in 1832, and to this day maintains the position it at once assumed in popular estimation as a collection of "useful and entertaining information." It was the first of the cheap magazines, although it was well printed, and its literary matter from the first had substantial merit, and was well paid for. Possibly its immediate success was due no less to the contributions of Christopher North than to the reputation and energy of its projectors, William and Robert Chambers. Within a brief period it reached a circulation of fifty thousand, and its present circulation exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand. *Chambers* has always been especially noted for its "information" articles. In 1833 the *Dublin University Magazine* was established; this soon achieved a wide reputation, and its scope, both as to writers and topics, speedily became a much broader one than its title implies, though it has always been regarded as the organ of the Irish Protestant *littérati*, and particularly of the alumni of Trinity. Charles Lever was its editor from 1842 to 1845, and during that period he contributed to its pages. Charles Dickens started *Household Words* in 1850 as a cheap weekly periodical, issued also in monthly

parts. The great novelist's name was sufficient to insure its immediate success; and for nine years Dickens gave a close attention to its editorial management. The rupture between him and Bradbury & Evans, in 1859, owing to the refusal of the latter to publish in *Punch*, of which the firm were the proprietors, Dickens's letter about the separation from his wife, caused the novelist to secede from *Household Words*. He soon after established *All the Year Round*, the publication of which he himself controlled, and the editorship of which was perhaps the most engrossing occupation of the last decade of his life. In the first number he began, serially, "A Tale of Two Cities," and this was followed by "Great Expectations" and "The Uncommercial Traveller." Other eminent writers of fiction, among them Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Edmund Yates, and Shirley Brooks, have contributed serials to *All the Year Round*, and its literary excellence throughout its career has confirmed the welcome which the great name of its originator at first secured for it. The circulation of *All the Year Round* is enormous; since the novelist's death it has been conducted by the younger Charles Dickens, to whom the sole ownership of it was bequeathed, with an editorial taste and ability not apparently inferior to that of his predecessor. Dickens's example probably acted as a stimulus upon his rival Thackeray; for the latter, in 1860, planned the *Cornhill Magazine*, became its first editor, and opened in its pages with "Lovel the Widower." The *Cornhill* was unlike *All the Year Round*, as being what is technically called a "high-class magazine"—that is, a shilling magazine, instead of a two-penny one. Since Thackeray's death, his scarcely less-gifted daughter has continued that famous name on the list of contributors to the *Cornhill*, which maintains a position in the foremost rank among the magazines of the world, and which is understood to be now edited by Thackeray's son-in-law, Mr. Leslie Stephens. Mr. Trollope followed the examples of his brother-novelists by founding and assuming the editorship of *St. Paul's* in 1868; this, too, has been successful, and is a worthy colleague and competitor of the periodicals established by Dickens and Thackeray. Lesser lights of English fiction, in the persons of Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, and Mrs. Liddell, have yielded to the fashion thus set, and appeared as editors of and chief serial writers in *Belgravia*, the *Argosy*, and *St. James's Magazine*, periodicals which seem to meet with reasonable success, although possessing less literary merit than the *Cornhill* and *All the Year Round*.

The length to which this article has already grown must be my excuse for not including an account of many other English periodicals, some of them quite equal to the best which have been mentioned. *Beniley's Miscellany*, of which Dickens was at one time editor, should at least be noted as an excellent periodical of thirty years ago; *Temple Bar* has steadfastly kept "neck-and-neck" with the *Cornhill*, which it perhaps most resembles, these two occupying the same, or at least contiguous fields of magazine literature; *London Society* has a social, West-End, man-of-the-world smack of its own, in which it is

unrivalled; *Macmillan's* is, in the broadest sense, a "high-class magazine," and its pages have long been constantly illumined by the writings of many of the foremost of English essayists, men of science, descriptive writers, poets, historians, and critics; the *Fortnightly Review* is a veritable *frondeur* in criticism, science, and theology; *Cassell's Magazine*, for a penny, yields, to an immense patronage among the popular masses, a surprising quantity of illustrated amusing as well as instructive literature; and the same may be said of the *Leisure Hour*, which is published by the Religious Tract Society, and aims to give healthful secular reading to English homes; *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, with such contributors as Mr. Gladstone, Dean Alford, Dr. Guthrie, George Macdonald, and Dean Stanley, are always full of excellent matter, and, having been transplanted hither, are perhaps as well known to Americans as any American magazine—for all these, of which a great deal might be written, a single paragraph must suffice. Enough has been said to show how much truth there is in what Sir H. Holland says of the recent augmentation in quantity and power of English periodical literature. He speaks of the anonymous writing which appears in this form as "one of the marvels of the age—writing often admirable in kind, and dealing with subjects of the highest import to social and political life." Most of the English magazines withhold the names of their contributors; of those mentioned, *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Macmillan's*, *London Society*, and *Belgravia*, are the only ones, I believe, which announce the authors of the articles. The illustrations of the English periodicals have greatly improved within twenty, and even within five years; a glance at the brilliant pages of the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, as well as of *Punch*, shows what high excellence this difficult art has attained among "our transatlantic cousins."

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

## THE LATE KING OF THE SCILLYS.

ABOUT thirty miles south of the Land's End, on the coast of Cornwall, lies a group of small islands, known as the Scillys, probably from the name Sillinæ, given to them by the Romans. They are twenty-seven in number, besides rocks and islets, comprising altogether between three to four thousand acres. Except what relates to their trading connection with the Phœnicians and Romans, and the circumstance of having been occasionally used by the latter as a place of banishment for criminals, the first mention of these islands in history occurs in the tenth century, when they were subdued by the Saxon king Athelstan. Thence nothing was heard of them to the time of the troubles between Charles I. and his Parliament.

Bastwick, a companion of the celebrated Prynne, who was sentenced, by Charles I.'s atrocious engine of tyranny, the Star-Chamber, to lose his ears and be imprisoned for life,

was incarcerated here, but, before long, the tables were turned; he was brought back in triumph to London, while the tyrant's own son had in turn to seek a shelter for six weeks on Scilly's wild shores.

Lady Fanshawe, who has written such interesting memoirs anent that epoch, had a pretty hard time of it in Scilly, being, when in a delicate state specially requiring care, so badly housed that her bed was almost set afloat with the spring-tide. "I would by no means be guilty of drawing you hither," she considerably writes to a friend.

From the year 1552 until 1830 the Scilly Islands were leased from the crown by the celebrated Godolphin family, which sprang from a place of that name in Cornwall, where it has been settled for many centuries. Those familiar with Evelyn's "Diary" will remember the warm tribute he pays to the saintly wife of Sidney Godolphin—afterward the famous minister, of whom Charles II. said, "He was never in the way, and never out of the way." This lady, at her death, was carried all the way to Godolphin for burial, the hearse stopping each night by the way, and the coffin being removed and placed in a room lit with tapers. These obsequies cost a sum equivalent to twenty thousand dollars at present rates!

In 1708 the Scillies were once more brought into prominence by their connection with one of the direst disasters which ever befell the British Navy. On the 22d of October, in that year, the queen's ship, *Association*, and two other men-of-war, were driven on the coast of Scilly, and totally lost. Among those who thus perished was the celebrated Sir Cloudesley Shovel, commander-in-chief of the fleet. For a long time it was supposed that he was drowned, but many years after this catastrophe an old woman, on her death-bed, told the clergyman who attended her that she had a terrible crime on her conscience. She then stated that, when the admiral was washed ashore, life was not entirely extinct, but, tempted by a splendid emerald on his finger, she killed him. She produced the ring, which had proved utterly worthless to her, and it ultimately was given to Lord Berkeley, a great friend of Sir Cloudesley's, by his particular request. The tomb of Sir Cloudesley—one of the most noble and gallant-minded of men, who rose from the ranks by his own transcendent merit—may be seen in Westminster Abbey, where it was erected by Queen Anne.

Since then more than one awful disaster has occurred off Scilly's inhospitable shores; and, in a southwesterly gale, mariners give these islands the widest possible berth.

When the male line of the Godolphins became extinct, Godolphin Park—their Cornish estate—passed through an heiress to the then Duke of Leeds; and, on the death of his descendant, in 1830, Mr. Augustus Smith, a member of the famous London banking family, obtained, through the influence of his father with King William IV., a lease, on easy terms, of the islands.

Mr. Smith, then a young man, had suffered a great disappointment in love, which was destined to have a lasting influence—a happy

one, certainly, for many—on his career. The author of "*L'homme-Femme*" avers that men suffer quite as much as women from *affaires de cœur*; and it would appear that Addison must have had a similar idea when he penned the chapters regarding Sir Roger and "the perverse widow." Be this as it may, Mr. Smith never married, but threw his energies and wealth into the wholesome channel of service to his species.

At the outset of his career at Scilly the islands were in a miserable and neglected plight. The population subsisted by wretched farming and fishing. The island was cut up into innumerable small farms, after the fashion that proved so disastrous in Ireland. The people were intensely ignorant of all new and improved methods of agriculture, and, as a consequence, intensely bigoted.

The only method by which their king—as Mr. Smith came to be called—could induce them to adopt improvements was by effecting them in his own grounds, and then calling upon them to come and see for themselves the result.

In this way he did at last, by dint of determination and patience, accomplish great results.

The people gradually but very slowly began to recognize the truth that he sought their interests as well as his own, and he lived to see these islanders—who, at the commencement of his reign, were sunk in ignorance and apathy, and not unfrequently reduced to a state of semi-starvation—thriving, active, and educated, competing successfully, with the first market-gardeners in the kingdom, as purveyors of the earliest fruit and vegetables to Covent Garden.

In carrying out his plans, Mr. Smith played the part of a benevolent despot, and was for the time as much disliked as could be expected. He made education compulsory, and instituted admirable schools. He consolidated farms, and insisted on all the younger sons and daughters, for whom there was no employment on the island, emigrating to the main-land or elsewhere.

With a house in London and property in Hertfordshire, Mr. Smith, who was for the greater part of his life in Parliament, spent the largest portion of the year at the beautiful home he made for himself in Scilly; and Tresco Abbey, with its splendid rooms, choice library, and delightful semi-tropical gardens—for the climate is extremely mild in Scilly—is something to be seen and remembered.

Edgar A. Poe, in his definition of happiness—and we think it about the best ever made—gives, as a foremost ingredient, "an object of unceasing pursuit without ambition." Such a career as Mr. Smith's in Scilly seems to us to come very near fulfilling such a definition. For forty years the improvement of Scilly had been to him an object of unceasing pursuit, and yet it was one that would not comp under the head of ambition, as men generally understand that wearing passion. Altogether, we can imagine—notwithstanding all the provocations, disappointments, and vexations—few careers more interesting than the improvement of a great neglected estate. Bulwer speaks of the profound and exultant satis-

faction of the man who, in declining years, feels that he can honestly say, "I have not lived in vain;" and surely few had more right to this proud reflection than the man who raised a population from poverty and prostration to affluence and prosperity, and who now rests from his labors, amid the scenes he loved so well, in the little Cornish church-yard of St. Buryan. Over his grave is to be built a tower so high that, in clear weather, the Scilly folks may be able to point out the tomb of him who was not inappropriately called their "king."

R. WYNFORD

## AN AUTUMN LESSON.

COME with me, friend, and let us roam,  
to-day,  
Among the October uplands—far away  
O'er broomy slopes to where yon Titan tree  
Crowns the last distant hill-top royally.  
Come! for the cheerful winds uprising, call.  
With many a rapturous burst, and tender  
"fall,"

To the hale joyance of the woods and skies:  
A voice from out the wood-horn brook replies:  
While every bush and tuft of shimmering  
grass

Yields its own music, as the breezes pass.  
And wake innumerable insect-tribes to song:  
Not yet, not yet, hath the wild Winter's wrong  
Touched to wan issues of malign decay  
The core of flowers, or turned to death-like  
gray

The bright-veined, delicate leaves so beautiful  
still:

Broad, ruddy, splendid over heath and hill  
The sovereign sunshine pours its light divine.  
In noiseless, royal floods of airy wine,  
Till thrilled and warmed by that keen heavenly  
heat,

The old Earth's heart through every pulse don't  
beat

With life half-sentient and half-conscious  
bliss.

O friend, bethink thee! what strange sight is  
this?

Bright peace, imperial beauty on the verge  
Of Winter's dearth! majestic fearlessness  
Of coming tempests, and the furious stress  
Of icy sleet, and whirlwinds, surge on surge  
Borne from the mystic storehouse of the snow:  
Yea, look; and, pondering, hearken! sweet and  
low

The soul of Nature speaks, and thus she saith:  
"So live, O man! that life's autumnal breath  
Be fraught with power and golden promise  
rare;

So that thy years' October, spread as fair  
And tranquil as this scene of lustrous calm,  
Full of all peace and fragrance, joy and balm,  
May rest unshadowed, smiling softly bright:  
Whether thou standest then on some dear  
height

Of fame, long nobly wrought for, or, unknown  
To the great world, dost tread the levels lone  
That lead to silence, may thy steps be brave,  
Thine eyes unfaltering, fixed beyond the  
grave,

Which yet its smiling side may turn on thee,  
An aspect flushed with immortality—

The good man's hope, who, in each complex  
part

Of life's strange drama, howsoever the time  
Might tempt to meanness or subdue to crime,  
Keeps pure the spotless ermine of his heart!"

PAUL H. HAYES

## MISCELLANY.

## Primitive Builders.

WE quote from an article in *All the Year Round* an interesting extract relating to the earliest instincts of house-builders: it is not often sufficiently considered how easily allied, in their first principles, are the most barbarous and the most civilized nations. It may be explained that this is due to the obvious truth that all arts, to whatsoever perfection they may have been developed, must have had their origin in the rude ideas of uncultivated men, and this is probably true; but the explanation, though a good one so far as it goes, is not so far enough. We have to seek the complete elucidation of so remarkable a fact in man's instinct adapting himself not merely to his wants, but also to the available materials at hand. Thus, in stony countries, timber-structures are rare, while in forest-regions, usually, wood is employed in building. In arid latitudes, roofs are flat; in rainy climates, they are sloping; in cold, as thick as they can be made. We perceive these characteristics early every part of the world. Again, with respect to floors. The savage who lives in a hut, or within reach of a river or an overland path, elevates his dwelling on posts; he who inhabits a dry place is content with beating the ground hard; while he whose home is exposed to attacks of wild-beasts, perches his cabin on the branches of a tree. These rules, of course, are not universal; yet they are sufficiently general for the purpose. And it is curious to observe that, in the construction of huts and abodes, the simplest people upon this globe are governed by a common-sense reference to circumstances: the fisherman planting his house as near as possible to his boat; the hunter of the soil in spots most favored by the game; the hunter on the edge of the wood or the field. Instinct taught the warlike New-Englander to erect his village in the most inaccessible position, as it did the Red Indian in the most remote. The same innate sagacity guided the Bedouins of Arabia and the Tartars of the Great Desert that it was in vain for them to dream of founding a permanent settlement; they must follow the seasons with their flocks, and stay in one neighborhood only so long as their pastures are unexhausted. The necessity of frequent journeys dictated, moreover, the choice of materials. They could not be heavy, solid, or unelastic, but light, pliable, and in a portable form; hence the tent and the hammock, the use of skins and woven tissues, reeds, and bamboo, palm, and withy frames. Some of the less-known islands of the East, where the native spends all the summer in his canoe, on the sea, or the waters of the streams, and in winter, hauling his craft up a little creek, find it in and converts it into a floating cot, wherein, for a few months, he and his family enjoy a sleepy leisure. Where earthquakes are frequent, the savage is careful not to construct his habitation in too ponderous a manner; firstly, in order that its sudden overthrow may not crush him; secondly, that it be worth little, and be easily replaced. We perceive a subtle meaning in these entirely spontaneous and accidental varieties of edifice in which these tribes of man—self-taught in the strictest sense of the word, or rather taught by Nature, shelter themselves. Numerous definitions have been given of the word "savage"; one of them might be that he is essentially a house-building creature, though not

alone in that respect, as the animal kingdom testifies by a thousand illustrations, from that of the beaver to that of the bee. Scarcely any tribe has ever been found, in the worst of wildernesses, entirely homeless. Even that most miserable of beings, the aboriginal of Australia, sleeps beneath a canopy of woven branches; and the very Doko of Northern Africa, though he has not wit enough to fasten two boughs together, scoops for himself a cavern in the side of the hill. . . .

"A curious circumstance is, that savage races, though they frequently bake clay for the manufacture of household utensils, have never put it through this process in order to make bricks. If they want an earthen wall, they raise it in a mass upon a wooden or wattled frame, and rely upon compression, as well as the heat of the sun, to insure durability. But this depends very much upon the characteristics of the region they inhabit. The fixed tribes inhabiting the oases, or scattered expanses of wood and verdure in the Great Sahara, have little else to do than to bend a circle of palm-branches to a head, tie the tops together, plaster over the skeleton with a mixture of sand and mud, and the house is complete, since chimneys are not necessary, and the earthen floor is always dry. Far otherwise with the people of countries in which periodical rains occur, as in the hill-districts of India, where, and indeed on the plains also, long as the English have been established in that region, as its masters and civilizers, there are thousands upon thousands of villages which no Englishman has ever seen. They do not allow the season of deluges to take them by surprise. On the contrary, selecting the gentlest slopes, and those least exposed to the concentrated rush of a torrent, they drive their foundations of piles deep into the earth, so that no sudden gathering of the waters, unless it be of extraordinary violence, shall shake them. These piles, or posts, rise high enough to support the roof. But, twin with each, so to speak, is another solid post, only two or three feet high, and from one of these to another are laid rough plankings, covered over with a species of basket-work, to form the flooring. Before this is placed, however, the ground below is carefully smoothed, hardened, and furrowed with little channels, so that when the inundation comes, instead of being obstructed, it is actually aided on its way; and all danger to the structure above is prevented. This is a remarkable example of ingenuity taught by experience. On the other hand, there are countries which, rarely visited by an excess of water, are exposed to tremendous periodical winds. Without any but the rude science which has been acquired by observation, or which has been transmitted to him from his forefathers, the savage builder looks for a sheltered spot, and, if he be the denizen of a wood, is careful to avoid that side on which the great trees, torn up by tropical gusts, may be expected to fall, for, except in the region of whirlwinds, they invariably, season after season, fall in one direction—a circumstance noticed by numerous travellers. This is especially true of what are called the forest-gales of South America, where the native dwellings, though picturesque, are exceedingly primitive. The inhabitants of those immense solitudes, living far apart, entirely dependent for their subsistence upon the woodland and the river, and rarely brought into contact with strangers, exhibit a deep appreciation of comfort in the construction and arrangement of their houses, the fashions of which have not changed, we may presume, for untold centuries.

"But, of all savage tribes—to use the word *savage* in its conventional sense, as meaning primeval, and uninfluenced by association with Europeans—the South-Sea Islanders have excelled as domestic builders. We do not speak of them as they have been since the missionaries became their teachers, and altered their costumes; we refer to the time when they led their own free island-life, and when their only occupations were the gathering—not the cultivation, for it was not needed—of food, the fabrication of ornaments—not clothing—for their bodies, and the construction of their simple dwellings. Any thing more elegant, light, and artistic, better adapted to its purpose and the climate, or more in union with the nature surrounding it, than the Otahaitian cottage, as it stood among the palms, before civilization had sailed that way, it would be impossible to conceive. Latticed, hung with mat-blinds, floored and roofed for coolness, always exquisitely situated, perfect in outline, fragile as a hut of rushes, yet in its interior fresh as marble, it was precisely what the luxurious islander, among those happy forests, wanted—and this is a consideration not always attended to even in countries which have been steeped to the lips in civilization for the last thousand years or more. It is a misfortune, perhaps, that in studying arts we are so apt to forget our instincts, and in this respect there are savages enough left, perhaps, still more or less unsophisticated to revivify your memories. For that is the essential of nearly all savage architecture, if architecture it may be called—the adaptation of their work to their necessities. Of this we have already suggested illustrations. But the Europeans introduced formality—chapel-shapes, and other abominations, cast-iron school-houses, model cottages, huddled together in ill-placed hamlets for the sake of holding congregations, and gaining a leverage for authority, and the prettiest pictures of Pacific life are rapidly fading from view."

## A State Poison.

On the swampy banks of the Old Calabar River, which discharges itself into the Bight of Biafra, on the west coast of Africa, there grows, according to an English writer, a leguminous plant, to which botanists have given the name of *Phytolacca venenosa*. It is a climber, running up the trees overhanging the river, and not unfrequently almost concealing their foliage by its own luxuriant festoons. It makes a rich display of pretty pink-and-white papilionaceous flowers, of which, however, only a small number come to maturity. The plant, which the natives in their vernacular call *caerd*, and in West-African English "chop-nut," like many other tropical fruits, ripens at all seasons of the year, though the most plentiful crop is produced about the month of November. Each pod contains from one to three beans, in shape not unlike our common horse-bean, though larger in size. When recently pulled, they are of a gray color, which, in a few weeks, deepens into a dark, chocolate brown. Their taste is in no way peculiar, being wholly destitute of bitterness, and, indeed, scarcely distinguishable from that of the haricot or French bean. As many as from two to three hundred pods are produced on a single plant. Many of these drop into the river at maturity; and, before the seeds become in a small way an article of commerce, the natives generally obtain their supplies of the bean from those carried down the stream and drifted ashore on its banks.

The bean or seed of this plant has very remarkable properties, which the natives have turned to an equally remarkable use. It is a

subtle poison, its noxious effects on the animal body depending on a peculiar power, to the nature of which we will presently advert, that it possesses over the nervous and muscular systems. This property of the seed the natives have turned to account by employing it as a judicial test or state poison for the detection and punishment of the imaginary crime of witchcraft. The tribe inhabiting this district has reached that stage of primitive culture in which every thing not easily traced by them to ordinary causes is ascribed to a malignant agency, exercised with terrible effect by the numerous votaries of this black art. Even events so little removed from the routine of every-day life as unlooked-for illnesses, sudden deaths, or unexpected losses, are believed to be due to the operation of this diabolic principle. In the bean, however, the natives conceive that they have an easy and infallible means of unmasking the agents of this detestable conspiracy against society. The suspected person has simply to eat the seed: if innocent, he vomits it, and is safe; if guilty, he retains it, and dies. This form of ordeal by means of a vegetable poison is, of course, usually met with only in tropical latitudes, in which toxic herbs are more abundantly distributed than in colder climates. It is a custom of great antiquity, probably the first allusion to it being found in the early history of the Jews, in which the drinking of a cup of "bitter water" is mentioned as a test of conjugal infidelity. Judging from the firm root which the practice has obtained in the Calabar district, it must have prevailed among the tribe for a considerable period. Any one may bring a complaint against a person whom he suspects of having injured him by witchcraft. The accusation is made before the chief of the village, who, if the case be one of sufficient importance, summons a council of the chiefs of the neighboring villages to consider it. The charge being made, and the reasons for it, such as they are, being adduced, the person inculpated is called upon for his defence. Till within recent years, so great was the abhorrence of the accusation of witchcraft, that the defence always took the form of a demand for "chop-nut," which was granted as a matter of course. Sometimes the terrible ordeal was had recourse to on a great scale, as when a chief of rank was supposed to have died under circumstances of suspicion. In 1834, when a noted chief, named Duke Ephraim, died, all his relations and slaves, to the number of fifty, were brought to trial in this way, and no less than forty of them perished. Hundreds of lives were annually sacrificed to the horrible custom; but it is gratifying to be able to state that within recent years it has shown signs of being on the decline.

The following is the mode usually adopted in administering the test-poison: The place is most frequently either the fetich-house or the public square of the village, and the whole proceedings are watched by a crowd of eager and critical spectators. The priest or medicine-man of the village has the charge of preparing and administering the test. If the occasion be one of importance, he begins by offering up a prayer that the bean may continue its power of killing the guilty. He then hands some entire beans to the accused, who deliberately eats them. Others are bruised in a mortar, mixed with water, and given in the form of a draught. Sometimes only one bean is used; at other times, as many as two dozen. The dose, in fact, is regulated solely by the caprice or the private wishes of the priest, who is sometimes by no means fastidious in the accomplishment of his purpose. If the ac-

cused be particularly obnoxious to him, he will not hesitate to supplement the action of the poison by the more clumsy application of a club. Should the inculpated person vomit the poison, and thus escape with his life, he is publicly pronounced to be innocent and harmless. In this case, he goes the round of his friends, dances before them, and receives their congratulations and presents. The accuser is then liable to undergo the same ordeal, to prove that in making the charge he was not himself actuated by the demon of witchcraft against the person now proved guiltless. This latter custom places a salutary restraint on the gratification of private animosity.

#### Imperial Jokers.

An essayist in *Temple Bar* gives some telling anecdotes in regard to "royal and imperial jokers," from which we quote the following in regard to ancient proclivities in this direction:

"The Cæsars," we are told, "must have been almost as dreadfully dangerous men to joke with as Chaka. The great Julius, indeed, after he became great, had no leisure for jesting, but was the object of some popular jokes, which he took with indifference. The guests of Augustus were afraid to 'crack a joke' in his presence. They would whisper one to a neighbor, and then turn pale if the emperor invited them to 'speak up.' The imperial table was as grand and dull as that of the copper Augustus, Louis XIV., and the emperor had recourse to merry-andrews, just as the Grand Monarque had to harlequins. But the harlequins of those days were gentlemen and scholars. The grim Tiberius, on the other hand, was remarkable for facetiousness. His delight was to puzzle his learned guests with unanswerable questions, such as, 'What was the name of the song the Sirens sang?' and the like. Fancy half a dozen members of the Society of Antiquarians dining with her majesty, and being gravely asked who built the marble halls the Bohemian girl dreamt she dwelt in? or, what was the Christian name of the 'Minstrel Boy?' and at what period 'Auld lang syne' had been young? Nevertheless, Tiberius was a nicer man to deal with than Caligula, all of whose jests were brutally cruel, in words, and oftener in deeds. What a serious joke was that when, having nothing on but the linen apron of a victim-slayer, he raised the mallet, and, instead of slaying the beast, knocked out the brains of the sacrificing priest! Claudius was too huge a feeder to have appetite for wit; but he would have eaten the whole beast that his predecessor should have killed. Yet Claudius, half beast himself, had a good deal of the scholar in him; as Nero had, who loved science, admired art, was mildly witty, and therewith as savage as an insane hyena. We must except the occasions of his visiting the theatre, when he sat in an upper seat, and found delight in flinging nuts down upon the bald head of the prætor below. That official was as proud of the attention as if every nut had been an especial honor. Joyless Galba had none of the Neronian fun in him. But, though not mirthful himself, Galba could smile when he heard the popular slang name, in allusion to his flat nose, 'Simius.' His successor, Otho, was just such a wit as a man might be expected to be who washed his face in asses' milk. If witty men went away from him feeling dull and heavy, it was the result of their exchanging ideas with their imperial master. He had his wit at second-hand, as Vitellius had, who got his jokes from a stage-player and charioteer. In more modern times,

when Astley's was in its glory, and the clown of the ring a joker that people went to listen to, that circus-clown got his jokes, not from his own brains, but from the Westminster boys. Jokes used to be made at Westminster as they are now at the Stock Exchange, where fresh batches are served each morning, like hot rolls. But to return to the Cæsars. Perhaps Vespasian was a greater joker than any of them, but his jokes were often broad and scurrilous. Titus was rather gracious than given to jesting, though he enjoyed one sorry joke, in promising to every suitor that his request should be granted. They went away radiant. 'Every one,' he said, 'ought to depart joyfully from the presence of his prince;' and then, 'the delight of mankind' thought no more of his promise. The chief recreation of the gloomy Domitian was in playing dice; but he always won. Every antagonist knew what the joke would cost him if he beat the emperor.

"Altogether, those twelve Cæsars were men compounded of the most opposite qualities, with a small modicum of what is called wit among the whole of them. Out of all those who followed, one alone, Hadrian, made a standing and a sterling joke—a joke which has descended to us, and added a slang phrase to our vulgar tongue. To 'scrape acquaintance' comes to us from Hadrian. He was at the public baths one day when he saw one of his veteran soldiers scraping his body with a tile. That was such poor luxury that Hadrian ordered that his old comrade should be supplied with more suitable cleansing materials, and also with money. On a subsequent occasion, when the emperor again went to the bath, the spectacle before him was highly amusing. A score of old soldiers, who had fought under Hadrian, were standing in the water, and each was currying himself with a tile, and wincing at the self-inflicted rubbing. The emperor perfectly understood what he saw and what was the purpose of the sight. 'Ha! ha!' he exclaimed, 'you had better scrape one another, my good fellows!' He added, 'You certainly shall not scrape acquaintance with me!'

"Heliogabalus was perhaps the most practical joker among the imperial jesters. We have seen at the Surrey Oval, in old days, a dozen one-legged Greenwich pensioners playing cricket against a dozen pensioners with only one arm. By-the-way, the one-legged men had the advantage, as the one-armed men often fell in stooping for the ball, wanting the missing arm to balance themselves withal. It was the humor of Heliogabalus to get together companies of individuals all marked by the same peculiarity. He would now have at dinner a dozen bald-headed men, or twelve ladies with one eye each; he would have been delighted to have got hold of triple assortments of the three famous sisters who had but one eye and one tooth between them! Failing that, the 'lord of the sun,' as he called himself, was content to have a score of hunchbacks, or of flat-nosed men, or squinting women. He is said, on one occasion, to have put into a very small chamber, where dinner was prepared, so many excessively fat and hungry men, that they had no room for any thing but to perspire, and not much for that. Heliogabalus was an expensive joker, but then his good people paid for the fun, and he might, therefore, indulge his humor without restraint at the time, or remorse after it. His supremely imperial joke lay in placing a number of guests on table-couches (guests reclined, and did not sit down to dinner), which were blown up with air, instead of being stuffed with wool. At a



moment when the cups were filled to the brim with the choicest wine, and the guests were lifting them to their lips with anticipations of liquid Elysium, a tap was drawn beneath the carpet, which suddenly emptied the couches of their air, and consequently tumbled all the recliners on to the floor, where they lay pell-mell, with wine spilt, goblets lost, and utter confusion prevailing, except on the face of Helio-gabalus, who looked on and indulged in laughter inextinguishable. Having but indifferent appetite himself, he was fond of sauces, and he highly rewarded any inventor of a sauce that was to the imperial liking. But, if it failed to tickle his very sacred majesty's palate, he had recourse to a joke of a very practical character indeed. That is to say, he condemned the unlucky candidate for his favor to live upon nothing else but the sauce in question until he had discovered another more successful in its object. Fancy having to live on anchovy, without fish, for a twelvemonth, or cat-soup and a little bread, from the Ides of March to the Kalends of December!"

#### Campenas and his Proposed Invention.

In the pages of the old *Charleston* (S. C.) *City Gazette*, published more than half a century since, we find a curious letter from a French engineer named Campenas, directed to Napoleon, while he was commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy. It seems that the patriotic man of science, who lived in Paris, hailing the triumphs of Citizen Bonaparte, with the enthusiasm common at the time among his countrymen, had racked his brains to discover some means by which the French should go on from conquest to conquest, with this difference only—that the fatal blow which annihilated an enemy's power was to be delivered from the clouds, and not in the old vulgar fashion on *terra firma*.

At length he fell upon a plan, so superlative in conception, so curiously grand in detail, that we cannot help quoting the ingenious engineer's words, which will do far more justice to his magnificent idea than we possibly could by any partial description of our own.

"The only enemy," says he, addressing Napoleon (we translate from the original French), "which remains for you to combat, is separated from us by the sea. Finish in the wise manner in which you have begun the work of a Continental peace, and then come and repose yourself awhile among us under your laurels. . . . The artist who addresses you, filled with the most lively gratitude, will erect, if the means of execution be afforded him, a vast edifice, whence, at the conclusion of his labors, there will issue an aerial vessel, capable of carrying up with you more than two hundred persons, and which may be directed to any point of the compass.

"You can thus, without any danger, hover above the fleets of the enemy, and thunder against them, like a new Jupiter, by merely throwing perpendicularly downward firebrands made of a substance which will kindle only by contact and percussion at the end of its fall, but which it will be impossible to extinguish. . . . The period of this enterprise, if my humble voice can be heard, is not far distant. A single campaign would be sufficient to realize the whole of my plan. . . . Perhaps you may think it more prudent to begin at once, by forcing the British cabinet to capitulate, which you may easily do, as you will have it in your power to set fire to the city of London, or any other of the maritime towns of England."

How fortunate for "the fast-anchored island" that this stupendous scheme was not

carried out; or where now would be the British name and glory? The commander-in-chief, being a consummate genius, was of course an eminently practical person, and probably threw cold water upon the scheme by ignoring or ridiculing it; at any rate, he refused to throw money to the would-be inventor, which was much the same thing.

Suppose, however, that, by some combination of circumstances, accident, chance, discovery, or what you please, such a design could have been successfully executed—Heavens! what a change it would have made in the aspect of affairs and the course of history! The picture of an awful and disastrous march through Russian snows, of a great humiliation, an ignominious exile, a brief return to better fortunes, the final overthrow, and the lingering death—all these would have found no place in the world's annals; but, instead of them, we should have before us, Napoleon flying comfortably through the "aerene ether" with some scores of his favored friends and counsellors, drinking coffee, and playing perhaps at *hearted*, while a body of experienced engineers and marksmen let fall their fiery missiles upon British ships or cities, totally unable to defend themselves, and in the last stage of perplexity, terror, and despair.

Further, we may imagine the "second Jupiter" stepping coolly to the edge of the balloon, or whatever that "aerial vessel" consisted of, and turning his glass downward, while he exclaims in a tone very different from that he used at Waterloo, "Ha! les Anglais! les Anglais!"

#### Doctor Nursey.

A Southern correspondent, who gives the signature of "Blake," sends us a description of a picturesque character in the South, who will interest our readers.

Away down South in Dixie, near our Station Two (railroads are scarce with us), there lives a personage known as Doctor Nursey—the doctor being a title conceded to her as a kind of reward of merit by her colored friends—Nursey a *matronymic* we children gave her in "ante-bellum" times, when her lap was "headquarters for infantry," her arm a refuge from all childish grievances. Shall we introduce her? You would be surprised at her polished manner, her soft, sweet voice, her self-possession as she drops you a lowly courtesy, and exchanges the salutations of the day. She has an air of refinement about her from her gay turban to her softly-slipped feet; her very presence in a sick-room is a harbinger of rest; and, as she deftly passes her hand over the fevered head, or gently rubs the aching limbs, you would say, as we have often told her: "Ah, Nursey, you have virtue in your hands," and hear the quiet response: "Yes, mistress, I smothered a mole in my hands; and, when I rubs, I always bring the misery straight along out; I never rubs up—that turns it back again."

Unlike Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, Dr. Nursey is no graduate, although her fields for learning compare favorably, in extent at least, with any of her female competitors. Her "materia medica" lies open before her; she emphatically belongs to the old-field school, circumscribed by no man's limits. Like the Mikado of Japan, who proposes to promulgate a new religion to suit all classes, Dr. Nursey proposes a new order of physic, and her sable worshippers likewise regard her as an incarnate deity. When one of them has been "tricked or hunted," they repair straightway to Nursey, who, armed with counter-spells, "charms their fears," and away they go, making the

pine-woods ring with the refrain of "There is a balm in *Gilead*."

She has not yet set up her shingle, as our backwoods people call a doctor's sign; but, as you enter her door, look closely, and, nailed to the wall, you will find two buzzards' heads, with the feathers removed, so that the sun may have full play in extracting the oil; under them, suspended by a string, hangs a paregoric bottle to catch the drippings; this is one of her most efficacious remedies, and, as Dr. Tubb remarked, "it has a fine, venomous smell, and ought to be good for something." It certainly would *rank* any of Lubin's extracts; and, although not quite so agreeable to the olfactory as "Kiss me quick," the "Go-my-honey" ointment would, I am sure, be so highly appreciated, that the possessor would not take a *hundred cents* for his dollar's worth.

Dr. Nursey is patronized by all kinds of patients, the blind, the lame, and those incurables, the lazy; she has so much confidence in her skill, that she refuses none; especially does she pride herself on her success as an oculist. One patient who visited her I thought would test her in that line, he having lost the sight of one eye from cataract; but no! she was still mistress of the situation. Were not her instruments of the best construction? No one would doubt it were they to see them. Had she nerve enough? without doubt! So the patient being seated, with the aid of her finger and thumb she dexterously "tore the fillum," as she expressed it, from his eye. If it *did not* prove a final cure, it certainly modified the disease from a cataract to a waterfall (of tears). *En passant*, we can say the patient came seeing nothing, but left after "seeing sights." The incurables, the lazy, numerically as well as physically the stronger party, come in droves. Nursey, always politic, has found a name for their chronic disease; she discreetly calls it "sleepy staggers." As a well-wisher of Dr. Nursey, I write this short notice of her vocation and whereabouts, in hopes that some learned graduate may visit her for the purpose of placing within reach of the public her valuable "intment"—the medical fraternity being noted for such condescensions, owing to their well-known belief "in auld wives' fables."

#### The Isles of Rugen and Falster.

The isle of Rugen, which suffered so severely in a recent storm, has many unique peculiarities. It lies off the coast of Pomerania, the province with which Prince Bismarck is so closely connected by ties of residence and property, from which it is separated by a strait a mile wide. So deeply is the island indented by the sea that it seems to be formed of several narrow tongues of land. On one of these peninsulas, named Jasmund, is a precipitous cliff called the Stubbenkemmer, whose highest point, four hundred and twenty feet, is known as the King's Seat, because, when standing there, Charles XII. of Sweden witnessed, in 1715, a fight between the Swedes and Danes. Rugen is supposed to derive its name from the ancient Rugi. Its shape is extraordinarily irregular. So far as can be ascertained, it contains about a hundred and forty-two thousand acres.

The island is well watered, highly productive, and tenanted by a most industrious people. Game is abundant, and a large trade is done in geese smoked for exportation. The chief town is Bergen, to the northeast of the island.

Rugen belonged to Denmark from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, when it was ceded by convention to the dukes of Pomerania. When that house became extinct, the

island passed, by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, to Sweden. The people, about forty-five thousand in number, speak a *patois* of Swedish and Danish. They were emancipated from serfdom in 1806. Of late years Rugen has become a very favorite summer resort, and all the more so that its rugged and picturesque scenery forms so agreeable a contrast with the monotonous flats of the main-land. The coasts have long been a terror to mariners, and several ancient regulations are, or were, very recently in force respecting shipwrecks. When a vessel made signs of distress, the inhabitants were bound to hasten to her assistance, and first endeavor to save the crew. Those who arrived first were entitled to a preference for salvage, but none was to insist on his services if the crew alone could save the cargo.

The magnate of Rugen is Prince Putbus, who is one of the greatest "swells" in the North-German Empire. The Princes Putbus are among the few families enjoying hereditary seats in the Chamber of Peers, and, when the House met a few weeks ago, he was put forward as president by the Conservative party against the government nominee.

A few years ago the isle of Rugen was perhaps the cheapest place in the world, the cost of living being about an eighth of that in New York to-day; but probably, like other places, it shares the horrid tendency of the age as regards rising prices.

The Danish isle of Falster is one of a group about forty miles west of Rugen. The group form what is known as the Amt of Mariboe, Mariboe being a principal town of one of them. Falster, which covers about twenty-three thousand acres, is highly productive. There is a castle on the island, which has often been occupied by Danish sovereigns.

#### Women as they were.

"Young ladies of the time of Edward IV.," says a recent writer, "were brought up with greater strictness than their descendants under Victoria. Mammas in those days kept their daughters a greater part of the day at hard work, exacted almost slavish deference from them, and even, as an able antiquarian states, counted upon their earnings. After they had attained a certain age, it was the custom for the young of both sexes to be sent to the houses of powerful nobles to finish their education by learning manners, and thus a noble lady was often surrounded by a bevy of fair faces from the owners of which she did not scruple to receive payment for their living."

"Let us follow a lady of gentle blood through her occupations of a day. She rises early—at seven, or half past—listens to matins, and then dresses; breakfast follows; and this is her costume: a silk gown, richly embroidered with fur, open from the neck to the waist in front, and having a turn-over collar of a darker color; a broad girdle with a rich, gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the wearer to carry them over the arm; shoes long and pointed; a gold chain round the neck; and, to crown all, the steeple-cap, with its pendent gossamer veil. After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer, she will, possibly, if religiously inclined, go to chapel; if not, to the garden, and weave garlands. This occupation, enlivened by gossip with her friends, will take her until noon, when dinner is served, after which an hour or so will be spent with the distaff or the spinning-wheel. At six o'clock supper is served, after which, perhaps, follow games at cards or dice, or, possibly, a dance. Of the latter our young lady is extremely fond, and has been known, once or twice, when agreeable company was in

the house, to commence dancing after dinner and to continue until supper, when, after a short respite, she began again. She has grown tired of the old carole, and now dotes upon those merry jigs imported from France. Later on, another meal is served, called the rere-supper, or banquet, after which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine, if she be so inclined, and then retire for the night. Another day, in the proper season, she may go a-hawking or ride on horseback, or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrows, or witness bear-baiting, or some other such refined amusement.

"Young ladies of this age are cautioned by a M. de Montaignon, who appears to have been somewhat of a poet and a social reformer, against being too quick to fall in love, from talking scandal, from drinking too much wine, and from chattering at table. They are enjoined to practise habits of industry, to respect the aged, to refrain from quarrels, and, above all, never to allow gentlemen to kiss them *in secret*!"

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONE of the finest collections of paintings ever seen in this country is now on exhibition at the rooms of the Academy of Design. Starting with the larger and more showy of the paintings, the connoisseur is surprised to find, among nearly every class of subjects and of each school represented, several strikingly fine pictures. The great number of foreign works that are now constantly being brought to the United States are rapidly teaching the American public to comprehend some of the qualities of pictures, the qualities which give them merit; and Goupil, Derby, and other competent importers, are really among the leading educators in this respect. The New-York public have now become so conversant with the best points of Bouguereau, Meissonier, Gérôme, and Zama-cois, that, to those who frequent the galleries of the city, a bad and slovenly painting appears as such, and even the ordinary amateur cannot fail to distinguish the leading merits and demerits of each artist. The Derby collection contains many lovely little *genre* bits of exquisitely wrought detail, wonderful contrasts of color and light and shade, and subtle harmonies of tint, each so carefully, faithfully, and sensitively wrought, that one is constantly tempted to wonder at the vast amount of study and feeling displayed in such small compass. But, passing over these gems, let us consider briefly a few of the most prominent pictures. It happens that there are a number of excellent paintings having many fine qualities, of which children are the subject, and one of the most attractive of these to the ordinary visitor, as well as to those knowing in artistic "points," is Bouguereau's "Learning to play," No. 309. Many of us are familiar with his "Twins," two lovely babies, in Mr. Belmont's collection. In "Learning to play," a little bare-legged boy, in an attitude totally *abandonné*, is half sitting, half hanging on the knee of a

man, whose figure is dark and gray with shadow. The child holds a pipe to his lips, and on his lovely face is an expression half meditative, and half listening to the sounds he elicits from the instrument. The repose of the figure is delightful, but the most charming thing about it is the surpassingly beautiful flesh of the little legs and feet. The flesh of the "Twins" in the Belmont gallery is famous; but in this little pipe-player Bouguereau has surpassed himself, and has wrought the softness, texture, and tenderness of childhood into the paint. Another charming child-picture is No. 30, by Ingomar, of "The Little Brother," a large painting of life-size. The room and its furniture, and the little girl who holds the baby, are in partial shadow of rich, soft hues, though the forms of the objects are somewhat weak, but, on the background of this rich setting of color, is cut out a most delightful figure of a baby naked excepting its delicate woolen shirt, which has wrinkled up as the child hangs and stretches in the arms of the girl who is holding him. He looks warm and fair, and the position of his figure is remarkably unstudied and graceful, and, artistically, the drawing of the form is singularly simple in its contours. It has not quite the vigor Gérôme would have given it, nor has the flesh the look as if one could touch it, as one feels in the little pipe-player; but there is a great deal of pure form and good modelling in it, combined with remarkable breadth and simplicity. There is a fine study of color—light and shade—and of the human figure, in Slingeneyer's "Prisoner sharing his loaf with a Beggar," No. 172. This work represents a Roman beggar, clad in coarse, dark garments, reaching up against a stone-wall toward a grated window, through which the wan hand of a prisoner is extending to him a piece of bread. A woman, in dusky hues, with rich skin, firmly-outlined figure, and the broad, level brows and straight nose of the ideal Roman peasant, is sitting pensively facing the spectator. The tints of the picture are very rich, and resemble, in tone, some of the works of Tiffany; the general sensation of temperature and light is also like his, while the drawing of the figure of the beggar is very powerful and full of vigor. Meissonier's "Cavalier," No. 307, is about as good as the one in the Belmont collection. Merles's study of the "Lunatic," No. 70, from which the painting recently at Goupil's was taken, is interesting as a work of art, and even more expressive than the finished painting; but it has not the same development of color, and the shadows are heavy and disproportioned to the light. Three interesting subjects, which are in many ways very well treated, are Monchot's "Sortie of the Grand Council at Venice, Sixteenth Century," No. 201, a large, full-light painting of the ducal palace, the architectural decorations of which, though a little hard, are quite in keeping with the imposing impression produced by the architect-

ure itself, and by the groups of richly-dressed personages who are descending the grand staircase, and are pacing the court below. Two other paintings of the same class, "Queen Elizabeth knighting Admiral Drake," No. 22, and the queen returning from knighting him, 23, are both interesting historically, and are admirably managed artistically. The groups of figures are a little formal compared with those in the Venetian picture, but the treatment of the sky, the sea, and the atmospheric effect of the queer old ships, seen through vapor and sunshine, are exceedingly good. We should like to go into detailed descriptions of the cabinet-pictures, but can only allow ourselves to mention Burger's "Bookworm," No. 347. It is quite small, and its title indicates the subject. It is not much in its outward meaning, but is very wonderful in its curious tones of color and in the type of its forms. Musically speaking, it might be called a "*fugue*" on broad tints, and a *fugue* on angular figures. Yet neither tints nor figures are obtrusive, nor do they destroy the main ideas of the picture, which many people would pass by as ordinary, while to a practised eye there is an aroma about it comparable to some curious perfume, and a flavor like the cultivated taste for olives or odd spices.

— We have recently been again entertained by enthusiastic accounts in the daily papers of a police raid upon certain Broadway "concert-saloons." Seven of these "dens of vice" were descended upon near midnight, the proprietors, the waiting-girls, and the visitors, put under arrest, and all but a few of the guests marched off to the station-house. The particulars given by the reporters were rendered specially edifying by the exceedingly moral sentiments with which they were garnished and adorned, but we found no description of the affair wherein the writer doubted the legality of the proceeding. It cannot be questioned that these "concert-saloons," as they are called, are as immoral and vicious as the most glowing imaginations of the reporters have painted them. Under cover of a musical entertainment, they practise things which the reserve of a respectable journal forbids us even to mention. They ought to be suppressed. But then they ought to be suppressed by lawful authority, in a legal manner. If they are illegal—and recent legislative enactments, it is generally understood, make them so—how is it that we find the proprietors conducting them openly, without the slightest reservation or concealment, week after week, and month after month, entirely undisturbed by the police? If they are illegal, how is it that the police-officer passes them hourly on his beat for half a year, and never even utters a protest, much less makes an arrest? Clearly, if the supposition of illegality be correct, the police are guilty of flagrant neglect of duty, and some competent power should step in to

bring them to punishment therefor. But, if the concert-saloons are not amenable to known law, if they violate no statute and no city ordinances, how is it that the police may make organized descents upon them—may, at their capricious pleasure, drag off their inmates to prison? Do they proceed upon warrants? Who issues the warrants? Have we law and rightfully organized authority in New York, or are we subject to the whims, passions, caprices, and personal decrees of our rulers? If the police, without authority, may enter a bad man's house, they may enter a good one's; if they may arrest and imprison A without legal warrant, they may indulge in a similar stretch of authority with the rest of the alphabet. In any way that it may be viewed, these "raids" upon suspected places are infamous—infamous because, if illegal, their existence at all is by the connivance of the "guardians of the peace," as we term our uniformed rulers, and, specially infamous if not illegal, the police, presuming upon their power to intimidate, arbitrarily suppress them. If we have any regard for the authority and sanctity of law, and for the security of individual liberty, we must see to it that these "raids" end at once and forever. And, if some of the chance guests at these places who are so often unceremoniously dragged off under capture, would, instead of pusillanimously whining out their excuses, or surreptitiously trying to escape, boldly accept their position, and legally test the right to make arrests under such circumstances, we will neglect to inquire the motives that led them into a place of disrepute, in open admiration of the public spirit, the old-fashioned resistance to unlawful authority, which their conduct will exhibit.

— The reassembling of the French Chamber has been signalized by party collisions which show that the summer vacation has cooled the temper neither of M. Thiers himself nor of the deputies in general. The veteran president's message, in which he declared the republic to be the established form of government, gave instant offence to the monarchical majority, composed of the Right and Right Centre; and, upon a vote of confidence in the executive, a large portion of that party abstained from voting at all, thus tacitly betraying their purpose no longer to yield a willing support to M. Thiers. This produced a crisis, further threats of resignation on the part of M. Thiers, and a state of conflict and suspense, the issue of which, as we write, cannot be foreseen, and is not even foreshadowed. Ever since M. Thiers became president there has been a constant conflict on the part of the two antagonistic elements in the Chamber—monarchical and republican—to control his administration; and, up to the close of last summer's session, the former do not seem to have despaired of winning him to an espousal of their cause. But the whole tendency of events since has rendered

it more clear that France is becoming decidedly republican in feeling, and the president responded to what he thought prevailing public opinion by adhering to his alliance with the republicans. The legislative majority, which is monarchical, moderate, or extreme, will hardly venture to make a direct attempt to set up the throne in the face of the evident will of France; the most that they can do is either to compel the executive to be conservative if possible, or to substitute a complaint for a contumacious president. An open breach between the president and the dominant party must result in a state of things quite as disastrous as would be a dissolution of the Assembly and a new election; but such a prospect, which would result in depriving the monarchists of power by the return of a republican majority, is the main check which M. Thiers has had upon the Right for the past year. As a fact, the present Assembly is usurping rights and powers which never were confided to it, as it was only elected to conclude a peace with Germany. Yet a new election would be a misfortune at this time, would perhaps throw the country into disorder, and might not impossibly precipitate civil war. The real power, after all, resides in the army, a large portion of which has for some time been massed about Paris, and, under the command of so tried a patriot and cool-headed a soldier as MacMahon, the action of the army, in a case of emergency, would be determined by the need of the country at the moment.

— A "thrilling" account of the punishment of a garroter, at Newgate, by the application of the "cat," has created an excited discussion in the London papers, and once more reopened the whole question of corporal castigation. The harrowing details described elicited the indignant remonstrances of Mr. P. A. Taylor, M. P., who wrote a letter condemning the custom in the strongest terms. For some years the application of the cat has been confined to what are regarded as the peculiarly cowardly crimes of garroting and highway robbery; but Mr. Taylor thinks the time has come for dispensing altogether with personal castigation. On the other hand, several of the London papers not only defend the cat, but urge that this mode of punishment should be extended to those who commit assaults upon women and children. It must be confessed that if any offence deserves the cat as being cowardly, it is this; but the whole question is a perplexing one, there being a formidable array of arguments on either side. The tendency of the age is toward a greater leniency in the treatment of criminals; the object of punishment is agreed to be not revenge or retaliation, but protection to society and the reformation of the criminal himself. *Per contra*, it is certain that the prospect of the cat is a very strong deterrent to the would-be garroter; he dreads it, say the English authori-

ties, more than he does transportation, only less than he does the gallows. Perhaps some of the grimly-humorous, old-fashioned German punishments might be substituted for the cat, for ridicule is as much feared by most men as corporeal stripes. In Hesse, a woman who beat her husband was forced to ride on a donkey backward, the donkey being led through the streets by the husband; hen-pecked husbands used to be punished for their weakness by having the roof removed from their houses; scolding wives had a "shameful stone" hung about their necks, the stone being bottle-shaped; and libellers and slanderers in Hamburg were forced to stand on a block and strike themselves on the mouth three times as a token of repentance.

### MINOR MATTERS AND THINGS.

— A correspondent, from abroad, writes that Rhoda Broughton, author of "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" and other romances with strange titles, is young, pretty, fascinating, and rather wild. Every reader of her brilliant and audacious novels will be relieved by this description, for the boldness and perverse defiance of convention that characterize her literary performances have led many, even of those who admired their literary freshness, to imagine the author some woman of coarse and masculine attributes. But what a picture the correspondent's description calls up! We can see the wilful beauty tossing her saucy head, and curling her pretty but defiant lip at all the set axioms and starched proprieties of goody people. Her plucky little heart is a trifle wicked, no doubt, and takes a reprehensible zest in the racy perversities of human nature; but the wickedness is obviously all on the surface—it is an open trifling with fire-arms, the dangerous character of which is not understood. It is the nature of fresh and free girlhood to be wilful and passionate, to boldly strike into fields that wiser and more cautious age fears or avoids; and, if a bright young spirit must send into the world its effusions, it is far better they should be the honest expressions of impetuous nature than the studied and often dishonest reflections of other people's views of things. And it cannot be too much enforced that fast and open "coarseness," of which Miss Broughton is accused, is often only evidence of a simple and honest nature, while studied phrases and affected modesty suggest a host of suspicions. Miss Broughton, it is said, wrote "Cometh up as a Flower" when only sixteen years of age. If this is true, her genius is remarkably precocious. She is the daughter of a Devonshire clergyman.

— In speaking of the sufferers by the Boston fire, the *Globe* of that city remarks that few of those who suffered "by the fire are in a position to be helped. They

may require assistance far more than the very poor; they may have lost the means to live as they must live; they may be deprived of necessary income; they may be absolutely unable to make both ends meet; and yet they cannot accept charity in any form; they must keep up appearances; they must practise that close economy which grinds the very life out of a man, and which the necessity of concealment renders more bitter." The truth of these statements every one will concede. The extent of suffering which a calamity like that of the Boston or Chicago fire causes can never be fully measured, and some of the keenest distress it inflicts never comes to the light of day. The great body of the recognized poor have the advantage of living in open poverty. They may, without discredit, receive assistance in time of misfortune, and they have no artificial state to maintain. Although philosophers condemn the spirit which seeks to keep up appearances, yet this desire is as powerfully incumbent upon persons of culture and social antecedents as any principle or sentiment in the world. And people live for their sentiments—not for the necessities of being, but for those things that birth, education, position, and habit, render the essence and soul of life. The Boston sufferers are not of a class who can appeal for public aid, and yet when it is remembered that many a family, always living hitherto in graceful ease and affluence, must take up the hard burden of poverty; that many women and many aged people, happy in the supposed security of their little income, are suddenly impoverished, and are yet absolutely unable to obtain or earn the wherewithal to live—when these facts are recalled, the imagination supplies a picture of the large suffering which never is revealed, and which public charity can never reach.

— It is getting to be the "thing" among the greater storekeepers not to have display-windows. If this aristocratic notion, which originated with Mr. Stewart, is carried out generally, it will deprive our streets of half their cheer, brilliancy, and attractiveness. In the way of shop-windows, Broadway scarcely equals Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where a few recently-erected structures give the promenader superb window-pictures. The new fronts are of white marble, the height of the first story considerably above that of any in our Broadway buildings, and the huge windows are one vast, unbroken sheet of plate-glass, within which are grouped articles of beauty that bewilder and yet delight the eye. It is odd that architects and builders of one city so rarely take a hint from those of another. There are excellent things in every leading city which New York might advantageously borrow, and good things here, we trust, that might be as successfully copied by our neighbors. The Broadway retailer ought to go to Philadelphia and take a lesson in brilliant shop-fronts.

— A Western journal gave, a short time since, a few good hints as to etiquette in street-cars. We reproduce a few of the hints from recollection, but have only our own terms in which to express them, while we venture a few points, in addition, of our own. We hope those who desire to attain excellence in public deportment will study them well:

1. Be sure, in the summer-time, to smoke on the front platform. From this "point of vantage" the smoke of your cigar will circle in graceful wreaths through the open windows into the car, and fill the atmosphere with that aromatic odor which ladies so much delight in.

2. If not smoking on the front platform, don't fail to occupy the rear platform. The fact of obstructing the ingress and egress need not deter you, because it is so pleasant to compel people to squeeze between your manly form and the manly form of somebody else; and this necessity is so specially delightful to ladies travelling in these vehicles.

3. But, if you are a very large man, if your shoulders are broad, and your abdomen excessively protuberant, be sure and stand in the rear door-way. The success of this movement is certain to be complete. Nobody can possibly get out. No one can possibly get in. You may thus leisurely and tranquilly create the maximum of discomfort that lies in your power to inflict.

4. When you want to crowd into a seat, never request those already seated to endeavor to give you room. This would be an aristocratic waste of breath. Silently thrust people aside and take possession. Always act upon the principle that people prefer to be pushed, shoved, crowded, thrust right or left, than to be quietly asked to move.

5. When you are seated, don't fail to cross your legs and thrust your feet out across the passage-way. If you trip up men and embarrass ladies, you only assert that democratic independence which to maintain animates the bosom of every freeman.

These few lessons will suffice the earnest student for the present. We might append a few directions to ladies, but let us attempt to acquire an elegant and well-bred manner for ourselves before seeking to instruct others.

— One of the signs of the times, and a most promising one if the project be carried out, is a proposed reformation in costume by the women of Italy. If we may trust the reports, a determined crusade against foreign fashions is contemplated by some of the most prominent ladies of Rome and of Florence, who have become heartily tired of the tyranny of the Parisian *modistes*, and who believe in the thorough regeneration of Italy, socially as well as politically. It is said that a committee of artists and of ladies are to decide upon the national costume, which is to supersede the French abominations, and that their inspiration is to be derived from the study



of the most graceful of the antique garments pictured by Italy's famous painters. The selection once made, every effort will be tried to secure its universal adoption. Among other means to this end, a monthly magazine will advocate it strenuously, and many ladies, who are authorities in the social world, will give it their countenance, and make it "the fashion." Parisians will smile, of course, at the absurdity of the attempt of any people within the bounds of civilization to throw off the chains so long imposed by them, but we hope that the ladies will persevere in their efforts, and produce a costume which shall become as characteristic of regenerated Italy as the flowing robes of their ancestors were of the "mistress of the world." We heartily wish them success in their patriotic undertaking, and trust that the reformation, if successful, may spread to other lands.

— An American gentleman, residing in Europe, speaks, in a private letter to a friend here, of several bad habits prevailing among his travelling countrymen. First, he calls attention to their ostentatious manner of spending money, known abroad as "the petroleum style;" next, to their justly-acquired reputation for fawning about courts, and counts and other titled gentry. This was shockingly exhibited in Paris, where the toadyism of Americans at the Napoleonic court was a source of shame to our more sensible people, who felt disgraced by the conduct of their countrymen. To refer to some minor matters, although they are not so small as they seem, our English cousins complain of the annoyance caused by a certain lack of tact and thoughtfulness on the part of our people, such as failing to reply to a dinner-invitation, or, if they happen to be sufficiently well bred to do so, that they are so careless in understanding the importance of being exact in addressing their note, that the chances are five to one that it fails to reach its destination. Unless the host is informed as to what are known as "American manners," he presumes that the recipients of his invitation have left town for Paris, when lo! they appear on the day named at dinner-time, when no preparations have been made, and perhaps other engagements entered into. Then, too, it is often truly charged against our countrymen that they are careless in the matter of coats, and often appear at dinner and evening parties without being in full dress. All these may appear to be little things, but they are not so considered by English society: The phrase "American manners" arises from the failure to sufficiently appreciate the importance of the habits of good society, which have their *raison d'être*, and a wise man will observe them, or else a lack of that consideration for even the slight convenience of others which made the old definition of a gentleman as "one who is benevolent in small things."

— It is an old saying that an actress, to effectively render the part of Juliet, must have the face of sixteen and the experience

of sixty. Many of the old play-goers confess that even a long experience has not given them one personation of this character to their satisfaction. Those whose recollections extend back to the time when Fanny Kemble appeared in this part have, no doubt, a different story to tell; but, since that period, we can recall no actress who has given the passionate and beautiful Italian such a personation as to awaken enthusiasm, or to identify her name with the character. An English actress, Miss Neilson, has recently come to us with a London reputation won specially by her personation of Juliet, and is now playing at Booth's Theatre. She is young, though scarcely with a face of sixteen, and she is almost beautiful enough to satisfy an exacting ideal. We cannot call her rendition an intellectual one, nor is her art of the highest quality, nor is her taste always faultless, nor has she escaped some bad mannerisms of the stage; and yet she is very charming. She looks and acts better than she reads. With a voice that is full of music, she yet often indulges in a strained, syllabic, stilted declamation that is neither artistic nor natural— if there be any distinction between these two things; but, even while thus offending, some flash of action, some concentration of expression, some outburst of genuine dramatic genius, transfigures her face and form, and for a moment makes her almost great. In the softer scenes she is very charming, womanly, gentle, radiant, giving us a picture of such a woman that might well fire the susceptible heart of Romeo. The balcony-scene was a delicious picture; arch, graceful, passionate, not always exhibiting a knowledge of all the resources of the text, but nevertheless full of beauties.

— Mr. Edwin Forrest has appeared as a reader. Everybody who has been able to dissociate the actor from the reader, has noted the uncommon beauty with which Mr. Forrest delivers many poetical passages, and, no doubt, it has often occurred to his admirers that, as a public reader, he would achieve a success. The test has been made, and, for various reasons, without so happy a result as might justly have been anticipated. Every diverse effort in art requires its own special training and preparation. Mr. Forrest gave, on the occasion of his first appearance, three acts of "Hamlet." The reading of the soliloquies was perhaps perfect. The rich, mellow voice of the veteran was of itself a rare charm, while the varying sentiments, emotions, and meditations, were expressed with adequate and long-trained skill. But it cannot be claimed that any new light was thrown upon the character of Hamlet, or that Mr. Forrest gave us any thing in these passages but some well-studied specimens of elocutionary art. Other portions of the play were greatly slurred, the selections were tediously long, and hence the few striking episodes in the entertainment scarcely compensated for the weariness of the whole. And Mr. For-

rest read, moreover, under every possible disadvantage in his surroundings. The place was that fearfully bald Steinway Hall, where a wilderness of platform swallows up the lone speaker who ventures upon it. The reader sat at a table surmounted by two lamps, which hid his features from two-thirds of his auditors, while his face, by the arrangement of the lights, was in shadow to everybody. If Mr. Forrest would read only the principal scenes of a play, select a smaller room, have the lamps so adjusted that the light would fall upon his figure, he would give us an entertainment that, while eminently instructive, would have those conditions of agreeableness necessary to the full enjoyment of a lecture or public reading.

— The perishable character of even the hardest stone when subjected to intense heat, as illustrated in both the Chicago and Boston fires, has brought brick to the front as a valuable building material. We think this fact is scarcely to be regretted, for, rightly employed, brick may give us beautiful and picturesque structures, and, with stone trimmings, the effect is often exceedingly rich, as any one in New York may verify by observing the noble pile in Twenty-seventh Street, extending from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, known as the Stevens House. The heavy stone trimmings, however, in this case contribute essentially to the beauty of the structure, and the question arises whether an effect so notably picturesque could be secured by brick alone. No building, however good its material, can satisfy the eye without heavy projections. Light, and shadow, and harmoniously broken lines, are indispensable to artistic quality. Can this be obtained without the aid of stone? Our architects must answer, but we imagine it can be done. Or, even if stone were sparingly used, the fire-proof quality of the brick would still preserve the building. Brick is much richer in effect when the lines between are painted in black instead of white. We hope to see some new developments in the use of this material for building.

— Our stubborn cousin across the water, who once saw nothing good in this "blasted" country, has kindly consented of late to study our geography, and to bestow on us an occasional commendatory note. John will still persist in hunting buffaloes on the prairies of Ohio and grizzly bears in the Alleghanies, but we must not expect him to familiarize himself all at once with our vast domain; nor should we find fault with him if he does misplace now and then a mushroom town that has not yet found its proper position in the atlas. John is honest at heart, and is always ready to acknowledge the good points in his neighbor, when he becomes satisfied that they are good points, and not shams. The past decade of years has opened his eyes to the relative national importance of his kinsmen, and he begins to discover qualities in them that he never rec-

ognized before. He realizes that there is something in them besides "bigness;" that a country that boasts of sixty thousand miles of railway and of twice as many of telegraph, which can feed its own people and the people of Europe combined, and which can muster a million of armed volunteers at short notice to protect its rights, is a country to be respected. But John has lately made a new discovery—that his cousins have built up the "most astounding city of modern times." London is "enormously big, and that is all." Rome is, in many respects, a more wonderful city than London, and Pekin is a "marvellous metropolis;" but, for astonishing qualities, the palm must be awarded to New York. New York, says the *London Telegraph*, has become thoroughly cosmopolitan, and may vie with Dublin or Cork, or with Hamburg or Berlin, in the numerical strength of its Irish and German denizens. "Yet its vast population is, perhaps, the least wonderful thing about the city. The really surprising feature of New York is its imperial character. It is not the capital of the Union; it is not even the manufacturing centre of the republic. It is the seat of no legislative body. It can scarcely boast of one splendid public building; yet for wealth and magnificence, for luxury and splendor, for elegance and refinement, it may rank as always equal, and in many respects as superior, to the most ancient and the most famous capitals of Europe."

### Scientific Notes.

THE *American Chemist* for October republishes from the *Journal of the Society of Arts* a lecture by Dr. Grace Calvert on "Dyes and Dye-stuffs," which, in addition to the value of information contained in the text, has its interest greatly enhanced by the introduction of a novel and remarkably attractive series of illustrations. The subject of this, the first lecture of a course, relates to madder as a red coloring substance. After a brief general and historic review, the writer enters into details, giving the methods by which different coloring substances are obtained from madder and applied to fabrics. Alizarine, purpurine, safranine, and various madder extracts, are fully described, and in each case the description is supplemented by a peculiarly attractive and practical illustration. It is these illustrations which will deservedly attract the attention of the reader. They consist in each instance, not of colored plates printed to resemble the dyed fabric, but *portions of the fabric itself* are pasted on to the page in the same manner as would be a photographic illustration. In this manner the reader is enabled to judge not only regarding the color of the dye, but also its stability and practical value, as these samples may be removed and submitted to the familiar test of washing, bleaching, etc. As these samples were obtained from the superintendent of one of our largest print-works—the Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.—they represent actual fabrics as there produced. The readers of the *American Chemist* may be congratulated on having placed before them, in so attractive a manner, information of so great interest and practical value.

From the Signal-Office, at Washington, comes the announcement that the officers in charge of this most valued department of the civil service have recently made a highly-important meteorological discovery, and one that can hardly be over-estimated in its interest to science, and service to agriculture and commerce. By a careful comparison of the reports, as received from the signal-stations located on or near the Pacific coast, it appears that, on the 12th of November, an *atmospheric wave*, similar to that which makes its annual appearance on the coast of England and Western Europe, began to break over the shores of Oregon and British Columbia. By the evening of the 18th it had spread over nearly all the Pacific States and Territories, and at midnight was passing through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, descending, in turn, upon Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian Territory. On Friday, the 15th, its eastern limit marked a course from Washington Territory on the north to the Lower Mississippi Valley on the south. Should this wave of air, which in the date and method of its approach so closely resembles the English one, continue, like that, in a series of successive undulations for several months, its presence will serve to account for our American winter storms, showing that they have their origin in the Rocky Mountains, where the moist air from the coast encounters and is condensed by the cold, dry atmosphere of the mountain-summits, the result being those overwhelming snow-storms that are the dread of the pioneer and Western traveller.

The Swedish exploring expedition which returned from the North during the last year brought home from Greenland a number of meteorites of remarkable size. They are described as being the chief masses of an enormous meteoric fall, which probably occurred during the Miocene period, and extended over an area of two hundred English miles, embracing, not only that region occupied by the Greenland basalt, but a country composed of granite and gneiss. Within an area of five hundred and forty square feet, in the neighborhood of Ovisfak, were found sixteen meteorites, ranging in weight from six to fifty thousand Swedish pounds. The three largest have the following diameters respectively: 6.4 by 5.4 inches, 4.1 by 3.8 inches, and 3.2 by 2.7 inches. In addition to the meteorites proper, which in the aggregate weighed over eight thousand Swedish pounds, nearly one hundred pounds of lenticular-shaped fragments of iron, from three to four inches in thickness, were taken from the basaltic dike near by. All of these masses contain nickel and carbon in combination with iron, the main constituent.

The French scientist, M. Caroms, having lately conducted a series of experimental tests to determine the effects of cold or frost upon iron and steel bars and rails, expresses the opinion that good iron, properly formed, is not affected by cold, but that iron of bad form or faulty nature is affected by it, and rendered perceptibly more brittle. In answer to the fact that even the best of rails do break oftener in cold weather—a fact too clearly demonstrated to admit of a question—M. Caroms suggests a cause that commends itself to our commonsense. "Most railroads," he states, "are far more elastic in summer than in winter, owing to the increased hardness of the ground and ties in winter. If a rail is raised above the grade-lines by a tie which has been elevated by the action of the weather upon the road-bed, and a locomotive strikes it with a blow of

twenty-five tons at a point where it must find a bearing, the natural effect of the blow would be to break the rail, whether there be frost in it or not; so it is evident that the great rigidity given to roads in cold weather is a better reason for breaks than mere frost."

M. Kletzinsky, a Viennese professor, in the course of certain investigations relating to the spread of contagious diseases, made the following ingenious experiment, the simplicity of which is only equalled by the important nature of the results obtained: Noticing that persons sick with the small-pox were often visited by flies, he placed, near an open window of the hospital, a saucer filled with glycerine. Attracted by this sweet substance, the flies gathered about it and were caught like birds with glue. In their endeavors to free themselves, all the foreign matter which had adhered to them was left in the glycerine, which was at once carefully examined under the microscope. Here it was discovered that the glycerine, which, when placed in the saucer was chemically pure, was now full of strange cells, very similar to those seen on persons attacked with small-pox, but never found upon the fly. This discovery would seem to prove conclusively that flies are not only filthy in their nature and tastes, but can be a very dangerous means of spreading contagious disease.

Messrs. Macpherson, Willard & Co., of Bordentown, N. J., have recently completed a series of practical tests conducted with a view of determining the relative tensile strength of steel and wrought-iron beams and shafting. The results of these investigations seem to justify the conclusion that for heavy work wrought-iron compares favorably and even excels steel in strength and toughness. Thirty-two iron shafts, about forty feet long, and weighing two tons each, were tested with a strain of three hundred tons without stretching a hair's breadth. When several steel shafts were submitted to a like test, they snapped under even less strains than those which the iron stood perfectly. These results seem also to accord with a more practical test made two years ago on the Camden and Amboy Railroad boat Red Jacket. As this vessel has two screws, an iron shaft was fitted to one, and one of steel to the other, both being of equal size and submitted to the same force; the steel shaft, however, twisted off in a week, while the iron one, with a companion, has been running ever since.

From a paper on the occurrence of native sulphuric acid in Eastern Texas, by J. U. Mallet, Ph. D., we learn that, not far from the Gulf of Mexico, and within twenty-five or thirty miles to the westward of the Neches River, there exist numerous small drainage-wells and shallow pools of water, strongly sour to the taste, this sourness being due to the presence of free sulphuric acid, which is accompanied by various salts, especially aluminum and iron sulphates. At most of these points gases are continually escaping, mainly hydrogen, sulphide, and marsh gas, the bubbles burning readily on the application of a light. At the bottom of one of these ponds, known as Sour Lake, an earthy crust had been formed, in which free sulphur was observable. A thick, tarry variety of petroleum is also found oozing from the surrounding soil. The writer regards the occurrence together, in this region, of combustible gases, petroleum, sulphur, sulphuric acid, and gypsum, as of great interest in its relation to the mineral history of native sulphur.

Referring to the manufacture of submarine telegraph-cables, the *San Francisco Bulletin*

states that the Electrical Construction Company have completed the first section of submarine cable constructed on the coast. It is intended for the Government of British Columbia, to be laid across Rosario Straits, connecting Victoria with the main-land. The cable is thirty-five thousand feet in length, and weighs about thirty thousand pounds. The conductor is composed of seven No. 20 copper wires of ninety-seven per cent. fineness. The dielectric consists of two coats of pure gutta-percha, 9.32 of an inch in diameter, with intermediate coatings of Chatterton's compound. The gutta-percha coil is served with two coats of machine-banding, well tarred, and covered with a protecting armor of No. 9 galvanized iron wire, laid on spirally.

The process by which the chemist is enabled to burn the diamond consists in introducing the stone, already heated to incandescence, into an atmosphere of oxygen. To effect this, the operator, holding the gem in a loop of platinum wire, projects against it the powerful flame of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. By this means the stone is brought to a white heat, in which state it is quickly transferred to a jar containing oxygen. Active combustion at once begins, continuing until the last atom of carbon contained in the diamond is changed into carbonic acid, by its union with two atoms of oxygen. It is by measuring the amount of carbonic acid thus evolved, that the true character of the diamond is determined, and its chemical identity to charcoal, graphite, and plumbago, established.

Closely following the announcement that Queen Victoria had gracefully acknowledged the services of Mr. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingston, comes the news that Sir Henry Rawlinson, president of the Royal Geographical Society, has declared in his opening lecture before that distinguished body, that the journey of Mr. Stanley into the interior of Africa was a most important event, and that for the successful accomplishment of this great undertaking he deserves a medal from the Royal Society. So at last the reward has come, and we only trust that the "plucky American" will receive with due modesty and appreciation this rather tardy recognition of his claims and services.

A microscopic examination of the blood of persons afflicted with the measles and scarlet fever disclosed the presence of minute cell-like spores or fungi. The perspiration collected from these patients was also found to contain these peculiar and characteristic micrococci in abundance. Dr. Hallier, by whom these observations were made, expresses the opinion that these fungi are not only the concomitants, but the true cause of these diseases.

The centenary of Linnæus's death will be celebrated at Stockholm on the 10th of January, 1873, when a statue of the Swedish naturalist will be unveiled.

## Home and Foreign Notes.

THE *Gazette Musicale*, of Paris, observes that a few modern dramatic writers have afforded more matter for operatic librettos than Victor Hugo. "Angelo" was made the subject of an opera by Mercadante; Matteo Salvi wrote an opera on "Les Burgraves;" Verdi took his "Rigoletto" from "Le Roi s'amuse;" and "Ernani" from the drama of the same name; the "Lucrezia Borgia" of Donizetti is founded on "Lucrece;" "Marie Tudor" was chosen by two composers, Pacini and a Russian, Kachpéreff; two operas have also been composed on "Marion de Lorme;" "Ruy Blas" has

been adopted by five composers—Glover, Chiramonte, Benanzoni, Marchetti, and Prince Poniatowski; "La Esmeraldi" seems to have been the greatest favorite, as it has been adopted by no less than eight composers, the latest Campana. Victor Hugo has, without doubt, inspired more minds than any other man of this century, despite the sneers of those who see in his works only a tissue of exaggeration and improbability.

Few things are more curious than the success of authors in Germany. Schiller died so poor that his friends had to make a collection to pay his funeral expenses. Goethe left a large fortune. Humboldt, who had always moved in the most aristocratic circles of society, left very little money. Lessing's fortune, after his death, amounted to less than one hundred dollars; Wieland left what was considered at that time considerable money—that is to say, about five thousand dollars; while Jean Paul died as poor as a church-mouse, and Herder bequeathed to each of his daughters the sum of three hundred dollars. But now comes another tale: Carl Gutzkow received, until 1870, for his "Knights of the Mind," upward of eighteen thousand dollars; Henry Laube is worth over one hundred thousand dollars; Louisa Mühlbach has thus far received on her copyrights upward of seventy thousand dollars, and she refuses to write a new novel for less than two or three thousand dollars; Berthold Auerbach and Fritz Reuter live comfortably on the interest of their money; and Spielhagen has an income of five thousand a year.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in an address at the reception of Mr. Froude by the Massachusetts Historical Society, quoted a passage from "the Boston lecture," delivered by Cotton Mather in 1698, which is of special interest at the present moment. After describing the rapid growth of the town in despite of its frequent sufferings from famine and small-pox, Mather goes on as follows: "Never was any town under the cope of heaven more liable to be laid in ashes, either through the carelessness or the wickedness of them that sleep in it. That such a combustible heap of contiguous houses yet stands, it may be called a standing miracle. It is not because the watchman keeps the city; perhaps there may be too much cause of reflection in that thing, and of inspection, too. No, it is from thy watchful protection, O thou keeper of Boston, who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Ten times," he continues, "has the fire made notable ruins among us, and our good servant been almost our master; but the ruins have mostly and quickly been rebuilt."

Since the city of Rome became a seat of government, it has, like Berlin, greatly increased in population, and the demand for houses necessitates the formation of entire new streets. In the excavations and levellings now being made for these new improvements, the most interesting discoveries have been made. Not a sewer is dug nor foundation laid without the workman's pick coming upon rare objects of art or the debris of monuments; among these are mosaic pavements, tombs, marble and bronze statues, inscriptions, pillars, bass-reliefs, etc., the remains of ancient monuments, known and unknown, and an abundance of tools, medals, jewels, and other small articles. A better field could scarcely present itself just now to the study of the archaeologist and antiquarian, for the history of old Rome is written in her soil, and every step upon it reminds the traveller of Byron's fervid exclamation: "Stop! for you tread upon an empire's dust!"

Tobacco has many things to answer for in this world. When left around loose it makes inquisitive children sick; when it is burnt the smoke smells badly and taints the clothes and the curtains. And now the *Courant*, of Edinburgh, Scotland, records an additional evil of its use. Two young women were out walking one evening recently, arrayed in those gossamer garments so dear to a woman's heart. By chance they met a young man who was smoking a cigar, from which a spark of fire was wafted upon the summer wind to the fluttering robe, the breeze fanned it to a flame, and, before the fire was extinguished, the young woman was severely burned. As a climax to this, an English journal reports that

recently in Canterbury a woman's dress caught fire from the ignited remnant of a cigar—technically known as a "stub"—and, before help arrived, she was burned so severely that it was feared she would die.

The estimated wealth of the most eminent writers of modern France, all of whom started in life almost without a farthing, is as follows: Victor Hugo, six hundred thousand francs; George Sand, nearly twice as much; Emile de Girardin, three and a half million francs; François Guizot, half a million francs; Adolphe Thiers, one million francs; Alexandre Dumas,  *fils*, four hundred thousand francs; Edmond About, two hundred and fifty thousand francs; Alphonse Karr, one hundred thousand francs; Jules Janin, three-quarters of a million; Edouard Laboulaye, one hundred thousand; Victorien Sardou, half a million francs; Théophile Gautier died a millionaire, and the widows of Scribe and Ponsard live in affluence. But the widow of the celebrated Proudhon has to eke out a precarious living as a washer-woman. As a whole, this exhibit of the success of French authors cannot be considered otherwise than creditable.

A photographer in Berlin has been sent to the penitentiary for an ingenious fraud which he has practised on the aristocracy of that city for several months past. He pretended he could make photographs of gentlemen so life-like that their dogs would be able to recognize them. When these photographs were held up before the dogs of the owners, the dogs would wag their tails, and lick the pictures. The other photographers of Berlin, who were unable to perform any thing similar, watched their colleague, and finally discovered his secret. It was a very simple proceeding. All he did was to cover the photographs of the gentlemen with a thin layer of lard, which the dogs, of course, smelled, and then licked off.

Chicago is to have an immense Crystal Palace, in which an exposition is to be held during the rebuilding jubilee in October, 1878. The size of the building, according to the plans which have been submitted, will be six hundred feet long by one hundred feet broad, with a central transept two hundred and fifty feet long. The height will be eighty feet, with a dome over the principal entrance over one hundred feet high. A floral garden will surround the building, and a portion of the interior will also be decorated with fountains, and fitted as a winter garden.

It is announced that Bessemer's plans for saving the travelling public from sea-sickness are finally matured. Two vessels are to be built to cross the English channel furnished with saloons and promenade-decks which will be kept steady by hydraulic apparatus even while the rest of the vessel is tossing at the mercy of the waves. Bessemer affirms that, in the roughest weather, the motion will not be greater than is felt in an ordinary railway-carriage.

The Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres, of Caen, has offered a prize of four thousand francs for a paper on "The Part played by Leaves in Vegetation." *Nature* says what is wanted is an account of experiments and new facts calculated to clear up, invalidate, confirm, or modify, doubtful points in the received theories. Papers must be sent in before December 31, 1875, addressed to M. Travers, secretary of the Academy of Caen.

Three hundred and seventy-seven periodicals, including memoirs and proceedings of learned societies, are published in Russia. Of these two hundred and eighty-six are in Russian, forty-one in Polish, thirty in German, six in French, four in Lettish, five in Esthonian, two in Finnish, and three in Hebrew.

Mr. Bergh will, no doubt, be pleased to learn that the Anti-cruelty Society of Paris is vigorously protesting against the treatment to which "learned" dogs are subjected. Their accomplishments, more especially that of domino-playing, are, it is asserted, only attained after shamefully severe treatment. We can well believe it.

One of the men engaged in the Census Corps in Paris last year (1871), collected himself, and received from his comrades, such in-

formation as enabled him to form a synoptical table of the maimed, blind, etc., in the French capital, from which it appears that there are 1,450 hunchbacks, 1,100 persons with but one arm, 1,200 with but one leg, 150 *cule-de-jatte*, 50 without noses, and 4,800 blind. Total, 8,750, or  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the population of Paris.

When Prince Napoleon was recently told, by a French policeman, that he must forthwith leave the territory of the republic, he said to the man: "What, sir! you wear the cross of the Legion of Honor, and you can convey such a message to a Napoleon!" "Monsieur," replied the officer, with cutting politeness, "I received that cross for good conduct at Sedan!" Prince Napoleon had nothing further to say.

The managers of the Pharmaceutical Society of London have opened their courses of instruction in chemistry and botany to women, having rescinded the resolution passed ten years ago prohibiting the attendance of ladies at the classes. The course is the most complete of the kind in London, and women will now have an opportunity to prepare themselves thoroughly for drug-clerks.

General Berg, the former military Governor of Poland, where he ruled with an iron hand, was assaulted in Berlin the other day by a young Pole, whose mother he had caused to be flogged and sent to Siberia. The general defended himself bravely, but his assailant was too strong for him, and he was finally left lying senseless on the pavement. The police of Berlin tried to arrest the young Pole, but were unable to find him.

The letters, papers, and manuscripts, of Prescott, the historian, were completely destroyed by the Boston fire. During the absence in Europe of the members of the family, into whose possession they had come, these valuables were stored "for safety" in one of the fine warehouses consumed by the tremendous conflagration.

"Travellers," says Xavier Marmier, "frequently talk about the liberality of European princesses; but see what I have witnessed myself. The Queen of Denmark refuses to give any charities to those who do not belong to her church. The Empress of Russia would do any thing rather than give a cent to a needy Catholic. The Empress of Austria equally abhors Protestants. It is only the Empress of Germany, and the Queens of Holland and Belgium, that act otherwise."

When the remains of Henry Heine, the illustrious German poet, were to be removed from the Parisian *Père-la-Chaise* to Hamburg, it was found that his skull had been taken from the coffin. The perpetrators of this outrage have hitherto not been discovered. Heine's relatives have offered a large reward for their detection.

Davis and Saunders, the two Americans who robbed several of the imperial museums at St. Petersburg, and who were sentenced to

ten years' imprisonment in the Ural Mines, made a desperate attempt to escape, but were unsuccessful, and were, in consequence, branded and terribly flogged.

The saloon-waiters in Rome have organized a society for intellectual improvement, and have invited Giuseppe Garibaldi to become their president. Garibaldi has accepted, and invidious persons may say now that Garibaldi is a "head-waiter."

The Crown-Prince of Sweden is a very sickly boy, and the general belief in Stockholm is that, at the death of the present King of Sweden, Scandinavia will be united again under the sceptre of Frederick, now Crown-prince of Denmark.

"Your Field-marshal Moltke," said an enthusiastic Englishman, recently, to a Prussian democrat, "is very much like our Duke of Wellington." "Certainly," was the answer, "he is just as stubborn a reactionist as the iron duke was."

A young lady of Philadelphia has invented an improvement in sewing-machines, which will adapt them to the manufacture of sails and other heavy goods, something heretofore impossible.

Froude says that the ablest of living naturalists is looking gravely to the courtship of moths and butterflies, to solve the problem of the origin of man, and prove his descent from an African baboon.

The Prince of Wales has succeeded in shooting a bull at seventy yards, and the English papers indulge in enthusiastic admiration, forso princely an act, to the extent of about the same number of yards of fine writing.

The London *Times* thinks it would be a great relief to certain devotees if, besides grand musical services in the cathedrals, there were others more suited to the sober and quiet ways of studious men.

A fire occurred in a house in Connecticut, recently, caused by a tin pan acting as a concave mirror, which focused the sun's rays on some loose combustible material, and started it into a blaze.

Alexandre Dumas says that it is a sign of true greatness for an author if his books cannot be translated into a foreign language. If that be true, his father, the celebrated novelist, cannot have been a great author.

A journalist in Padua has been severely fined for saying that he never saw a more repulsive-looking man than King Victor Emmanuel.

Amelia B. Edwards, in a recent novel, talks of her hero "going backwards and forwards between the court-yard and vineyard like an overseer in a Massachusetts cotton-field!"

President Thiers says that, since his old library has been so ruthlessly destroyed, he

has hardly the heart to open a volume of his favorite authors.

The Hon. Henry Loftus is about to commence proceedings against certain American newspapers, which printed alleged disclosures about his domestic troubles.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, it is said, is cogitating seriously whether or not it would be best for him to abdicate his crown in favor of his brother Henry.

In Pesth, the other day, a youth of sixteen recited at an exhibition the Lord's Prayer in twenty-two languages.

There are now in Brussels two hundred German Jesuits, and the Liberals are agitating for their forcible expulsion.

Prince Gortschakoff is rheumatic, but experiences much relief from putting his aching limbs in very hot water.

A fellow named Charles Latour has been arrested in Westphalia on a charge of having murdered his two grandfathers.

Edmond About announces a new novel, entitled "Le Martyr." Is M. About himself the "martyr?"

FURS.—Ladies at this season naturally inquire as to changes in fashions of furs. The most elegant and costly fur is now the Russian crown sable, which is very rich in color, the darker colored having the preference, and brings all the way from five hundred to one thousand dollars a set. The Hudson Bay sable is another beautiful variety, falling very little in price below the Russian. Seal-skin continues in fashionable favor; a full set, including saque, can be purchased for eighty dollars, but the very best quality reach as high as three hundred. The Alaska, or black marten, is also much worn. The darker shades of mink are greatly liked, sets of muffs and boa varying from twenty to one hundred dollars. Fox furs are gaining a leading position, the silver variety being the most costly, but silver, blue, black, gray, and white, each has its admirers. But of furs there is almost no end, and hence for further particulars we refer to Messrs. Gunther & Son, whose splendid ware-rooms in Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas, contain innumerable beautiful specimens. We must add a word in regard to style. The saque is cut rather loose, and yet is fashioned to show the figure, opened on the sides and at the back, sleeves free and easy, but not ample in fullness; quite long, and rather wider than the style of last winter. The muff is adorned with silk bows, and on the sides with fringe.

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# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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[VOL. VIII.]

## JEAN INGELOW.

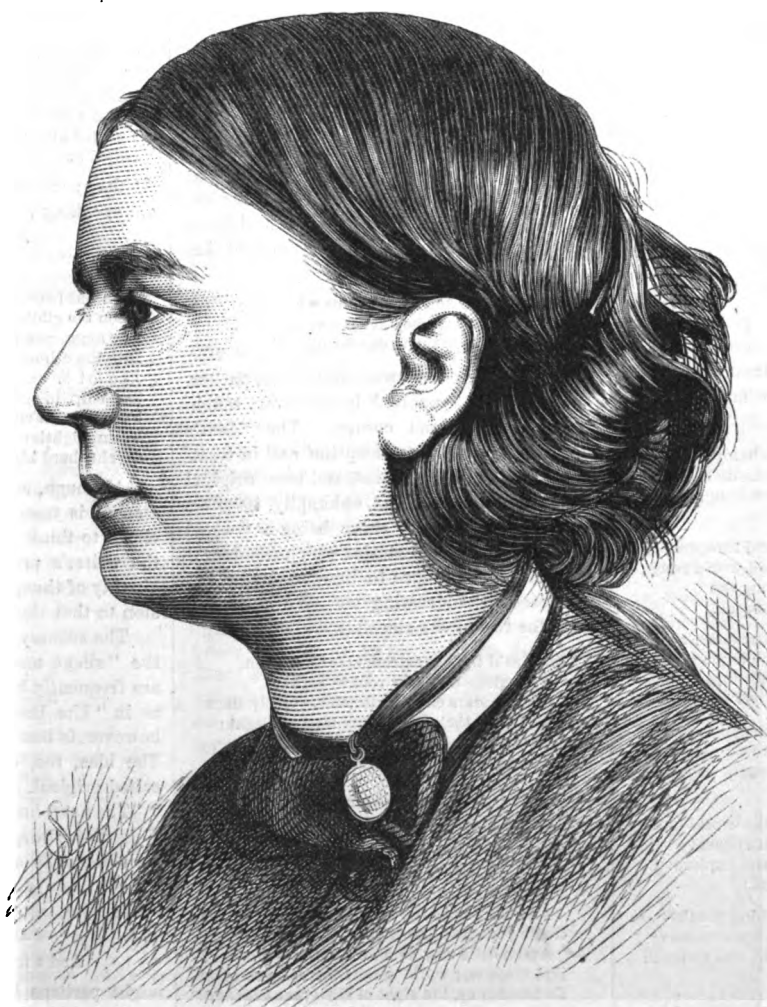
NOW that Mrs. Browning lies sleeping in the cemetery of that Italian city which she so dearly loved, it would be difficult to point out a really great name among the women-poets of England, if we except, as we are glad to except, the honored name of JEAN INGELOW. Even were we much better acquainted with events in her life than we can pretend to be, it might be considered very questionable taste to dwell upon them here. It is enough to say that, like the poet laureate, she is a native of Lincolnshire, and thus gives another proof that it is not a *sine qua non* for a poet to be born amid grand and imposing scenery. We believe that very many years of a life blest with health are still before her, in which she will add greatly to the stores of English literature. When, however, we have said that we think she is universally allowed by all critics to have already won her place in the foremost rank of poets, and that we believe she is held in the highest esteem and affection by a large circle of friends, we must turn from the positive to the negative in speaking of herself. We are not aware that she ever went to college, and probably, therefore, she is not entitled to write any letters after her name. We have no remembrance of seeing her name as a speaker at public meetings, and in this matter she cannot be said to be as widely known to fame

as many other public men, we mean public ladies; but it is somewhat hard to write the words. Without venturing to prophesy, however, it may be permitted to us to give

It is as a poet that we present her likeness to our readers, and add a few remarks, in order to point out, if any readers are yet unacquainted with them, a few of the many pure

and noble thoughts which, in the writings of Jean Ingelow, are adorned with all the accessories given them by a powerful imagination and exquisite felicity of diction, combined with that nameless charm that is found in every true poet's words.

Her first volume of poems is very simply and gracefully dedicated to her brother. In looking again and again through her pages, and finding fresh beauties in each fresh search, while gladly admitting that a striking originality is perhaps the chief characteristic of these poems, it is very evident that some traces are here of the influence which other writers who adorn our age have exercised over Jean Ingelow's style. It seems to us that this could not well have been otherwise, and that it is a matter of congratulation, and not of reprobation, to find that several of our gifted authors show enough of similarity in their productions to give a marked individuality to the days in which we live, though each



JEAN INGELOW.

our own opinion that "Jean Ingelow" will be handed down from one generation to another as a loved and honored name so long as the English language exists.

Of her prose works, "Mopsa and the Fairy," and several others, little need be said.

of them retains the unmistakable stamp that separates his own individuality from that of each one of his contemporaries. It is a somewhat hazardous guess to venture on, but we imagine that, among the poets of the age whom Jean Ingelow admires, Mrs. Browning,

Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and Keble, hold a high place in her estimation. Without the smallest approach to any thing that could possibly be called plagiarism, she not unfrequently reminds us of each and all of these. We do not think that any one even of these writers, great though their genius undoubtedly is, exceeds her in richness of coloring, or in happiness of expression. It is more than time, however, that we should cease from exercising what a well-known author and critic of the day declares to be the chief duty of the reviewer, viz., "the delightful faculty of praising." It is infinitely more to the purpose to let Jean Ingelow speak for herself.

Though we doubt the exact suitability of the epithet "milk-white," especially when it is followed by "polished as silver" in the next stanza, what an exquisite bit of word-painting this is:

"A shady freshness, chafers whirling,  
A little piping of leaf-bid birds;  
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,  
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

"Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered  
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;  
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,  
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

"A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,  
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;  
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,  
The beck, a river, with still, sleek tide.

"Broad and white, and polished as silver,  
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;  
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,  
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties."

In strong contrast with the peaceful scene just described, let us give a somewhat lengthy extract to show the author's treatment of abstruse subjects in one of her most striking poems, called "Honors:—"

"The looking onward of the race before  
It had a past, to make it look behind;  
Its reverent wonders, and its doubtings sore,  
Its adorations blind.

"The thunder of its war-songs, and the glow  
Of chants to freedom by the old world sung;  
The sweet love-cadences that long ago  
Dropped from the old-world tongue.

"And then this new-world lore that takes account  
Of tangled star-dust; maps the triple whirl  
Of blue and red and argent worlds that mount  
And greet the IRISH EARL;

"Or float across the tube that HERSCHEL sways  
Like pale-rose chaplets, or like sapphire mist;  
Or hang or droop along the heavenly ways,  
Like scarves of amethyst.

"Oh, strange it is and wide the new-world lore,  
For next it treateth of our native dust!  
Must dig out buried monsters, and explore  
The green earth's fruitful crust;

"Must write the story of her seething youth—  
How lizards paddled in her lukewarm seas;  
Must show the cones she ripened, and forsooth  
Count seasons on her trees;

"Must know her weight, and pry into her age,  
Count her old-beach lines by their tidal swell;  
Her sunken mountain name, her craters gauge,  
Her cold volcanoes tell;

"And treat her as a ball, that one might pass  
From this hand to the other—such a ball  
As he could measure with a blade of grass,  
And say it was but small!"

We cannot refrain from adding another to this specimen of Jean Ingelow's nobly simple way of treating some of the great mysteries of the universe:

"But truth is sacred—ay, and must be told:  
There is a story long beloved of man;  
We must forego it, for it will not hold—  
Nature had no such plan.

"And then, 'If God hath said it,' some should cry,  
'We have the story from the fountain-head:'  
Why, then, what better than the old reply  
The first 'yea, NATURE God said?'

"The garden, O the garden, must it go,  
Source of our hope and our most dear regret?  
The ancient story, must it no more show  
How man may win it yet?

"And all upon the Titan child's decree,  
The baby science born but yesterday,  
That in its rash unlearned infancy  
With shells and stones at play,

"Hints at a pedigree withdrawn and vast,  
Terrible depths, and old obscurities,  
Of soulless origin."

The expression "with shells," etc., is obviously borrowed from Newton's well-known words as to the part he was playing in the world. But was ever pleading at once more passionate and pathetic? Was ever irony more splendid?

Next in order comes an unpretending idyl, called "Supper at the Mill." It puts one in mind of some old painting of a "Flemish interior," by a master's hand, so faithful, so true to Nature, are the touches that seem to give it life. It is especially valuable as giving us three lyrics, the first of which gives us abundant proof of the writer's skill in handling simple words; the second, of her humor:

"If maids be shy, he cures who can;  
But if a man be shy—a man—  
Why, then the worse for him!"

and the third, of her sweet and tender pathos. "Scholar and Carpenter" is also a very touching picture of quiet content. The "Star's Monument," both in conception and in treatment, is one of the grandest and most original poems that we know, but, unhappily, its effect is slightly marred by there being a "wheel within a wheel" of stories which renders it very puzzling at times to know which of the characters is addressing us. We must find room for two of the stanzas:

"Then said the old astronomer: 'My son,  
I sat alone upon my roof to-night;  
I saw the stars come forth, and scarcely shun  
To fringe the edges of the western light;  
I marked those ancient clusters one by one,  
The same that blessed our old forefather's  
sight:  
For God alone is older—none but He  
Can change the stars with mutability:

"The elders of the night, the steadfast stars,  
The old, old stars which God has let us see,  
That they might be our soul's auxiliars,  
And help us to the truth how young we be—  
God's youngest, latest born, as if, some spars  
And a little clay being over them—He  
Had made our world and us thereof, yet given,  
To humble us, the sight of His great heaven."

It would not be easy to find a more unstudied, more touching dirge in all modern poetry than the refrain of "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" (1871), the circumstances attending which no one (in this instance we cannot except even Tennyson) could have described more exquisitely than Jean Ingelow.

"Songs of Seven," "Brothers, and a Sermon," "The Letter L," and "Afternoon at a Parsonage," all teem with beauties. In the

last-named, this is part of the cry of a blind man:

"O my sight!  
Lost, and yet living in the sunlit cells  
Of memory—that only lightsome place  
Where lingers yet the dayspring of my youth:  
The years of mourning for thy death are long."

"The Four Bridges" has for its subject "the old, old story." It is a very melancholy poem, but written with deep feeling, very graceful, and very tender. One of the longest of her poems is called "A Story of Doom." The "doom" is the deluge, and it will be readily imagined that, in the hands of Jean Ingelow, a subject which only a great poet should attempt, is treated in the grand and simple style that such a theme imperatively demands. It must, however be said that the poem does not appear to have all the finish that had marked her previous writings. Of Tennyson's "Enone," who is there that will not be reminded by the following passage, though there is an absence of any thing like servile imitation?

"She never loved me since I went with thee  
To sacrifice among the hills; she smelt  
The holy smoke, and could no more divine  
Till the new moon. I saw her ghost come up;  
It had a snake with a red comb of fire  
Twisted about its waist—the dogfish head  
Lolled on its shoulder, and so leered at me."

At the opening of the poem, Noah and Nioiyr are speaking together:

"Then looked he forth—  
Looked and beheld the hollow where the ark  
Was a-preparing; where the dew distilled  
All night from leaves of old lign aloes-trees,  
Upon the gliding river; where the palm,  
The alum, and the gophir, shot their heads  
Into the crimson brede that dyed the world:  
And lo! he marked—unwieldy, dark, and huge—  
The ship, his glory and his grief—too vast  
For that still river's floating—building far  
From mightier streams, amid the pastoral dells  
Of shepherd kings."

Although, as we have said, "A Story of Doom" is treated most reverently, we are inclined to think that it is not equal to some of the writer's previous poems, as regards originality of thought, and skill in giving expression to that thought.

The scenery of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, the "silent mere," and the "desert wold," are frequently brought before us very vividly, as in "The Dreams that Came True," which, however, is not quite up to the writer's mark. The idea, too, of the poem cannot well be called original.

The next, however, entitled "Songs on the Voices of Birds," is delightful reading. A little child asks a boatman, "Who makes the songs?" and suggests that perhaps the boatman's wife, who is

"A London woman, sir,  
And a fine scholar,"

might perhaps be able to inform him. We are not told whether the "London woman" sang to the little boy the songs of birds here given, but they are so full of fresh country-life, and so full of harmony, that we must again cull some of her beauties. "The Warbling of Blackbirds" is too perfect and too rhythmical to quote only a portion of, and we must therefore give it entire:

"When I hear the waters fretting,  
When I see the chestnut letting  
All her lovely blossom falter down, I think, 'Alas  
the day!'

Once with magical sweet singing  
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,  
That awakes no more while April hours wear  
themselves away.

"In our hearts fair hope lay smiling  
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;  
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope  
and down the dell;  
And we talked of joy and splendor  
That the years unborn would render,  
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for  
they knew it well.

"Piping, fluting, 'Bees are humming,  
April's here, and summer's coming;  
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men,  
in pride and joy;  
Think on us in alleys shady  
When you step a graceful lady,  
For no fairer day have we to hope for, little girl  
and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lapping waters,  
Lull our downy sons and daughters;  
Come, O Wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy  
wanderings coy;

When they wake we'll end the measure  
With a wild, sweet cry of pleasure,  
And a "Hey down derry, let's be merry, little girl  
and boy!"

Shelley, in his best mood, has written few,  
if any, stanzas more full of glorious melody  
than the following, which is taken from "The  
Nightingale heard by the Unsatisfied Heart:"

"But thou, in the trance of light,  
Stayest the feeding night,  
And Echo makes sweet her lips with the utterance  
wise,  
And casts at our glad feet,  
In a wisp of fancies fleet,  
Life's fair, Life's unfulfilled, impassioned prophe-  
cies."

Of "Laurance" we cannot speak with  
quite the same pleasure with which we delight  
to dwell on most of the poems we have named.  
It is, however, a touching and a beautiful  
sketch. "Songs of the Night Watches,"  
"Contrasted Songs" (one of which is that  
well-known song, "Oh, fair dove! Oh, fond  
dove!") and "Songs with Preludes," all con-  
tain many passages of singular beauty. "Win-  
stanley," and "Gladys and her Island," com-  
plete the second series of these poems.

From the latter we extract a passage in  
order to give a second specimen of the gorge-  
ous coloring here displayed:

"So she looked round,  
And saw that she was in a banyan-grove  
Full of wild peacocks—pecking on the grass,  
A flickering mass of eyes, blue, green, and gold,  
Or reaching out their jewelled necks, where high  
They sat in rows along the boughs. No tree  
Cumbered with creepers let the sun shine through,  
But it was caught in scarlet cups, and poured  
From these on amber tufts of bloom, and dropped  
Lower on azure stars. The air was still,  
As if awaiting somewhat, or asleep,  
And Gladys was the only thing that moved,  
Excepting—no, they were not birds—what then?  
Glorified rainbows with a living soul?  
While they passed through a sunbeam they were  
seen,  
Not elsewhere, but they were present yet  
in shade."

We can only very briefly sum up our  
thoughts on Jean Ingelow's poems by saying  
that her rhythms show her to be possessed of  
a most correct ear for music, and that she  
also has, in a degree rarely equalled, a mar-  
vellous facility for clothing beautiful thoughts  
in choice language, and that her cultivated  
mind seems to have a much more than ordi-  
nary knowledge of the many and varied topics  
on which she writes.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

By JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY  
OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

MRS. WYVERNE.

BLAKE'S mother regarded him very ear-  
nestly for a few moments, and then said, in a  
low voice:

"You remember well, dear, every inci-  
dent at the death-bed of Mr. Wyverne; you  
have not told me, however, all, I am sure."

Blake looked hastily at his mother. It  
was true, he had not told her all. The dying  
man had claimed him as his son; this he had  
not mentioned her—how could he?

But now, as he looked at her, he saw an  
expression in her face which showed him that  
she had divined his secret, and had suspected  
that Mr. Wyverne had said more. The look  
which she gave him invited further disclosure,  
without keeping anything back. Yet, still,  
Blake hesitated.

"When he said that Inez was not his  
daughter, had he nothing to say to you?"  
she asked. "He must. He did. I see it in  
your face. You are keeping it back. Don't  
be afraid; I am going to tell you all, and there  
is nothing in this that should make you hesi-  
tate about telling me."

Upon this Blake hesitated no longer, but  
told her all the particulars of the last scene  
in which he and Inez took part—he being  
owned as a son, and Inez rejected as a  
daughter.

His mother listened attentively to it all,  
without any comment whatever. After he  
had ended, she said:

"I should have explained it all at once if  
I had only seen you, dear, but we have never  
had an opportunity since then. There was  
no reason for reticence on your part, and  
there is nothing in it that is to be dreaded  
either by you or by me. In the first place,  
then, Basil dear, I may say that Mr. Wy-  
verne's dying declaration is true. You are  
his son, Basil Blake Wyverne, and I am Mrs.  
Hennigar Wyverne, your mother and his  
wife."

For the latter part of this declaration  
Blake was utterly unprepared. In his former  
speculations as to the probability of Mr. Wy-  
verne's statement, he had never thought of  
his mother as having lived under an assumed  
name. He had only thought of her as Mrs.  
Blake, and from this point of view the ques-  
tion was one which he did not care to open  
up. Now, however, by this simple statement,  
his mother had cleared up the apparent mys-  
tery. Still, another wonder remained, and  
that was the very fact that she had stated.  
If she had been Mrs. Wyverne, why had she  
left her husband? Why had she lived in se-  
clusion under an assumed name? why had  
she kept her secret so carefully, and brought  
him up in such total ignorance of his parent-  
age? Together with these, many other ques-

tions occurred to his mind which only served  
to bewilder him.

But now all bewilderment was to end.  
His mother held the clew by which he could  
pass to the innermost centre of this tortuous  
labyrinth of plot, and counterplot, and mys-  
tery, and disguise.

"You must know all, Basil dear," said  
she. "I will therefore begin at the beginning  
and tell you the whole story."

Basil made no reply, but the eager look  
of his face showed how great was his desire  
to hear that story.

"My dear papa," said Mrs. Blake, "was  
a doctor in London. He was engaged in a  
large practice, but the style in which he found  
it necessary to live consumed all his income.  
When he died there was nothing left but a  
life-assurance policy of five thousand pounds,  
which was settled on me, and has been my  
support in late years. Some time before his  
death, however, I married Mr. Wyverne, and  
you were born, and we lived very happily un-  
til the death of Bernal Mordaunt, and the ar-  
rival of this Kevin Magrath upon the scene.

"Your papa and Bernal Mordaunt were  
relatives, first or second cousins, I am not  
sure which, and had always been bosom  
friends. This Kevin Magrath was some re-  
lative of Mr. Wyverne's, not very near, though,  
and Mr. Wyverne's father had helped him on  
in life very greatly. He sent him to college  
at Maynooth to study for the priesthood;  
but Magrath got into difficulties there, and  
had to leave. He afterward explained the  
affair in a way very satisfactorily to the elder  
Mr. Wyverne, who received him again into  
favor. This Mr. Wyverne was a solicitor—I  
mean your papa's father—and admitted Ma-  
grath into his office, with the intention of  
making him partner, I believe. His own son,  
my husband, had disliked law, and was en-  
gaged in the banking business. The elder  
Mr. Wyverne, however, died before Magrath  
had gained the full benefit of this connection,  
so that he had once more to look about in  
search of an occupation. Your papa now as-  
sisted him, and Magrath soon acquired an im-  
mense ascendancy over him. He was ap-  
parently the soul of frankness and honor, and  
with this there was a vein of quiet humor  
about the man that was very much in his  
favor; but, after all, he was wily, selfish, un-  
scrupulous, and, in short, all that you, my  
poor, dear boy have found him to be.

"I did not see very much of him until  
after the death of poor Bernal Mordaunt's  
wife. We used to see the Mordaunts—and  
the children were great pets of mine—Clara  
and Inez. Mrs. Mordaunt and I also were  
very tenderly attached, and I nursed her dur-  
ing her last illness. Poor Bernal was utterly  
prostrated by the blow, and for a time it was  
feared that he would either die or go mad.  
At length he went to the Continent, leaving  
the children under my care. The next we  
heard of him was that he was going to become  
a priest, and go to Asia or Africa. After  
about a year's absence, this news was con-  
firmed by himself. He visited us to see his  
children for the last time, and to make ar-  
rangements for their future welfare.

"These arrangements were simple enough.  
He left the children with me, for they loved

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me like a mother, and appointed your papa their guardian. He then left, and in about a year we heard that he had died of the plague in Alexandria.

"Now was the time that my troubles commenced. Your papa began to drop mysterious hints about the children. He talked about sending Clara away to France, and then he wished to adopt Inez as his child, and call her Inez Wyverne. At first these proposals seemed merely foolish and unmeaning, and I laughed at them as preposterous. Gradually, however, he dwelt upon it so incessantly that I saw that he was in earnest about it; and I found that I should have to enter upon an actual course of opposition. I found the children threatened by my own husband, and myself placed in the painful position of defender of these poor orphans against the evil designs of a man who was bound, by every tie of duty, honor, and affection, to guard them as his own.

"This discovery was soon followed by another. It was not your papa himself who had originated this. I hope and believe that he was incapable of it. Kevin Magrath was the real originator, and he had gradually insinuated it into your papa's mind until he had familiarized his thoughts with it. I have said already that Magrath had gained a strange ascendancy over him. In this case he stood behind your papa like some tempter, some Mephistophiles, insidiously whispering his evil and cruel schemes into his ear.

"If it had been my husband only, dear Basil, I am certain I could have defended those poor lambs successfully; but, unfortunately, Kevin Magrath was always behind him, and whenever my remonstrances or my appeals to his better nature produced any little effect, it was sure to pass away in a short time through Magrath's evil ascendancy. And so I found that my own influence was growing less and less, your papa was becoming alienated from me, and I was very miserable. I had no friends to whom I could go, and my only relatives were very distant ones whom I had never seen. About a year passed, and your papa finally grew impatient to carry out his measures, so one day he took Clara away, during my absence from the house. When I came home I found poor little Inez sobbing in a most heart-broken manner, and I learned the truth. Then all my indignation burst forth. Your papa and I quarrelled. I denounced him in the strongest language. I was wild with indignation, and the opinion that I had of the man Magrath made me certain that poor little Clara's life was in danger. Your papa stormed at me—declared that Clara was safe—that she had gone to a convent-school in Paris, and would receive a good education. I threatened to inform against him, but he sneeringly asked what charge I could bring. At this I was silenced; for in the first place, as a wife, I could hardly bring my husband into the public gaze as a criminal; and, again, the charge which I had to make could not be sustained.

"I still tried to protect the remaining child from their machinations. Your papa was bent on carrying out his design of changing her name. What that design really aimed at I did not then know, but I fully believed

that the intention was to deal dishonestly and foully by both Inez and Clara. Under these circumstances your papa and I grew more and more estranged, more and more hostile, until at last his dislike or even hatred toward me became evident to all. He wished to get rid of me on any terms—he wished to put Inez under other influences, so as to bring her up, no doubt, in ignorance of her real name and real rights, and I stood in the way. It became more and more an object with him to get rid of me. At length, one day, Inez was taken, and sent away I knew not where. Upon this I grew quite wild in my despair—once more there was a furious scene, in which I threatened to denounce him in the face of the world. Once again he laughed at my threats, and told me that, on removing the children from my care, he had only sought their own good, because I was not a fit person to take care of them—that he could produce them at any moment, if they were needed, and silence easily any silly clamor that I might raise. In fact, once more I perceived that I was powerless.

"But your papa had designs, and my presence, together with my suspicions, was very unwelcome. He became eager to get rid of me, no matter how. At length he himself proposed this. He said that, if I would go, he would allow me to take you; but, if I refused, he would find a way to make me. I then dreaded that he might deprive me of you also, and this last fear was too much. Besides, living there under the baleful influence of Kevin Magrath was intolerable, and so, at length, I accepted this offer.

"That is the reason why I separated from your papa, Basil dear. It was not my act—it was his. Fortunately, I was quite independent of him. He had stipulated to give me an allowance, and I pretended to assent to this; but, the moment I had got safely away with you, I resolved to put myself out of his reach altogether. With this intention I changed my name, and went to live in a little village in Wales, near Conway—the place, in fact, which you knew as your home; and for years neither your papa nor Kevin Magrath had the faintest idea where I was, or whether we were alive or dead.

"The opinion which I formed then as to the plot of this Kevin Magrath—the plot which he induced your father to try to carry into accomplishment—I have never changed since; but, on the contrary, subsequent events have all tended to confirm that opinion only too painfully. I thought that he was trying no less a thing than to get control of the great Mordaunt inheritance. I am not sure, but I think, that your papa was next of kin to Bernal Mordaunt, after his own children; and, consequently, if these children should by any means be put out of the way—if it could be made to appear that they were dead—why, then, your papa would gain the great Mordaunt inheritance, and possibly Kevin Magrath would himself obtain such a share of the prize as might be commensurate with his own services. Now, I saw Clara taken away to a foreign country, and never expected to see her again. This I considered the beginning of that policy which was to make the children as good as dead, so as to clear the

way for the next of kin. When Inez followed, then I felt sure that she was the next victim.

"It appears, however, that Kevin Magrath did not intend to lay violent hands on them. His purpose, no doubt, was to get them out of the way, and either make up a plausible story of their death, accompanied, of course, by the necessary proofs, or else bring forward creatures of their own as substitutes. Who this Bessie Mordaunt can be, of whom you speak, I cannot imagine. There are no relatives named Mordaunt. Your papa was the next of kin, and it looks as if this Bessie may be some one used by these arch-plotters as a means of gaining the estate. I cannot imagine where your papa could have obtained her, but I take it for granted, of course, that she is some creature of Kevin Magrath's. He had a little family, I remember—a wife and daughter—but that is out of the question, of course.

"Well, I may as well go on with my story. After I had left your papa, I was not idle. I put you at a boarding-school, and spent three months in Paris searching after Clara Mordaunt. I succeeded in finding her at last. She was quite happy, and I did not like to distress her by telling her what was going on. I therefore did not speak to her at all about any of her family affairs, but was satisfied to find that she remembered me and loved me. She, of course, knew me by my true name. She called Mr. Wyverne her guardian, and had no suspicion of any evil on his part. She had never seen him since she left our house. She thought my visit was known to him. After this I kept watch over her. I could find out nothing about Inez, however, for some time. At length, to my horror, Clara disappeared. They told me at the school about a runaway-match, and I found out that it was only too true. She had married some adventurer, they said. I learned that his name was Ruthven. He belonged to a good family."

"Ruthven!" exclaimed Blake.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wyverne, not noticing the astonishment that was visible in the face of her son as he said this—"yes, a Mr. Ruthven, younger son of a great family, but a *rogue* and a man of bad reputation. He had run away with her, they said, and, in short, it was the old, old story. For my part, Basil dear, at that time I had no doubt that this was the doing of Magrath; that this Ruthven was his emissary, and that this had been done to remove Clara Mordaunt out of his way. It is the peculiarity of this man's nature always to avoid crime himself, and to carry out his purposes by what I may call natural means; thus, instead of doing any act of violence himself against those who might be in his way, he chose rather to effect their removal in such a way as should prevent any guilt from attaching to him. He would not injure Clara directly, but he caused her to be utterly ruined by means of this emissary, who was only too successful in his purpose.

"Well, you may imagine my despair when I learned this, and when, after all my efforts, I could find no trace of her. I returned home, and wondered how all this would end, and chafed all the time against my own weakness and helplessness. For I could do nothing. I knew that, in the eyes of Heaven, crimes had



been committed by these men, yet I could prove no crimes. Through the craft of Magrath they had kept themselves out of the reach of human law.

"In the midst of my unhappiness about Clara, I received a letter from her. I had told her once before where I lived, allowing her to suppose that Mr. Wyverne lived there too, trusting her with my secret, because I knew that she would not be in a position to divulge it, since she never saw your papa. So she wrote to me, addressing the letter to Mrs. Wyverne. I had to make up some plausible story to the post-woman, who kept the little shop where the post-office was, so as to get that letter, pretending to her that Wyverne was an assumed name, and making up a story to suit the occasion, and thus I was able to get it. It was a heart-rending letter. She spoke of poverty, danger, despair, and death, and entreated me to hasten on and do something to save her. It was vaguely expressed, but I saw that she was in great danger. She signed herself Clara Ruthven, by which I saw that she was married, or at least supposed herself to be. I hastened on. I hurried to the house which she mentioned as her lodgings, and arrived there only to find her in a raging fever. The people of the house told me that she had only been there a few days; that she had come in a great state of excitement, and, after sending off a letter which they supposed was to me, she had been seized with illness, which had grown worse and worse. She was delirious for a long time, but eventually recovered. I remained with her and nursed her, as I had nursed her mother; but she, more fortunate, yet perhaps, after all, less fortunate, was saved from her mother's fate, and was restored eventually to life and health.

"I found her grateful beyond all power of language to express—most touchingly so—yet there was over her a profound and invincible sadness, which bordered on despair. On the events which had occurred since her elopement she would not speak. She made no reference whatever to her letter. She preserved a most obstinate silence about all these things, and I know no more of them now than you do. Something terrible, however, had happened. Her husband—for I will call him this—had either died or he had forsaken her. I do not know which; and, whichever it was that had taken place, the effect was to crush out in her young heart all joy and hope forever.

"I tried to induce her to return to England and live with me, but she refused. I then told her the truth about her life. She was actually ignorant that she was the heiress of Mordaunt Manor. She did not remember much about her youth. She had lived so long amid foreign scenes, that this remembrance had died out. Besides, she had not lived very constantly at Mordaunt Manor, but had lived in Italy for several years with her mother, who was an invalid. But, when I told her the truth, it had no effect whatever. I told her about her sister Inez, but she was indifferent. She would not leave Paris. There was some mournful attraction about the place which kept her there. She only longed to find some home there, where she might live in

peace and seclusion. At length she conceived a strong desire to become a Sister of Charity. She thought that such a life would give her the seclusion and peace which she longed for, and, at the same time, that she would have sufficient occupation to distract her thoughts and save her from despair.

"From that resolve I found it impossible to move her. Every thing that I mentioned was received with indifference, and at length I found it necessary to desist and to yield to her desires. She found a sisterhood at last, and entered upon her novitiate. Then I left her, and have never seen her since, though we have exchanged letters every year."

## CHAPTER L.

### A MOTHER'S PLOT.

BLAKE had listened thus far almost in silence, but these last revelations about Clara filled him with the strongest emotion. He had already heard from Kane the story of Clara's marriage, and the tragic termination of that married life; but his mother's story furnished an appendix, or rather a sequel, to that story scarcely less tragic than that which Kane had told of. Yet Kane's perfect belief in her death, his vigils over her grave, in Père-la-Chaise, were so well known to Blake that they had inspired him with the same belief, and now he could hardly credit his mother's revelations.

"Do you really mean to say," he exclaimed at last, as she paused in her narrative, "that Clara Mordaunt, after all, is not dead?"

"She certainly is not dead," said his mother, placidly. "Have I not been telling all about her life?"

"She is alive now—really and truly?"

"Really and truly. But it seems to me that you show a very strange kind of feeling about it. How agitated you are, Basil dear!"

"Alive!" repeated Blake, musingly; "alive—and a Sister of Charity? That is—a nun—a nun in black—"

"What is all that?" asked his mother. "What are you saying about nuns, and things?"

"Oh, nothing," said Blake; "only, it's confoundingly strange. But I'll tell you all about it."

Upon this Blake proceeded to tell her about Kane, and Kane's account of his marriage, and Kane's fancy about apparitions. To all of this his mother listened in evident surprise, and with much emotion.

"Wonders will never cease," she exclaimed. "Who could have imagined this? So your friend Kane Hellmuth must be Kane Ruthven—and so he is not an emissary of Magrath's, but an honest man."

"An honest man!" cried Blake. "I tell you, mother dear, he is one of the noblest fellows that I ever saw. There was no humbug there, I can tell you. No man ever loved a woman better than he did Clara Mordaunt. Why, only think of him now, with his blighted life, and his misery and remorse!"

"So—that was it," continued Mrs. Wy-

verne; "and that accounts for poor Clara's despair. She escaped death, and he died—or she thought he did. But how strange, in such a solemn and really awful attempt at suicide, that both should escape, and each go into despair about the other."

"Why, they must have met over and over. These meetings have seemed to Kane to be apparitions. I wonder if they have seemed so to her? Oh, why didn't she speak? Why didn't she explain, instead of giving him silent, despairing looks?"

Mrs. Wyverne sighed.

"I can understand," said she. "It's all over with them—she is dead to him."

"Dead to him?"

"Yes; she is a Sister of Charity. She has taken the vows, and so she is dead to poor Kane—and that, no doubt, is the reason why she has looked at him so—in dumb despair. I can understand it all. She thought him dead. His absence for years confirmed that belief. These meetings must have affected her as they affected him. She is, at least, as superstitious as he is. But, in any case, it is just as well, since they never can belong to one another again."

At this sad thought Blake was silent. His first feeling had been one of joy. He thought of flying at once to tell Kane the news, but now he saw that such news as this had better not be told to his friend.

"But I must go on," continued Mrs. Wyverne, "and tell you something about my share in these later events of your life, Basil dear. Well, then, for years I had no communication with your father, and preserved my *incognito* and my seclusion most carefully. I heard, however, from time to time, that he was alive, though he never could have heard any thing about me. At length you had finished your education, and you got that situation in Paris, and it seemed to me that you ought to know something about your past, yet I did not know exactly how to tell you, for it seemed to me to be a terrible thing to tell a son about a father's guilt. Then, again, I thought that, if your father could only see you, he might feel some emotion of affection; and possibly, if he were brought into connection with you in any way, you might gain an influence over his better nature, by means of which the fatal ascendancy of Magrath might be destroyed.

"With these hopes I made a journey to London very secretly, and succeeded in finding out all about your papa's circumstances. I learned that he was in very feeble health. I learned that he had a family consisting of two young ladies, one of whom was named Inez Wyverne, and the other, Bessie Mordaunt. Who Bessie Mordaunt was I did not know, nor do I now know; but, as to Inez Wyverne, there could be no doubt. I saw at once that he had carried his old plan—or rather Magrath's old plan—into execution, and that my poor darling Inez had been brought up in the belief that her name was Wyverne, and that she was his daughter. Yet even this discovery of his unflinching pursuit of his purpose did not destroy the hope which I had formed of working on him through you.

"Circumstances favored my wish. I

learned that he was going to the Continent for his health, and that St. Malo was his destination. And now, Basil dear, you understand why I wrote you so earnestly about your health; why I insisted so strongly upon your having some recreation; why, above all, I almost ordered you to go to St. Malo. You must have wondered at what you considered a woman's whim; but it was not that, Basil dear; it was something far deeper. And I insisted on your going there solely because I hoped that you might meet with your own father. But I did not trust to accident. I made sure of a meeting between you. I wrote him a letter, and reminded him of all the past; of that better past, the past of innocence, of love, and of domestic joy. I reminded him of the child whom he once loved before his soul had become darkened and his heart hardened through the wiles of the Tempter. I told him that his son—our son—the associate of his better past, and of the days of his innocence, was now a man—an honorable gentleman; and that this son would be at St. Malo's, ready there to become his better angel, and lead him back to virtue and peace. I told him how you had been brought up, Basil dear; how ignorant you were of all his faults; how ignorant you were of the fact that he had any connection with the name of Wyverne. I told him that I had heard of his proposed journey to St. Malo's, and had made you promise to go there, with the hope that the guilty father might meet with the innocent son, and might be moved to repentance through a father's love.

"And, O Basil dear, how can I tell you the feelings that I had as I received your letters—those letters which showed me that he had yet lingering in his heart the feelings of a father? He had not forgotten the child whom he once loved. Avarice had hardened his heart, but sickness and weakness had softened it again, and the sight of you awakened a deep yearning within him. Now you know all. Now you understand why it was that the poor invalid clung to you, why he yielded to you, why he threw at you those looks of deep affection, why he loved to see you with the injured Inez. He had repented. He was longing to make amends. He could not tell you all that was in his heart to say. He could not reveal to you the truth about his past life, for fear that you would scorn him. He had my address, and wrote me one or two letters, full of repentance for his past. He implored my forgiveness. He promised to make amends. He spoke of his deep love for you. He entreated me to find some way of making known these things to you without exciting your detestation. He wished me to come on at once, and join him, and tell all to you in such a way that you might own him for your father. He spoke of your regard for Inez, and expressed the hope that a union between you two might be brought about; for somehow he seemed to consider this the best sort of atonement that he could make.

"I was overcome. I was not very well just then, and could not travel. Besides, I thought it best to wait, leaving you two to know one another better. The profound reverence which you expressed for him touched me, and I wished this reverence to

deepen into affection; and then I thought I would join you, and my work of reconciliation would be made easier. Oh, if I had but gone on then! How much suffering would have been prevented for all of us! But I acted for the best.

"Well, dear Basil, you know the rest. You went away to Switzerland, and there your poor papa died. That letter which you spoke of struck him down. I don't know what was in it, but it was undoubtedly some communication from Kevin Magrath—some threat—some terror. At any rate, he sunk down to death, and strove vainly, at the last, to make some feeble amends by expressions of remorse, by a declaration of the truth. O Basil! that father's heart yearned over you then, as Death stood near; and I believe—I know—that his repentance was sincere. Pray, Basil dear—pray for your father; pray for the repose of the soul of the repentant Hennigar Wyverne!"

Mrs. Wyverne stopped, overcome by deep emotion. Blake also felt himself profoundly moved. His mother's story brought up vividly before him the form of that venerable invalid who had manifested such a strong regard for him—the form of that dying man who, at the last hour of life, had claimed him as a son. It had been all a mystery, but now all was revealed. What he had considered a strange coincidence was now shown to be no coincidence at all, but the result of his mother's management, and of her desire to bring father and son together.

There was nothing which he could say on such a subject. It was a painful one from any point of view. His father's past could not be discussed, as it was a past filled with wrong-doing too late repented of. His father's death-bed was too sad a theme for conversation.

But there were other thoughts which had been suggested by these revelations, and prominent among them was his mother's conviction that O'Rourke was no other than Kevin Magrath. O'Rourke, he well knew, must have some motive. Down in the gloom of the Catacombs, at that first appalling moment of desertion, he had fancied for a time that his betrayer must be a madman; but after he had heard those words stealing through the piled-up stones to his ears, "*Blake Wyverne, farewell forever!*" he saw that this treachery must have been premeditated, and that it must have arisen out of his relation to Hennigar Wyverne. Now, when that relation was assured, it became a more certain cause than ever for O'Rourke's treachery. Yet why it should be a cause, and what benefit O'Rourke could hope to gain, remained as much a mystery as ever.

"It may be true, mother dear," said he, "that O'Rourke is only your Kevin Magrath under an assumed name. I don't deny it, since you are so sure about it; but I confess it is a puzzle to me why O'Rourke, or Magrath, or whoever he is, should take the trouble to elaborate so intricate a plot against such an insignificant personage as I am. What am I, that he should labor so secretly, so persistently, and for so long a time, to compass my destruction? What benefit could he get by it? I must say, it seems to me, in

the hackneyed French phrase, "the play isn't worth the candle."

Mrs. Wyverne looked gravely up.

"You speak now," said she, "as Basil Blake, not as Basil Wyverne. You forget that, though Basil Blake is insignificant, Basil Wyverne is very much the contrary. He is the son and heir of Hennigar Wyverne, a well-known London banker of great wealth. What he had of his own was immense; what he has appropriated from the Mordaunt property I cannot tell; but certain it is that you, his son, are the heir of a vast fortune. This of itself would be a prize sufficient to induce Kevin Magrath to get you removed. Supposing that you were removed, I do not see exactly how he could enter upon the possession of the estate of your papa, but I have no doubt that he would manage to do it. At any rate, you may be sure that this was his motive. He went to the Catacombs with you, as he said, for a great treasure—not, however, for his pretended treasure of the Cæsars, but for the sake of the more common-place treasure of the Wyvernes. Such a treasure was worthy, in his estimation, of such a deed. And you see, Basil dear, his hand. You see how cautiously, how elaborately, he has worked. He has tried to remove you from the world, so that you should leave no trace whatever. If you had not escaped, there would not have been even the faintest indication which might have disclosed your fate. You would have vanished from the scene utterly. Your incoherent letter to me told nothing at all, and I imagine the letter that you wrote to your friend Kane must have been equally unintelligible. When I received your letter, I had just recovered from a severe illness, and the fears which it created almost sent me back again."

"Illness, mother dear?" said Blake, anxiously. "You never mentioned that before."

"Illness? O my boy!" said Mrs. Wyverne. "It is not worth speaking of, since it is past; but, while it lasted, I was as near to death as you were in the Catacombs. It was the news of the death of your poor papa that struck me down. It came so sudden, and at the very time, too, when I was indulging in such bright hopes. I was preparing to join you, and to perform the part of general reconciler. I hoped to be joined at last to the husband of my youth, with whom I had lived in the happiest part of my life. O Basil! dear boy, you do not know, you cannot imagine how strongly I had set my heart on this reunion, on this reconciliation. But suddenly the news came, and all these hopes were dashed to the ground. The blow was a terrible one, and for a time all hope died out, and all desire for life. I was utterly prostrated, and remained so for weeks. During all that time I heard nothing from you, and a great anxiety came over me. This made it worse. Your incoherent and unintelligible letter gave me nothing but uneasiness, and, as nothing followed it, I sank into despair. At length I recovered my bodily strength, and was able to move about; but still, dear boy, I could never find any respite whatever from the dreadful suspense and anxiety in which I was about you. At last your letter came, telling me that you had been ill, and wanted

me. Such a letter at ordinary times would have been sad indeed, but to me, under those circumstances, it was like a resurrection from despair. I found new life and strength, and hurried on to you at once. But, apart from my own misfortunes, what you told me about yours, Basil dear, makes me feel certain that your Dr. O'Rourke is no other than Kevin Magrath. He's no more a doctor than I am. He played the part of one merely for the purpose of making your acquaintance. He is no more a doctor than he is a priest."

"It was as a priest that Kane saw him," said Blake, who then went on to tell about Kane's journey to London.

"Yes, yes, oh, yes," said Mrs. Wyverne, as he ended. "Every thing that you tell me only shows more and more plainly the unmistakable marks of Kevin Magrath. Now, not one word of all that he told Kane was true. Inez was not the daughter of Hennigar Wyverne, and he knew it. Hennigar Wyverne did not die poor, for he left an immense property, which perhaps Magrath is now trying to gain for himself. Above all, Clara is not dead, and he could not have known any thing about her."

"But, mother dear, if this terrible Kevin Magrath is so anxious to get the Wyverne property, what will he do about you?"

"About me? Well, I don't know. I have taken care to keep out of his reach. He is not the man to overlook me, however insignificant I may be. No doubt he has his designs with regard to me. I dare say he has formed some plan, if he can find me, to work upon my love for you, to invent some story about your going to America, and entice me away, where I shall never trouble him again. That is his mode of action. If you, dear, had not written to me, he might have done this, for I would have gone to the north-pole after you, even on the strength of a forged letter or a trumped-up story; but now, Basil boy, since I have you, there is no need for us to conjecture any thing as to what Kevin Magrath might have done."

"Did you stop in London on your way here?" asked Blake, after a moment's pause.

"Stop in London, dear Basil? Of course not."

"You did not hear any thing, then, about Inez?"

"Oh, no. I was too anxious about you, dear."

Blake sighed.

"I did not know," said he, "but that you might have heard something about them."

"No, Basil dear, not a word. You see, I came on at once, almost from a bed of illness, to you, for your sake, dear boy."

Basil was silent. He was longing to hear something about Inez.

"I shall be able to travel, dear mother," said he, after a time, "in a day or two, and Rome is horrible to me, after what has happened. I should like to go to England at once—to London—but I suppose on our way we ought to stop at Paris. I want to see Kane, to tell him what you have told me; or, at any rate, to see him, whether I tell him that or not."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wyverne, "that is no more than right. I also wish to go to Paris,

for I should like very much to see poor, dear Clara."

"I do not know whether I ought to tell Kane about her or not," said Blake, doubtfully.

"Well, I'm sure I don't," said his mother; "and it seems to me that you'll have to be guided by circumstances. At any rate, I shall see her, and I think it probable that I shall tell her all that I've heard from you about poor Kane. For, dear Basil, I have come to pity that poor man, with his undeserved remorse, and his ruined life; and my sympathy with you makes me look upon him with something of your feelings, Basil dear."

"Kane is the noblest man I have ever met with," said Blake.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Mrs. Wyverne. "And only think that, while poor Clara is, after all, really alive, she is the same as dead to him."

"Well," said Blake, "the more I think of it, the more I feel that Kane ought to know it. At the worst, it cannot be so bad as his present belief. He thinks now that he is little better than a murderer; if he were to know that she did not die, he might have more peace of mind, even though she could never be his."

"I am quite of your opinion, Basil dear, quite," said Mrs. Wyverne.

They now went on to talk of many things, and more particularly about this *Bessie Mor-daunt*, whose exact position amid all these affairs Mrs. Wyverne was anxious to ascertain. She therefore made very particular inquiries about her personal appearance, manner, tone, accent, etc., and gradually a light began to dawn on her mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NIGHT WITH SAM TIBBETTS.

"YOU could! I'd jest like to see you take hold and burn a coal-pit."

And Sam Tibbetts blew out a cloud of smoke, and chuckled at the absurdity of the idea.

In the days gone by, Sam and I had sat upon the same bench in the little red school-house over by Kent Mountain, but our paths had diverged in early youth. He had remained by the homes of his fathers; I had wandered the wide world over. And now, after many years of separation, we had met again on the occasion of my visit to my native valley. In the fulfilment of a promise, I had come to spend the night with him, in anticipation of which he had given Joe, his assistant, an "off-night."

We were lolling on the grass in front of Sam's hut, half-way up the mountain-side, with old Bose drowsily blinking at our feet. On a little plateau, a few yards beyond, the coal-pit was burning, sending up a cloud of vapor that filled the atmosphere with its pungent fumes. From our eyrie we overlooked a vast tract of broken country—rugged hills, some bristling with chestnut, oak, and hemlock, some stripped to their rocky skeletons; black gorges, where the sun set long before night; open vales, with meadows and silver

streams; and here and there farm-houses and the tall chimneys of furnaces vomiting smoke. A cloud of dust through the valley marked the course of the ore-wagons.

"What is there so difficult about it?" I asked. "It's merely a question of manual labor and of patience. You cut your wood, pile it, cover it with turf, set fire to it, and lie here at your ease until the time comes to draw your charcoal. It certainly requires little skill."

"Jest like you fellows who git yer knowledge second-handed, and don't know what experience is. Book education's well enough for a preacher or a school-teacher, but, in burnin' a coal-pit, it an't wuth a cent. You might as well tell Parson Simmons that all he's got to do to git up a sermon is to put paper and a pen an' ink on the table, and then set down and wait for it to come."

"Your simile is not a fair one, my friend, for you omit the fire in the parson's case. If you piled up your material, and made your pit never so perfect, yet neglected to light it, you'd scarcely expect to get coal."

"Now you're a-gettin' too deep for me. But I know one thing—I kin run a coal-pit, and I don't b'lieve you kin."

"Why don't you say," I replied, somewhat testily, "that I can't lie in the grass and watch a wood-pile burn."

"I wouldn't be afeard to trust ye that far," remarked Sam, dryly; "and I guess the wood-pile *would* burn up, too. Now, look at that pit, and tell me, if you kin, what's best to do."

I glanced at the burning mound. It was still belching forth blue vapor, the smell of which reminded me of the fumes of pyro-ligneous acid. If there was any change, my inexperienced eyes did not detect it. I concluded that Sam, to use one of his own expressions, was "pokin' fun at me," so I replied, with an air of intended facetiousness:

"If you really want my advice, I suggest, at this juncture, that we take a little C. B.,\* refill our pipes, and sit down quietly to imitate the coal-pit."

"Haw-haw!" laughed Sam, springing up. "Look at that west side. Give us a hand here, or there'll be fury to pay in five minutes!"

He seized a shovel, and went energetically to work throwing off the earth and sods. As he opened the side, I heard a sharp, hissing sound, as of pent gases seeking a vent. I noticed, too, that the rising vapor was almost colorless, like the fumes of charcoal. My vanity had been piqued at Sam's good-natured railing; but I ran to his aid, determined that the emergency should not find me lacking in good-will.

"Now for the vents!" shouted Sam. "Then the turf's got to go on ag'in."

While Sam poked the vent-holes with a long pole to start the draught, I worked myself into a perspiration, replacing the turf and earth. I had nearly finished when I happened to glance around, and saw, to my mortification, that the rascal was only shamming work while watching my efforts with a merry twinkle in his eye that told how thoroughly he enjoyed the scene.

\* "C. B.," in the Kent vernacular, stands for cider-brandy.

"Guess ye got airth enough on that pit," he said, quietly, though ready to burst with suppressed laughter.

"Confound you!" I exclaimed, wiping my brow, and looking at my blistered hands, "why couldn't you tell me when I had done enough?"

My petulance caused Sam to explode in a hearty guffaw that started the echoes from the hills. I could have split his head with my shovel with a good will.

"I'll bet on you," he sputtered, as soon as he could catch breath. "If you're as good with the axe as with the shovel, you'll make a pooty good collier yet, notwithstanding your foreign education."

"No, thank you. I'm satisfied with my experience."

"Guess it's time to take that C. B.," observed Sam, dryly, as he filled his pipe. "Ax yer pardon for sayin' it," he continued, "but the world's full o' jes' such folks as you be. 'Cos they know about books, they calc'late there an't nothin' else to learn. I wouldn't give a chaw o' tobacker for all that was ever got out o' books about coalin'. It don't stand to reason that a man that never see a coal-pit should know more about runnin' on 'em than one who was born and brought up among 'em, and has tended on 'em, man and boy, day and night, for nigh on to twenty year, as I've done. You can't tell such folks nothin'. 'Tain't no use to try. There's Parson Simmons—good man, I've got nothin' agin' 'im—but 'pears to me he's got an idee he's most ekal to Divine Providence. Makes no odds what he picks out for a text, he's sure to go a-wanderin' off onto politics and the science o' governin', or somethin' o' that sort, telling what the President ought to do, and what he oughtn't to do, jest as if he'd been born and brought up in the White House. I don't want to find no fault with Parson Simmons, but I can't help a-thinkin' he'd better teach them things he's had experience in, and leave other things to them that understands 'em better. Now, I know I an't fit to preach, nor to run a newspaper, nor to teach school; but I don't *try* to do 'em. I *do* claim to know a coal-pit, 'cos there I'm ter hum, and that I stick to."

"I stand corrected for my presumption, Sam," I replied, with becoming meekness. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last" is an adage almost as old as civilization. But consider me a disciple at your feet in quest of knowledge. Initiate me, if you please, into the mysteries of coal-pits."

"Can't be done," replied Sam, with the utmost gravity. "Nothin' but experience 'll do it. If you'll 'prentice yourself to me for a year, I'll agree to make a good collier of ye. I'm short o' one hand."

"The temptation is great," I answered, with as much sobriety of countenance as I could command, "but I fear that I can't spare the time just now."

Sam looked from out the corner of his eye as if he half suspected a jest, but, reassured by my looks, he went on:

"Mebbe you've got business where more money's to be made; but I wouldn't swop even with ye. I've tried 'most every thing that's a-goin' on about here. I've worked on

a farm, I've druv ore-wagon, I've run a saw-mill and a cider-still, and I spent pooty much all o' one year a-getting out ties and bark. But to my mind there an't nothin' like coalin'. I've often sot a-watching a pit on a summer night, when the moon was out and the stars a-shinin', and all was so still you could hear the mill-dam as plain as if it was up here on the mountain, and thought what fools people was to shut 'emselves up in stores and factories when they could be a-breathin' the pure air and enjoyin' 'emselves in a sensible sort o' way. I s'pose everybody 'd take to coalin' if 'twarn't for the trouble o' learnin'."

"Lucky for you, Sam, that they don't. It would spoil your business."

"Yes. It's a wise provision o' Natur' that we ain't all made alike, and don't all think alike. 'Twouldn't do for all to go to preachin', for 'xample; nor for all to try to be guv'nor to once."

"There you hit the nail on the head. But do you never feel lonesome up here?"

"Lonesome! Now you make me laugh. Most o' the time Joe's here. When he's away Bose's all the company I want.—Ain't ye, old fellow? There—down—down! No time for foolin' now. When Bose and Joe are both gone, I talk to that coal-pit, jest as if 'twas a human bein' or a dog. Foolish, I s'pose, but does me good. Sometimes it 'pears as if it knew all I was a-sayin' to it, and answered in its dumb way. And, when ye come to understand a pit, there ain't a puff o' smoke comes out that hain't a meanin' to it. There's yaller smoke, and white smoke, and black smoke, and blue smoke, and smoke that ain't no color at all—only gas. When ye see that, then's the time for th' experience to come in. When she's a-burnin' she's got to be watched every minute, night an' day. If it rains, ye must see that yer fires ain't put out. If the wind blows hard, ye must bank 'er up, or she'll burn uneven. Sometimes the top'll cave in on one side or t'other; that must be fixed. Sometimes she blows. Then you've got to fly around lively."

"What do you mean by 'blows'?"

"Why, busts, of course. If ye don't keep the vents open the gas c'lects, and fust ye know she blows. If you'd been a-watchin' that pit all alone to-day, she'd ha' blowed sure. Come near it as 'twas."

"Very likely," I said, meekly, for I began to appreciate my littleness when brought into contrast with Sam's superior knowledge.

"Must keep yer vents open. It's jes' so with a steam-biler. Keep yer safety-valve right, and the steam blows off; git 'er jambed, and bang goes yer biler. But I can't begin to tell ye. 'Twould take a week. There's sortin' the wood. Must have hard coal to smelt iron, and you can't get hard coal out o' soft wood. But you may burn the best o' chestnut and maple and oak, and git only soft coal, if ye don't run her right. I've seen one-half a pit as good hard coal as ever went into a furnace, and t'other half soft and mealy. A pit wants as much nussin' as a new-born baby."

Sam paused and stopped to listen. His quick ear caught the sound of some one approaching. Presently we heard a clear, sweet voice carolling one of the popular mel-

odies of the day. A smile lit up Sam's honest face as he said, in response to my inquiring look, "That's my Sally."

The next moment the bushes parted on the mountain-side, and a young girl, in the full glow of health and beauty, sprang into the open space. Surprised at the sight of a stranger, she ceased her song abruptly, blushed as red as the scarlet hood she wore, and paused, as if in doubt whether to advance or to retreat. Whether it was the romantic surroundings, the unexpectedness of the vision, or the intrinsic beauty of the girl herself, I know not, but in all my world-wanderings I had never before looked upon so lovely a sight, nor one which took such hold upon my heart. I had seen the women of almost all climes, from the sun-painted *senoritas* of the south to the blue-eyed blondes of the north, but that form was unique in grace and beauty. She was plainly, even coarsely clad; but the simple calico gown and the cheap shawl about her shoulders were worn with an air that a princess might envy. Her hood, which was the only bit of bright color that relieved the sober monotony of her dress, was thrown back upon her neck, displaying a mass of lustrous black tresses confined by a simple ribbon. Her flashing eyes, her mouth ripe as Hebe's, her cheeks, where mingled the tints of the peach and the olive—but why attempt what words cannot paint? Had the goddess of beauty herself fallen down from heaven, I could scarcely have been more thoroughly entranced.

"This is my Sally," said Sam again, smiling proudly as he caught my look of genuine admiration.—"Sally, this is Mr. Trainor. He's come to stay all night with me."

The girl courtesied gracefully while the truant blood again flushed her cheek. To hide her confusion, she stooped down and petted Bose, who had pushed his nose into her hand with the familiarity of an old friend.

"I've brought your supper, father," she said. "I must hurry back, for I'm late to-night. I had to go for the cows."

"You had to fetch the cows, Sally! Where's Will?"

"Mother sent him to the store. Mother wants to know when you're coming home."

"Can't tell, Sally. If Joe gits back by daylight, p'raps I may come down with this gentleman to breakfast. Tell ma not to fret. Guess I'll git along sometime."

"Well—good-night, father; good-night, sir." And with another courtesy and another blush the lovely vision vanished down the mountain-path.

"Guess ye never see many pootier gals 'n my Sally," said Sam, with a quizzical look at me as I stood straining my eyes to catch another glimpse of her.

I felt as if rudely awakened from a delightful dream. Could I trust my senses? Could it be that this charming girl, or woman, rather, for she was just budding into womanhood, was the daughter of Sam Tibbetts? The incongruity was startling. With all due deference to the many noble qualities of my honest friend, I could not help drawing an inward comparison between the parent and the incomparable daughter, which, could he have read my thoughts, would, I fear, have



forever prejudiced him against me. As it was, my countenance must have betrayed something of my feelings, for Sam heaved a sigh, and, picking up the basket which Sally had deposited upon a stump, he led the way to the hut without a word.

A few minutes sufficed to spread our frugal supper, which, eked out with a few delicacies I had brought, and seasoned with the sauce of appetite, was eaten, by me at least, with a relish seldom before experienced. Sam, though he ate heartily, was remarkably taciturn during the whole meal. I exerted myself to amuse him, and to excite his usual flow of spirits, but with very little effect. It seemed as if Sally's coming had made another man of him, and I began to regret my inconsiderate promise to spend the night.

After giving old Bose his proper share of the banquet, and clearing away the *débris*, we lit our pipes and sat down for a smoke. The fragrant tobacco appeared to have a soothing effect on Sam's nerves, and we soon dropped into a desultory conversation on the various topics with which he was familiar, interrupted only by an occasional visit to the coal-pit. But it was evident that my friend was ill at ease. He had lost his usual vivacity, and talked in an abstracted manner, quite foreign to his blunt, straightforward nature. I knew not why, but I felt that his thoughts were running in the same channel with my own. I determined to find out before I left him. But Sam opened his heart to me of his own accord.

"I ain't jest right to-night," he said, with a sigh. "'Tain't often I get measly when I've got some'n to talk to; but the fact is, I'm bothered about that gal o' mine. She's pooty—too pooty a'most—and all the boys are crazy about her, and I don't know what to do. Thought p'raps you could help me out."

"You may command me, Sam, for any thing I can do," I replied, with some curiosity as to what was coming next. "In what way can I serve you?"

"That's jest what I don't know. Bob Jones's Bill is dead set arter my Sally. He hangs to her like a dog to a root, and plagues my life out o' me. Can't talk the critter out on't. 'Tain't no use to try. If Sally was my own darter, I wouldn't say a word agin it. Bill's a good 'nuff boy, but him and her ain't mates, and that any fool can see with half an eye."

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you mean that she is not your daughter?"

"Lord love you! My darter! I wouldn't let no livin' man but me say it, but God A'mighty don't put up the Tibbettses in such patterns as that. There ain't a hair of her head that I don't love jest as much as if she was my own flesh an' blood; but she's above me and my kind, and the time's come when she ought to go some'er else. Bill Jones ain't no more fit for her than a bear-cub is to go to Sunday-school."

My curiosity was greatly excited, for I must confess that this simple country-girl had aroused in me an interest which I would have thought impossible a few hours before. With a strong effort to conceal my emotion, I said:

"If Sally's birth is not a secret, will you tell me her history?"

"'Twon't take long to do that. Do ye remember the Dobbinsys that used to live over on Kent Mountain? No? Wa-al, guess it was after you went off. They were French people, and poor as church-mice. Some say they were big folks tu hum, but the old man got into some scrape, and had to cut stick. I don't know how 'twas, but they come here, four on 'em, the old man, his wife, a fifteen-year-old boy, and Sally, who was jest turned o' four. Her name ain't Sally by rights. I call her so 'cause it comes more nat'ral than the forrin one she used to go by. Guess Dobbiny warn't much used to work. His hands was as white an' tender as a gal's, but he had spunk enough to run a grist-mill. Waal, he squatted down on two or three acres over on the side o' Kent Mountain, up near Gilsey's. It was all rocks and briers, but he whacked and banged away at 'em, and cleared quite a pooty patch. I was a-livin' near there then. Me and my old woman had jest set up house-keepin' and her brother, Seth Bixby, was a-boardin' with us. When old Dobbiny began to raise his house, Seth and I lent a helpin' hand. He couldn't talk English much, and we couldn't polly voo, but we made out to git along together fust rate. The old man was clear grit, and so was his wife. They worked mornin', noon, and night, and before long had as pooty a little home as any reasonable man'd want."

"They made fust-rate neighbors. They warn't our kind 'xactly, but there warn't no one else within two mile of us, 'cept some Kanucks who were choppin' wood further up the mountain. Dobbiny didn't have much to say to them, though they could jabber French just as good as he could."

"My old woman went clean mad over them children—we hadn't any babies of our own then, and used to have 'em down to our house 'bout as much as they were to theirn; and she'd never let 'em go home without a pail o' milk or a ball o' butter or somethin' o' that kind for their ma. Somehow I got's much 'tached to 'em as if they'd been my own flesh and blood. The fust thing I used to do o' mornin' was to look up to see if Dobbiny's chimney was a-smokin', and it allers did me good to know that there was other human bein's up an' doin' in that lonely place."

"So things went on a good part o' the summer. Dobbiny kept to hum and worked hard. He didn't go much down to the Centre, though it was only three miles. Sometimes when Seth or I was a-goin' down, he'd get us to ask at the post-office for 'im, and two or three times I brought 'im letters which Miss Prindle said was from forrin' parts. He'd be as tickled as a gal with a new bonnet, when I handed 'im one on 'em. One day I fetched 'im two letters, one on 'em the biggest letter you ever see, all covered over with forin' stamps and marks, and with two big seals on it. When the old man opened it, he gave a yell, and danced 'round like a wild Injun. Then he hugged his wife and his children, and then darned if he didn't hug me. I warn't much used to French ways, so as soon as I could git clear on 'em I made tracks for hum. Jest as

I stepped out o' the door who should I see but one o' them cussed Kanucks a-lookin' in the window with eyes as big as saucers. I didn't think much on't at the time, for I didn't know then there was any money in the big letter. Dobbiny must ha' spread it out jest as I left the room. When the feller see me, he walked up to the door as bold as a sheep and said somethin' to Miss Dobbiny. What 'twas I didn't hear, for 'twarn't none o' my business."

"Waal—I didn't think much on't again till next mornin'. When I looked up there warn't no smoke comin' out o' Dobbiny's chimney; and then I knowed somethin' was wrong—knowed it jest as well as if I'd ha' been there."

"I called Seth. 'Seth,' said I, 'git yer gun. There's trouble up on the mountain.'"

"'What,' said he, 'wild cats?'"

"'Worse'n that,' said I. 'There ain't no smoke up to Dobbiny's.'"

"When we'd got about half-way—there was a beaten path all the way from our house—we see that the door was wide open. We hurried on, Seth a-leadin', for he'd got as much stirred up as I was. All was still about the house. We didn't hear no voices nor see no pleasant faces at the door and windows as we used to. We went in—and such another sight I hope I may never have to look on ag'in! There lay Dobbiny on the floor in a puddle o' blood, his head all smashed in, and his face cut up so you wouldn't know it. I felt on 'im; he was cold an' stun dead. In the next room we found Miss Dobbiny on the bed; her head was split open, too; and on the floor lay the boy chopped a'most to pieces. Not far off was a bloody axe an' a hatchet, an' blood an' brains were scattered all about. Makes me sick to think on't now."

"All this time the gal was missin'. Seth an' I looked everywhere, but couldn't find 'er, an' we'd about made up our minds she'd been carried off. We were jest goin' to lock up the house an' go down to the Centre for help when I spied a pair o' big eyes lookin' out from under the bed. There she was, frightened most out o' 'er wits. She was so scared she didn't know us, and I had all I could do to git 'er to come to me. I took 'er up in my arms, and carried 'er home, she a-moanin' an' a-sobbin' as if her poor little heart would break. She took on so I thought she'd die for more'n a week, but my old woman nussed 'er an' coddled 'er, an' she finally got quieted down. But I never see any one so scared as she was."

"Waal," said Sam, after a pause, "that's how I got my Sally."

"Of course, the Canadian committed the murder?"

"Guess they all had a hand in it. Three on 'em had been choppin' on the mountain as much as four or five months. When we went up to their cabin—Seth an' me, an' all the men for five mile around—no sign of 'em was to be found. They'd all cut stick. We scoured the country clean up to the State line, but the cusses were too smart for us."

"Their sole object was robbery, you think?"

"No doubt on't. We found one o' the letters that I brought to Dobbiny the day be-

fore. It was writ in French, and they had to git Miss Timmins to read it. You remember Boss Timmins's darter, the school-marm, don't ye? She's had the teachin' o' my Sally for ten year or more. Miss Timmins, she read the letter for 'em, and it showed that some o' Dobbiny's folks in France had writ for 'im to come hum, and had sent some money to a bank down 'in York to pay his passage. The other letter we couldn't find, but, puttin' this and that together, we made out that it came from the bank, and had money in it."

"Did no one communicate with the relatives in France in regard to it?"

"Letters was writ tellin' all about it, but nothin' ever come on't. P'r'aps they didn't git 'em, p'r'aps they didn't care. Anyhow, they didn't write. Sally stayed to our house, and we got to lovin' 'er better'n ever. Parson Blake's wife wanted to adopt her—an' I guess 'twould ha' been better on some accounts if they'd ha' took 'er—but my old woman couldn't bear the idee o' partin' with 'er, so we jest kep' 'er. She's been with us twelve year or more, an' a better gal never trod in shoe-leather. I should hate to lose 'er, and so'd my old woman, but what's best is best. I've got a dooty to perform, an' I'm a-goin' to do it. I'm a-goin' to find 'er a place somewhere where she'll be happy, an' where there ain't no Bill Joneses. Thought, p'r'aps, you could git 'er a chance to teach school—or somethin' o' that kind—down in the city."

"Of course I'll help you all I can. But are you sure Sally will be willing to leave you?"

"Hain't said nothin' to 'er about it, an' don't mean to till the time comes. I'm a-goin' to fool Bill Jones, if I kin."

"Pshaw!" said I, "if Sally is the girl I think she is, you needn't worry about her accepting any unworthy suitor. Have you ever seen any thing to lead you to think she loves Jones?"

"No, but a gal's a gal, and in love-matters one on 'em's the same as another. They're all run in one mould. An' when a feller hangs on to all eternity, as Bill Jones has, the gal's sure to cave in time, whether she likes 'im at fust or not. That's why I want to git 'er off."

I promised Sam to have a talk with his fair charge on the morrow, so as to judge of her qualifications; and I assured him that I would exert myself to provide for her a suitable position as soon as I returned to the city.

At daybreak, to my great relief, Joe returned to duty, and Sam and I went down the mountain. He crossed the stream, whose murmur we had heard throughout the night, and followed the road over a sandy level worn into deep ruts by the ore-wagons. A short walk brought us to the outskirts of the village, before entering which Sam turned aside into the burying-ground, motioning me to follow. A few paces within the gate we came to a grassy mound marked by a single stone. I read:

"Sacred to the memory of Jean d'Aubigné, Celeste his wife, and François their son, who died August 23, 1849."

"They were all put into one grave," said Sam, brushing a tear from his eye. "That's

Sally's name, the same as her mother's; but I like Sally the best. Wa-al, let's git along. My old woman 'll be a-waitin' breakfast for us."

Thus ended my night with Sam Tibbetts. The insight which he gave me into the mysteries of charcoal-burning was never of much practical benefit; but I shall ever regard the few hours spent upon the mountain as the most precious of my life.

I kept my promise, and obtained a place in New York for Sally. She has now filled it for nearly ten years to the complete satisfaction of her employer, who could not be induced to part with her on any consideration.

As I pen these last words, my dear wife Celeste looks over my shoulder, and requests me to add that the satisfaction is mutual.

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

## THE AMATEUR CURB-STONE SINGER.

CREAK crack, creak crack, went every stair I stepped on, as I stumbled up what did duty for a staircase, but would have made firewood at which a first-class washer-woman would have turned her nose up, in a splendid specimen of the Five-Points' tenement-house of the period.

"Confound the rickety old place!" I muttered, as I stopped for a moment at the top of the third flight; "if I don't mind, I shall take a trip to the ground-floor like Puck—'swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow'—and without requiring the assistance of a patent hydraulic elevator."

I peered through a dingy, dirty pane of glass by my side, almost the only one in the window which was not covered and pasted over with brown paper, and, through the cobwebs, had a fine though somewhat mixed-up view of tumble-down chimneys, gable-ends, and clothes of all cuts and colors, flapping about with the eddying current of air. This was consolatory, for I knew I must be near my destination—the "top-floor, back." I screwed up my courage, went at the staircase again, and rapped with my knuckles on Mrs. Jones's door.

A dirty, slovenly, unkempt woman, without shoes and stockings, and with her hair streaming about her, answered the summons.

"Are you Mrs. Jones?" I inquired.

"Yes, I be," replied the woman, so snappishly, that I shrank back. And then she added, still more snappishly, "what d'ye want?"

I mentioned the name of the person who had given me her address, by way of introduction, and she seemed greatly mollified.

"Oh! if it's him as yer come from, yer can come in," she said.

I entered, and she handed me an old wooden chair, which so far defied the laws of Nature that, though it had lost its back, it was tolerably firm on its legs. I took in the place, the family, and the situation, at a glance. If ever I was in the abode of degradation, wretchedness, and misery, I was then. But it was no worse than I had been led to expect. A rickety deal table, two other chairs,

a dilapidated chest of drawers on which a few old rags were drying, a small cooking-stove, and a tumble-down bedstead, comprised the stock of Mrs. Jones's furniture. On the mantel-piece were ranged several dirty medicine-bottles, a wineglass without a stem, and two broken china ornaments. Three or four cracked plates of different patterns, some cups and saucers, and two tin saucepans, stood on a shelf. On the table was a sarsaparilla-bottle with a little gin in it. The odors which rushed from Mrs. Jones's lips told me that it was gin. In fact, she was in the primary stage of intoxication.

I was about to open the business I had in hand, when a rattling cough from under the heap of filthy bed-coverings startled me.

"Some one ill?" I asked.

"My man," replied the woman, again taking a snappish turn; and, without lowering her voice and with the utmost indifference, she added, "he's drunk hisself to death. An' now he's got the lung-disease, an' the doctor says he won't live above a week or ten days."

I was horrified at the woman's coarse brutality, but what could I say or do? I rushed at once into the business which had led me to seek her out.

"Don't you sometimes go out singing in the streets?" I inquired.

"Well, if I do, that ain't no business o' yours," replied the woman, insolently.

I assured her that I had not asked the question from motives of impertinent curiosity, and hinted that I might be able to put a dollar or two in her pocket, if she would be civil and listen to what I had to say. The woman's eyes sparkled, as nearly as the liquor she had already taken would permit, at what, to her, was nothing more or less than a prospect of more gin, and she at once requested me to "speak up."

Thus encouraged, I said:

"You have two children, I hear?"

"Yes, gals," she replied.

I asked her if she took them with her when she went out singing.

"Why, what d'ye take me for? The gals is what does it. I couldn't do nothin' without the gals," she replied.

I then informed her that I desired the company of the girls that evening, and that, if she chose to look at the matter in the light of a bargain, I was perfectly willing to pay for the hire of them.

In an instant I saw a fearful storm was brewing.

"G—d d—n yer! no!" cried the woman. "Yer want to get 'em away, do yer? Send 'em to some refuge or 'formatory! No, yer don't. Them beggarly misshernaries has tried that game afore yer."

I had some trouble in appeasing her, for in her anger her tongue rattled on at such a pace that I could not even get in a word edgewise. She was evidently as "famous for a scolding tongue" as Baptista's daughter Katharina in the "Taming of the Shrew;" and I wisely held my tongue and let her have her say out, hoping to bring her to terms by far more gentle means than those adopted by Petruchio. I simply waited till her whiskey-soddened throat gave out, and then played her with her own great foible. I was right.

At last her breath was gone, and, seizing my opportunity, I said:

"Listen to me a minute; let me explain why and for what purpose I want them."

I then quietly unfolded to her my whole plan, and, producing a dollar-bill for her to gaze upon, said that I would pay fifty cents apiece for the hire of the girls from eight o'clock till twelve o'clock the same night. The sight of the money acted like a charm; but she said it wasn't enough, and that I must deposit five dollars with her as security for the due return of the children. I increased my bid to a dollar and a half, but absolutely refused to make the deposit. I knew I should never see it again.

At that moment, "Take it Mag, take it—you can buy some tea for me," came in wheezy tones from under the bedclothes.

"Now, then, what are you a-cussin' an' swearin' about?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones to her better half. "Mind yer own business!"

The poor wretch's only reply was a groan.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," I put in, "business or no business?"

"Oh, put up the money!" she replied, testily.

"Half down, and half when the children come home," I said, at the same time laying down seventy-five cents.

The woman clutched the money, and had just placed it on the mantel-piece, when the door opened and the "gals" came in. They had been out begging, and had come home to dinner. They looked half starved, and had even less clothing on than their mother. The elder was thirteen years old, the younger one only ten. They both looked three years younger at least. After arranging with the mother that they should meet me at the corner of Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue at eight o'clock, I gave one of them some money with which to go out and buy some tea and crackers for her father, saw her start, waited just long enough to prevent her mother going after her and capturing the money, and then took my leave of Mrs. Jones, in the earnest hope that I might never see that worthy's face again.

London play-goers of some ten or fifteen years ago were almost startled out of their propriety by the extraordinary hit which the late Mr. Robson made at the Olympic Theatre as Jem Bags, in the "Wandering Minstrel." Without aspiring to the high range of Mr. Robson's popularity and success, I had determined to do a little private business of somewhat the same character on my own account and for my own amusement. I went home and recalled all the old and touching ballads I could think of, and made a list of them. It was, perhaps, the remembrance of Mr. Robson's custom of reading out the titles of all the ballads on his "'apenny" song-sheet when he shuffled on to the stage, which led me to do this. As nearly as I can recollect, his list was as follows:

"If I Had a Donkey What Wouldn't Go"—  
 "Over the 'Ills an' Far Away"—  
 "I'm Off to Charlestown"—  
 "Good-By, Sweetheart, Good-By"—  
 "Mary Blaine"—  
 "O, Tell Me that You're True to Me"—

"I'd be a Butterfly"—

"Red, White, and Blue"—

"The Fisherman's Chorus"—

"I'm Afloat, I'm Afloat"—

"The Flowers are Blooming"—

"Come into the Garden, Maud"—

"I Should Like to Marry"—

"The Girl I Left Behind Me"—

"When in Death I Shall Calm Recline"—

"Kiss Me Quick and Go"—

"Upon the Sands at Margate"—

"I Love to Roam by the Dark Sea Foam"—

"Love Not"—

"Drops o' Brandy"—

"O, Say not Woman's Love is Bought"—

Mr. Robson always gave these titles in couplets, and, after the last one, without a moment's pause or change of voice, he added the usual song-vender's *finale* of "All for the small charge of one 'apenny."

I, however, determined to go more into the touching business, and raked up

"She Wore a Wreath of Roses"—

"Maid of Athens, E'er we Part"—

"Kathleen Mavourneen"—

"Once I Loved a Maiden Fair"—

"Happy Land"—

and other time-honored favorites of the professional curb-stone singer. But I had reckoned without my host. When I came to inquire, I found that "my little family" knew them not, and I was obliged to let them go through their own regular programme, taking the chance of joining in when I could.

I was at our trysting-place at the appointed hour, and there stood my temporary investment of rags and tatters shivering in the biting wind. They were barefooted, and had only an old and very thin shawl each to cover their heads and shoulders. They did not know me at first. And no wonder! I was elaborately got up for the occasion in true curb-stone singer costume, and had an old woollen comforter wound two or three times round my neck, covering the lower part of my face.

"Oh, that's you, is it?" said the elder girl, as I took hold of her arm; "ain't you late?"

I told her that it was just eight o'clock, and inquired their respective names.

"Me's Mag, an' she's Lottie," she replied. And then she added sharply, "Say, old 'un, ain't you going to stand us no supper afore we start? It's d—d cold, an' we're as hungry as the devil."

I stared in astonishment at this prematurely old child. That they would be hungry was a certainty. They had probably never eaten a hearty meal in their lives, and I had intended to give them one before parting with them. But the girl's assurance startled me, and her language, though it did not surprise, distressed me. I was also a little taken aback at being so coolly addressed as "old 'un." However, I told them to wait where they were, and I hurried down to Third Avenue, and bought some cold meat and bread for them at an eating-saloon. On my return, they seated themselves on a door-step, and the bread and meat disappeared with marvellous rapidity. When they had finished, Mag

horrified me by demanding "a drop of something to warm us."

I sternly refused to do any thing of the sort.

"Mother allers gives us something on a night like this," rejoined the girl, "and I ain't a'goin' to sing without it—are you, Lot?"

Lot signified an indignant refusal.

Oh, Odger, Bradlaugh, Beales, Mundella, and others of your kidney, why did you ever plant your hateful theory of strikes in the human brain? Here had I only been an employer of two young children for fifteen minutes, and they had the hardihood to strike for a glass of rum apiece! It is horrible to think of. Still I did not feel inclined to throw up my enterprise, and I made a disgraceful compromise with my conscience by insisting that they should only have one drink between them. I feel uneasy in mind now as I recall the appalling gusto with which they smacked their lips on leaving the gin-mill. The vile stuff did not even bring the water into their eyes.

In order to drive the repulsive scene from my thoughts, I hurried them along Lexington Avenue, and we were soon following our vocation in Thirty-ninth Street, my intention being to beat backward and forward in the streets lying between Tenth and Sixth Avenues, as sportsmen heat up and down the woods for game.

Mag opened with "Put Me in my Little Bed," in a not unmusical voice, Lottie and I joining in the chorus at the end of each verse. They both sang out to their full power, and thoroughly roused the echoes in the quiet of the night.

After we had sung several verses, my ear caught the sound of a sniffing sob by my side. I looked down and found Lottie crying.

"Hulloah! what's the matter, little woman?" I exclaimed aloud, thoroughly thrown off my guard.

The only answer she vouchsafed to my sympathetic inquiry was a hasty *sotto-voce* intimation that I should "cheese it."

In an instant I saw my error. The practised eye of this accomplished little *artiste* had caught the sound of the latch of the basement-door, and she was indulging in a little by-play, in order to harrow up the feelings, to the regulation eleemosynary standard, of any one who might come out.

A colored woman was our first victim. Whether she were cook or chambermaid, of course I know not; but her sympathies led her to present us with the munificent contribution of two cents, for which I warmly thanked her. The cold air drove her in-doors again; and Mag, who was evidently of an economical disposition, started on without finishing her song.

As we walked along, Mag remarked, in the most business-like of tones:

"Say, old 'un, I guess I'll boss the talkin'. I'm more used to it like."

I had no objection to offer to this arrangement; and, as we neared the other end of the block, Mag pulled up and again started "Put Me in my Little Bed." There were lights in the basement, lights in the

parlor, and on the floor above; but, beyond some one turning the parlor-shutters for a moment and peering out at us, we sang and sang in vain. So we edged on across the avenue, and crawled toward Madison Avenue at a snail's pace, singing as we went.

The appearance of some ladies and gentlemen from one of the houses at once gave the girls a violent attack of the shivers—Mag so badly, that her voice shook; and Lottie, that she sobbed again.

"What a shame to keep children out begging in the streets such a night as this!" said one of the ladies, from behind her seal-skin muff. "For Heaven's sake, give them something, Harry! The more they get, the sooner they'll go home."

Mr. "Harry" did as he was bid, and dropped a ten-cent stamp into Mag's trembling hand.

On reaching Broadway, we doubled back down Thirty-eighth Street, and led off with "Down in a Coal-Mine," with great spirit, as soon as we had passed three or four houses. But "Down in a Coal-Mine" didn't draw, and I suggested to Mag to try something of a more sentimental order. She then broke out with "Wearing of the Green," and with more success; for, before she had finished, a nice, kind-hearted-looking old lady emerged from the basement, with a light shawl thrown hastily over her head.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! why do you keep your children out on such a night?" she asked of me.

Mag dashed to the rescue.

"He can't help it, ma'am," she said. "He's got his arm broke" (my right arm was slung to my neck in an old red-silk pocket-handkerchief), "an' he can't work, ma'am."

The old lady retired, and soon reappeared laden with cold beef and bread, which she distributed among us.

"Thank you, kind lady—shall we sing again?" inquired Mag.

"No, no, go home," replied the old lady.

"Ah, we've got nowhere's to go to," rejoined Mag; and then she artfully added, with a deep sigh, "as soon as we've got the price of a night's lodging, we shall quit. It's so cold."

But the fish did not jump at the bait, and we passed on, the old lady bidding us good-night as we turned away.

"Damn the old woman an' her stale corned beef!" ejaculated Mag, as soon as we were out of hearing. "Why couldn't she give us a nickel?"

The bread and meat was at once consigned to limbo in the capacious pockets of my old overcoat, borrowed for the occasion of a car-driver.

On we wandered, up one street and down another, varying our *répertoire* with "The Harp that Once through Tara's [the girls pronounced it *tear*er's] Halls," "Dermott Asthore," and other ballads, taking every now and then a cent or two from the passers-by, who, however, were "like angels' visits—few and far between," and an occasional five-cent piece from some charitable householder, all of whom seemed to feel great sympathy with

the children, and to be filled with feelings of unutterable scorn and indignation for me.

We, however, met with little in the shape of incident till we reached Thirty-fifth Street, where we had stationed ourselves in front of a brilliantly-lighted house. We had gone through two of our most stirring and touching songs, and had just begun "Tara's Halls" again, when an old gentleman, without a hat on, appeared at the top of the steps. The girls at once threw themselves into the situation, and sang as loudly and plaintively as they could, I following suit. The old gentleman was a small, terrier-like looking man, with scrubby, gray side-whiskers and grizzled hair, brushed after the fashion which history ascribes to Brutus. His pockets were most capacious, therefore probably well lined; for, when he dived both hands into them, his arms disappeared as far as the elbow. There he stood, watching us without moving a muscle of his face, raising himself up and down on his toes, and, as I fondly thought, beating time with his heels on the stone steps to our music. The girls surpassed themselves, and gave the last verse with an emphasis which should have "brought down the house." But, to our horror, he answered Mag's whining appeal for money in the style of the Friend of Humanity to the Needy Knife-Grinder in the *Anti-Jacobin*: "I give thee sixpence? I will see thee hanged first!"

"What do you mean by coming and kicking up such a row as this, and disturbing the whole neighborhood?" he angrily demanded to know, looking at me as though he would eat me alive, muffer and all. "You know it's against the law, and it's a great outrage to keep those children in the streets at night without any shoes and stockings on, in order that you may get money to buy rum and get drunk. If I could see an officer, I'd have you arrested."

Mag gave a tremendous tug at the skirt of my overcoat (both girls held a corner of the coat when we were singing or begging), and we hurried off in search of a more genial *venue* for our operations, leaving the irate old gentleman to continue his explosion by himself.

Once more on Broadway, and in the open space at its junction with Sixth Avenue, I suggested that we should try to collect a small crowd around us in that thronged locality.

"Yes, an' get took in by the cops," said Mag, in a sorrowing tone. "You're a fine boss, you are," she added; "why can't yer leave it all to me?"

Once more recognizing the fact that I was in the company of a first-class *artiste*, I told Mag to do just what she thought best—that I left every thing to her superior judgment.

"That's right, old 'un," she rejoined, in a patronizing tone; "now we'll just work down to the Jackson Club. That's allers worth somethin'. Give 'em Irish songs, an' they'll put up directly. They're all Irish there, an' there's 'allers some on 'em standin' on the steps."

So we made for the Andrew Jackson Club, the great resort of the members of the O'Brien party, and, as was to be expected those election-times, four or five men stood talking on

the steps. We gave "Tara's Halls" and "Wearing of the Green" with what the musical critics call "fire and precision." Two of the men gave Mag a ten-cent stamp each, and a third gave her six penny-pieces—a perfect mine of wealth. We were just on the point of beginning a third song when an officer, attracted by the singing, came round the corner of Thirtieth Street. "Cheese it!" whispered Mag at once, and we slunk away, the officer following us and saying:

"You'd better quit that, or I'll lock you all up." We did not reply, nor did we wait to be locked up; and, after following us for half a block, the officer turned on his heel and retraced his steps.

On reaching the Union League Club, several gentlemen were standing outside the door. Being a very quiet locality, Mag determined to go for them, and, after striking our very best mendicant attitude, Mag plaintively chanted "The Baby was Sleeping, the Mother was Weeping."

"Can't you sing any thing more lively than that?" asked a young scion of the aristocracy. "Sing 'Moet and Chandon,' or 'Down in a Coal-Mine.'"

But Mag's watchful eyes had caught sight of a venerable-looking individual in the background, whose kindly eyes were beaming charity and benevolence at her.

"We only knows religious songs, sir," said Mag, with well-assumed humility and innocence, replying ostensibly to the young man, but looking piteously and talking at the benevolent-looking old gentleman behind him.

"Why, you sang 'Down in a Coal-Mine' just now," I thoughtlessly said in an undertone.

"Cheese it, old 'un, or you'll spile all," she whispered.

What a judge of human nature was that child!

The old gentleman came forward with his right hand in his pocket, and asked me why I kept the children out so late.

Before I could reply, Mag put in, "Because we ain't got money enough to pay for a night's lodgin';" at the same time timidly holding out her little grimy hand in a suggestive way.

The old gentleman was taken by storm. He drew his hand from his pocket and handed me a quarter of a dollar, on the promise, freely given in the huskiest of voices, that I would at once take the children to some lodging-house.

"Get them out of the streets, for God's sake, on such a night as this!" he added, speaking very earnestly.

The young man, for whom Mag would not sing "Down in a Coal-Mine," supplemented the quarter with a ten-cent stamp, and we went on our way rejoicing.

As it was then getting late, and I was already in a half-frozen state, in spite of the extra warm clothing I had put on, and as I had had, too, as much experience in curb-stone singing as I wanted, I gave the children the seventy-five cents still owing to their mother and all the money—ninety-eight cents—we had collected during our wanderings, and bade them hurry home. They both said, "Good-night, old 'un," with the supremest



indifference, evidently treating the whole thing as a matter of business, and the next moment they were lost in the darkness.

As I sat warming myself over my fire and sipping some hot brandy-and-water on my return home, I could not help laughing over Mag's injunction, "Cheese it, old 'un, or you'll spile all," when she was so diplomatically playing on the benevolence of the old gentleman at the Union League Club. It reminded me forcibly of the following lines from Cruikshank's "Omnibus," written on Charles Young as Rolla :

"That child would Rolla bear to Cora's lap.  
Snatching the creature by her tiny gown,  
He plants her on his shoulder.—All, all clap !  
While all with praise the Infant Wonder crown,  
She tips in his ear—' Look out, old chap,  
Or else I'm blowed if you don't have me down ! ' "

A. P.

## THE LATE THOMAS SULLY.

THE life of an artist who died in 1872, yet studied his art under Jarvis and Trumbull, and had his palette set for him by Gilbert Stuart, who was the companion and instructor of young Leslie, the elder Allston, and a student of Benjamin West's—cannot fail to be interesting. Such was the life of the fine old artist Thomas Sully, who has just passed away at Philadelphia, aged eighty-nine. It was a life honorable as it was long; a life of honest industry well rewarded; a life, too, of many adventures. Sully used to relate that, when a small boy, living at Birmingham, with his grandmother, the old lady bribed him with the promise of sixpence to stand quiet by a window one rainy day for half an hour or so. "I stood like a hero, looking straight forward at an old brew-house, when, the rain having undermined its foundations, it fell with a great crash—to my intense delight, for, in addition to the novelty of the scene presented, the accident gave me my liberty." This incident is a type of Sully's life: he did not have to go in search of adventures, they came to him unbidden.

THOMAS SULLY was born in June, 1783, in Horncastle, Lincolnshire, England. His parents were comedians, strolling on some of the provincial circuits, and Tom's earliest recollections were connected with his maternal grandmother, who lived in Birmingham, and who cared for the child while his parents were on the tramp. In 1809, when Sully was in England again to study in West's atelier, he made it his first duty to go to Birmingham and call upon the ancient dame, then ninety years old.

After a few years, Tom's parents got a permanent engagement at Edinburgh, and the child was taken home to them. In 1792, Sully's brother-in-law, West, who was manager of the Virginia and South Carolina theatres, made the elder Sully so good an offer that he came to this country, bringing with him his family, comprising four sons, of whom Thomas was the youngest, and several daughters. The oldest son, Laurence, was a miniature-painter, and practised his art in Virginia. One of the daughters married a French painter named Belzons, who was Sully's earliest instructor in the art. Associations such as

these could scarcely fail to bring out any latent prepossession for art dwelling in the boy's mind. One of his schoolfellows in Charleston was Charles Fraser, afterward an eminent artist, and from him Sully got his first notions of drawing.

In 1795 Sully's father put him in a broker's office, where he only stayed long enough to satisfy the broker and his parents that he would never be fit to draw checks, so long as his *penchant* lay so decidedly in other lines. Tom was accordingly sent to his brother-in-law Belzons, to be instructed in art. Belzons was not a man of much skill, but had a devil of a temper. He set Sully to superintend the cleaning of his gallery, and, coming in and finding Tom painting in water-colors on his own hook, and from a new box of colors, spoke roughly to him, knocked the precious box and contents to pieces on the floor, and attempted to strike him. Tom promptly knocked his master down, and when he rose prostrated him again. The fight threatened to become serious, when Mrs. Belzons came in and interposed between her husband and brother. Tom took his hat and left Belzons forever.

This was in 1799. Sully was sixteen years old; his parents were dead, and he penniless. He left Belzons's house with only the clothes he had on; slept that night in the Exchange; got a meal next day from a friend, and, on the next, was preparing to ship on board the United States man-of-war John Adams, where he was promised a middy's berth. This plan was frustrated by a message from his brother Laurence to join him in Richmond. Tom had a good face, and easily found a captain to take him to Norfolk on credit. Thence to Richmond was but a step.

In 1801 Laurence Sully and Tom were painting together in Norfolk. Laurence had a family, and Tom supported it. He taught himself to paint in oil, abandoned miniature, and copied a painting of Angelica Kauffmann's, which he fancied a work of surpassing art. Sully used to tell of a Christmas-dinner he and Laurence's family ate in Norfolk, in 1803, while Laurence was away at Richmond seeking work. There was nothing in the house except some corn-meal and some sweetmeats.

"Capital, Sally!" said cheerful Tom; "we'll have Indian-meal cakes, and the children shall have the goodies in the bargain!"

In 1804, as Tom was preparing and saving money to go to Europe, his brother Laurence died, and left his helpless family in Tom's charge. Sully gave up all his plans at once, adopted the children, and, when a year had expired, married the widow.

In 1806 Cooper, the tragedian, was in Richmond, and sat to Sully for his portrait. Cooper became his friend, and, when he became manager of the New-York Theatre, invited the artist to that city.

"I should be very ungrateful," wrote Sully, "not to acknowledge Cooper to have been one of my greatest benefactors. His friendship encouraged me to remove to New York, where he thought I might learn more of the art, from the example and pictures of more experienced artists; and, that I might feel a

confidence in taking, for me, so adventurous a step, he pledged himself to secure me business to the amount of one thousand dollars; and, on my removing to New York, gave me authority to draw upon the treasurer of his theatre for money, as I might require it, to that amount."

When Sully presented himself to the manager in New York, his first words were:

"Well, Mr. Cooper, here I am!"

"That's right!" said Cooper, "I am ready for you—work engaged—sitters waiting—you shall have a painting-room in the front of the theatre that will cost you nothing—and you have credit with the treasurer, mind!"

Thus Sully began his metropolitan career. He was still a young man, and his art was very imperfect. He set himself to remedy his deficiencies. He learned all that Jarvis could teach him, and learned that easily, for Jarvis imparted his knowledge freely. He paid Trumbull one hundred dollars to paint his wife's portrait, in order to see that artist work and discover his method. He went to Boston expressly to see Gilbert Stuart paint, and was received with all that great and noble-hearted artist's urbanity. In after-years Sully said:

"I had the privilege of standing by the artist's chair during the sitting, a situation I valued more, at that moment, than I shall ever again appreciate any station on earth."

When Stuart saw some of Sully's work, he looked at it a long time, took one of his famous deliberative pinches of snuff, and said:

"Keep what you have got, and get as much as you can."

In 1809 Sully was in Philadelphia with his large family, having a contract to paint thirty portraits at thirty dollars apiece. This he thought a very prosperous condition of affairs. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts was then in contemplation; copies of European works were required; Sully was very anxious to visit Europe, and he closed with a proposition to copy for the Academy some of the best works in the London National Gallery for the sum of three thousand dollars, and find himself. Luckily, the money could not be raised, and Sully was saved from selling himself into slavery. A friend of Sully's now started a subscription, to be paid in copies of English works of art; and fourteen hundred dollars was raised, for which sum, in the words of his biographer, "a good painter undertook to support a large family in America, while he incurred the expense of going to England, and remaining there long enough to paint seven pictures from the works of the masters, and then transporting them with himself back to Philadelphia." Sully himself said: "I will not dwell upon the slavery I went through, nor the close economy used to enable me to fulfil my engagement; but, although habitually industrious, I never passed nine months of such incessant application."

Sully left one thousand dollars with his wife, and sailed for Liverpool with the balance of his money. When he arrived in London, he met Mr. Charles R. King, an American, studying under West, to whom he had letters. King had been several years in London, and Sully unfolded his plans to him.

"How long do you intend staying in England?" "Three years, if I can." "And how much money have you brought with you?" "Four hundred dollars." "Why, my good sir, that is not enough for three months. I'll tell you what: I am not ready to go home—my funds are almost expended, and before I saw you I had been contriving a plan to spin them out and give me more time. Can you live low?" "All I want is bread and water." "Oh, then, you may live luxuriously, for we will add potatoes and milk to it. We will hire three rooms—they will serve us both. We will buy a stock of potatoes—take in bread and milk daily—keep our landlady in good humor, and conceal from her the motive of our mode of life by a little present now and then, and—work away like merry fellows." On this plan did Sully go to work to improve himself. His money, however, was exhausted in nine months, and only the kindness of friends and the generosity of some patrons who gave him further orders enabled him to return. West was so much interested in Sully that he wrote to Philadelphia to recommend a further subscription on his behalf. "Could his friends unite in a way that would afford him the means of studying here another season, he would then secure the knowledge of his profession on that permanent basis on which he would be able to build his future greatness in America—to his honor and the honor of the country." On his departure, West asked him to visit his old birthplace in Pennsylvania. "Inquire for Springfield meeting-house," said the old man; "two miles from where the road crosses, you will find the house." Sully found the house, but the roads were changed, and the proprietor of the place was a man who knew not West, and ordered Sully off the place as a trespasser. The artist, however, was enabled to make a couple of sketches, which he forwarded to his old master and friend.

During the passage home the ship in which Sully sailed was surrounded and put in peril by icebergs. An accident saved them. When the danger was greatest, a sea-captain, who was among the passengers, and had conceived a fondness for Sully, rushed into the artist's state-room, snatched him from his berth, bore him to the deck, and then coolly fastened down the hatchway. Sully asked him later why he did thus. "Oh," said he, "there were more than enough already on deck to fill the boat, and I meant that all under the hatches should stay there."

When Sully returned he became the fashion, and was largely and profitably employed. In 1811 he had the pleasure of instructing Charles R. Leslie in the rudiments of art. Sully said that Leslie never got done paying him for his services. As long as the genial friend of Irving lived, he kept sending prints, drawings, and friendly remembrances, to the elder artist. Sully now painted several full-lengths, among others that of George Frederick Cooke as Richard III. This picture is now in the Philadelphia Academy. He also painted a fine portrait of Dr. Rush, and the full-length of Commodore Decatur for the city of New York. This was the first of the series of portraits belonging to the corporation.

In 1818 Sully was commissioned by the Legislature of North Carolina to paint two full-length portraits of Washington. He suggested instead an historical painting, and, without waiting to have his proposal acted upon, commenced his painting of "Washington crossing the Delaware." He spent several years upon this painting; ran in debt on account of it, and, when it was finished, North Carolina rejected it—having no place to hang it—and Sully was forced to sell the unfortunate concern to a dealer, who disposed of it to the Boston Museum. Sully has wished the picture was burnt, and the North Carolinians were certainly right in rejecting it. It is an heroic affair, passably well done, but teaches nothing from the history of Washington. On the contrary, it falsifies history to an absurd degree.

Sully did not again leave Philadelphia, though several times on the eve of so doing. After many vicissitudes he became steadily prosperous; Stephen Girard built him a house suitable for painting and exhibition purposes; full employment, increased reputation, increased prices were his, and he became one of the most valuable and esteemed citizens of Philadelphia.

Sully was not an artist of the first class, either as a portrait-painter or as a painter of history. His work was, however, always pleasing; he caught the best features of his sitters; and made good likenesses, that were natural, easy, genteel. He never ranked with Stuart; he never painted so well as some who have succeeded him; but about 1830, when he was in his prime, he stood by common consent in the front rank of his profession. Throughout his whole career he was honored as a man, and loved as a friend.

EDWARD SPENCER.

## DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON a glorious day of the autumn, just past, I stood upon the spot memorable in history as the one where Ferdinand De Soto and his gallant followers are supposed to have stood when they looked for the first time upon the Mississippi. The sun was shining down in gorgeous splendor, the fierceness of his rays mellowed in the first haze of early Indian summer, which hung lightly over hill and woodland, and softened the distant prospect into suggestive indistinctness.

We had wound our way through the crooked streets of a scattering village, past the little school-house with its open door and windows—whence came the hum of children conning their lessons—past the trim, clapboarded church; then over grass-covered earthworks—mementos of the late war—whose outlying ditches were rank with tall weeds, and whose timber stockade could just be traced by a few half-buried logs; past a group of children playing on a grassy slope, where, on a sullen November morning some eight years ago, a fierce assault had been repelled in that awful fratricidal struggle, and the ground left strewn with dead and colored red with human blood; and thus we had worked our way out to the

edge of the bluffs overlooking the great river. It is nearly a mile wide at this point, and lay that day in placid grandeur, its waters shimmering in the sunshine. It was low water we had been told, and the white sand-bar, a mile above, which stretched a full third of the way across the channel, where it sweeps around in a wide bend, and the steep, eddy-worn banks of the farther shore, were corroborative evidence of the truth of this statement, and yet, a stone's-cast from the margin below us, the swift, silent current ran twenty-five and thirty feet deep. Such is the "father of waters" even in its lower stages.

Before us lay a wide, extended prospect, with a long stretch of the river sweeping in bold curve athwart the scene. A bosky island, with low, sandy shores, shuts off the view far down the stream; the low land of the Arkansas side spread out, opposite us, thick with primeval forests—now glorious in the many hues of autumn—where the bear and the wolf still roam and hide in the swamps and bayous; and farther away up-stream, where the strong current leans hard against the land, and is gradually gnawing its way in like some great monster, were visible the spires of Memphis and her busy landing.

And here, on a spring morning three hundred and thirty years ago, De Soto and his gallant adventurers looked out upon a scene which, in at least its bolder features of forest-covered lowlands, wooded islands, long sweep of yellow, ragged bluffs, and swift, silent river, was all the same as that which we then beheld. The *tableau* those hardy explorers presented on that occasion was very different, however, from that which the imaginative artist has depicted in that familiar historical painting which adorns the Capitol at Washington. No gaudy banners, no gilt trappings, no treasure-chests, no prancing, high-spirited, caparisoned chargers, no gayly-attired knights, threw a glamour of romance over the stern, hard-featured original. But, in place of this panoply and circumstance born in the painter's brain, there might have been seen a weary crowd of bronzed, buffeted, and disappointed men, clad in skins of wild-beasts and ragged matting, with battered swords, and heavy, hard-used lances, looking out wonderingly and dubiously upon the mighty river, seen now for the first time by eye of European. The outward pomp and glory of their free-booting expedition had been long on the wane, and finally disappeared entirely in the ruddy glare of their lately-consumed winter-quarters on the head-waters of the Yazoo, by which their even then scanty wardrobes and gallant trappings had been utterly destroyed, and they left as naked as the savage incendiaries themselves. And now they found their hitherto fruitless search for gems and gold blocked by a mighty river, whose swift current, swollen by the spring rains, flowed straight across the pathway they had laid out. The discovery of the Mississippi, under these circumstances, was any thing but matter of congratulation to those chagrined and disappointed Castilians.

I found it exceedingly pleasant to lie, this day, on the dry, grassy slope, and, through half-shut eyes, to take in the varied landscape, smiling peacefully in the October sun-

shine. Half a mile away a great flock of raven-hued birds of the buzzard species was circling over the river in search of food; some high in air, others almost skimming the surface of the stream, or swooping down upon the open shore. Their slow, wheeling flight, and the lazy flapping of their broad wings, were thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the scene, and my own dreamy, sluggish meditations. Anon, a huge steamer, whose paddle-wheels beat the water into foam, and left behind a long pyramidal wake, came sweeping proudly down-stream, a few passengers walking her upper deck, and a half-dozen negro "roustabouts" coiled up on the pile of cotton at her bows. A few moments and she disappeared behind the island below, the smoke from her tall chimneys rising black against the horizon, and serving still to mark her course for miles away.

Over and over again, as I lay there that day, stretching my limbs idly upon the grass, I found my mind going back to that wonderful age of discovery, romance, adventure, and conquest, which sent forth its Pizarro, its Cortez, its Raleigh, its Hudson, its Cabot, its Captain Smith, its Da Vancé, its De Soto, and a score of others—stern, hardy men—whose names are indissolubly linked with the history of the New World—not always, however, it must be confessed, in as happy and humane a way as could be wished. But chiefly, through associations of the spot, my mind dwelt upon that singularly wild and disastrous expedition, in whose path I now found myself after the lapse of more than three centuries since its haughty leader found a grave in the river that flowed at my feet.

There they come gayly ashore in the beautiful bay of Spiritu Santo, as if for a holiday excursion, on a balmy May day of 1539—six hundred men of them, cavalry and infantry—rivalling in appointments the famous expeditions of conquering Cortez and Pizarro. They have troops of blood-hounds, as auxiliaries in the chase and against the natives, herds of swine for food, implements of the forge, treasure-chests to hold the expected plunder, priests to shrive the dying, musical instruments to while away the evening hours, manacles and chains for captive princes and kings, every thing, in fact, that the experience of the veteran leader—late the favorite companion of Pizarro in his Peruvian exploits—could suggest. We see them commence their nomadic march in search of opulent cities, which imagination had pictured as existing in the interior, and which were to enrich with untold treasure the ruthless marauders—a march which, in many respects, is unparalleled in the history of similar daring enterprises. Through the valleys and plains of Georgia, and the rich maize-fields of Alabama, they hold their way. The Indian guides sometimes lead them astray into swamps and morasses, but they are burned, or torn in pieces by the blood-hounds. They consider as wilful deceivers, worthy of a like fate, all captives who persist in denying the existence, in their country, of rich cities, gold, and priceless gems. The adventurers reach, at length, a considerable Indian town on the Mobile River, and, tired of camping in the fields, attempt to drive the natives from their

homes, but the savages set fire to their light dwellings, and in the conflagration the Spaniards lose their baggage, and in the accompanying flight a score of their number is killed, and more than two hundred wounded. They wreak a terrible vengeance on their foes (more than two thousand of whom are slain), dress their wounds, rest a little, and then push on. But they find no rich cities to sack, no palaces ripe for plunder. The second winter is passed in a deserted town of the Chickasaws, on the upper Yazoo, but, with the return of spring, the demand made of the Indian chiefs for two hundred men to act as porters and burden-bearers is refused, and the savages, again invoking the aid of fire, steal past the sentinels, kindle the village in a dozen different places, and that midnight conflagration destroys the remnant of baggage and clothing saved from the burning of Mobile. Forges are erected, swords newly tempered, lances made of the stubborn ash, skins and mats of ivy fashioned into rude dress, the dozen of their perished comrades buried with the solemn rites of the Church, and, in a week, the Christians are ready to punish their treacherous enemies. They push on once more, and arrive in such plight as we have seen upon the Mississippi. Three months are spent here in rest, and in the work of building transports, with which to ferry over the remaining horses, and then the Castilians march to the northwest. But dangers and difficulties thicken fast along the lonesome way; the Indians are more hostile than their southern neighbors, no gold-fields are discovered, no towns of barbaric splendor greet their gaze, no palaces and temples other than the rude wigwams of the natives. And so at length, when half across the mighty continent, the proud De Soto, spirit-broken, bowed down with melancholy begot of disappointment, turns back and commences to retrace his steps. The history of that retreat is the story of one long-continued skirmish with the hostile natives. Horses and men fall by the arrows of the savages and by disease. The brave commander himself falls sick of a malignant fever, lingers awhile, and dies at last, when they reach, once more, the banks of the great river. The sorrowing men wrap their dead leader in his fur mantle, and, that the natives may never suspect that he was mortal, bury him stealthily at midnight in mid-stream. The sick and disheartened survivors build laboriously, with their scanty resources, a few wretched transports, and, embarking upon the river, reach at last the sea. After many perilous adventures on the gulf, a remnant of that expedition, which set out under such flattering auspices four years before, entered the river Panuco.

We lingered long upon the river-bank that afternoon, so long—watching the boats coming and going at the landing above—that the sun was setting when we turned to go. His level rays, shining through the lower strata of thickened haze, lighted up the distant prospect of city, wooded slopes, and winding river-bank, like the red lights of a theatre. We went past a deserted house, standing perilously near the edge of the bluff, and which a few more freshets will certainly carry away with

the crumbling banks, clinging to which, even then, was the last remaining shrubbery of a once ample garden; past the children's playground, more populous now than before; past the dismantled fort and the white church, all aglow in the sunset rays, as though Nature looked upon it with a special smile; past the school-house, empty and silent now; past a row of laborers' cottages, with gossiping housewives hanging over the gates, and thus on into the dusty, unromantic highway.

LUCIUS MORSE.

## MA BELLE.

I.

IF you should ask, *ma belle*,  
To answer and to tell

The fairest of delight's fair countless phases,  
Full certainly I know,  
While pearly lids were low,  
From loving lips would flow love's fondest praises.

II.

She hath the art, *ma belle*,  
To praise most sweetly well,  
Yet only in love's service doth she use it.  
For me, between her voice  
And all songs were there choice,  
Always 'twould well rejoice my soul to choose it.

III.

Because I feel, *ma belle*,  
Thine eyes' clear fervor dwell  
Passionate on my own glad eyes so often,  
Because I know thou art  
My life's diviner part,  
My other tenderer heart to soothe, to soften;

IV.

Because thou wear'st, *ma belle*,  
A strong, pure, silent spell,  
Safely from all dark ways my feet retrieving;  
Because thou wert to me  
As lulled air to wild sea,  
Storm-furrowed, fiercely free, and strongly grieving;

V.

Because thou hadst, *ma belle*,  
The power to calm, to quell,  
My turbulent, bleak life at thy dear pleasure,  
And pour upon its breast  
Thy sunbeams, balmy, blest,  
Easing it to kind rest in bounteous measure—

VI.

Because of this, *ma belle*,  
Thou knowest how richly well  
My worship till death's ending serves and sues thee.  
Thou knowest, because of this,  
To have thee means all bliss,  
All anguish were to miss, to mourn, to lose thee!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

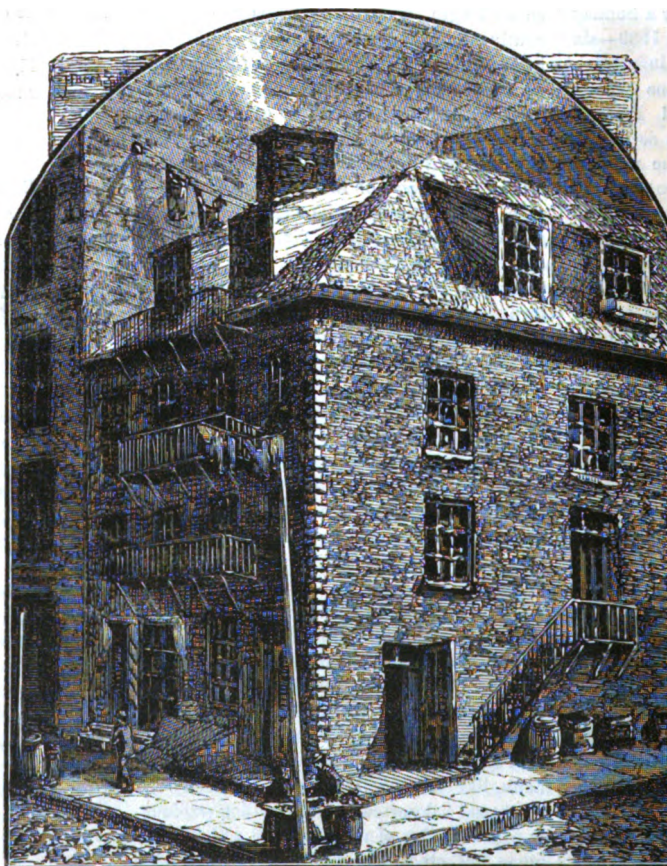


## SOME OLD HOUSES.

NOTHING in the history of a city is more interesting, and at the same time more inexplicable, than those inevitable shiftings of the upper classes of society from one part of the town to another. It is in vain that historians attempt to solve the mystery by alleging that certain persons, at the head of fashionable circles, bought in one place and not in the other, and that they were followed blindly by society at large, as a flock of sheep follows the bell-wether. For, a deeper examination into the question will show that no attempt to direct the current of settlement in any one direction has ever absolutely succeeded. The influence of a superior mind will, doubtless, in every case, affect some individuals, but the action of the great body of the wealthy seems to be directed by influences too subtle to be seized. New York, though but a child among the cities of the earth, has had her experiences of this kind more marked, in consequence of her rapid growth, than those which the traveller finds recorded in London and Paris. And in New York this emigration, so to speak, has had a definite aim, and has progressed constantly to the northward. It has, indeed, fluttered in the most capricious way from side to side, from the east to the west, from East Broadway to St. John's Park, then back again to Second Avenue, and thence to Fifth Avenue; but it has, with one exception, constantly moved upward toward the north part of the island. This one exception was State Street, and the houses at the foot of Broadway. The fashionable quarter previously had been Hanover Square, where the Cotton Exchange now is; but William Walton, in 1752, built



OLD HOUSE FACING THE BATTERY.



OLD HOUSE IN BROAD STREET.

his new house in Franklin Square, and the fashionable quarter for the next ten years was between these two points. But, in 1760, the Earl of Cassilis built the Kennedy Mansion, at the corner of Broadway, in front of the Bowling Green and the equestrian statue of his majesty George III. His example was followed by others, and the merchant - princes slowly began to build down town, instead of up, for the first and only time in the history of New York. After the close of the Revolutionary War, Front Street, State Street, and Broadway, about the Bowling Green, with the lower part of Pearl, were, *par excellence*, the streets affected by those who formed the best society of New York; and, indeed, the Battery was at that

time so charming a park that the locality had many recommendations intrinsic to itself. It was about this time that the house depicted by the artist, No. 9 State Street, was built by Carey Ludlow. He had purchased the property from the heirs of Abraham Lysen, in the year 1768, at which time the street was known as the Strand, and led directly from the fort to the docks. It was by the successive filling in of the latter that Water Street and Front Street had been created. There is no doubt that Carey Ludlow, who was a very wealthy merchant, intended to build, at the time he bought the property, which consisted of a fine Dutch house, with gardens, stabling, and out-houses, on a double lot, fifty-two feet in front, and running clear back to Pearl Street. For all this he paid the sum of one thousand and eighty pounds current money of New York. But the signs of the times were ominous of evil. The Stamp Act had



been passed November 1, 1765, and had been met by the most determined resistance throughout the colonies. Many men, who afterward were devoted royalists, were strongly opposed to this measure as illegal and unconstitutional, and combated it most forcibly. But Carey Ludlow was so rank a Tory that from the first he declared for the legality of the proposed tax, and made himself so obnoxious to his fellow-citizens that he determined not to provoke remark by any ostentation in private life. He not only put off his proposed building, but secretly took such measures as would secure his private fortune in case of any rupture between the colonies and the mother-country. When, in 1776, the storm broke, he departed for England with his family, returning in 1784, when peace had long been made, and the bitter feelings of the strife had been replaced by the *bonhomie* of commercial intercourse. He set to work then to build his house, and to plant trees in the neighborhood. No fewer than three hundred were planted under his order, many of them by his own hand, in the Battery Park and in State Street. At this time he lived in Front Street, where, in 1791, his daughter Catherine, a great beauty, was married to a rising young lawyer, Mr. Jacob Morton, who built for himself a fine residence on Broadway, not far from the Kennedy House, which was distinguished by its portals of white marble. Mr. Ludlow, shortly after the marriage, removed to the house on State Street, which, though not the largest in the city, was something remarkable, for it had

twenty-six large rooms, besides the servants' offices. It had a double stairway in front of the door, with railings of the ornamental iron work so greatly in vogue at the time, and large bushes of sweetbrier were trained upon the stonework of the porch. Inside, the furnishing was somewhat plain, and remained so until the death of Mr. Ludlow, in 1807, when the house became the property of his wife for her lifetime, and was afterward to pass to the daughter Catherine, who, with her husband, now came to live with the widow, and the palmy days of the old house began. The Mortons were endowed with great taste, and had considerable fortune. They sent to England for magnificent carved oak chimney-pieces and wainscoting, and they lavished marble decorations, and ormolu, and superb girandoles, over the principal rooms. Mr. Morton, who

after his marriage became a merchant, was major-general of the division of the National Guard around New York, besides being a distinguished lawyer, and the hospitalities which he dispensed were wide-spread. His sister married the famous Josiah Quincy, of Boston, and, to the legal luminaries and the dashing young officers who frequented the house, were then added all that Boston and New York boasted of scholarship and literary taste. No. 9 State Street was emphatically the centre of intellect, refinement, and feminine loveliness. Mrs. Morton had been a great beauty, and she delighted to assemble around her all the belles of the city, while her husband's wealth as a merchant, and distinction as a gentleman, brought to his house all the distinguished men of the time. His father had been a stern patriot, and had im-

the banqueting-room, and from the rich drawing-rooms also, could be seen the Battery-Park garden, where all the trees Mr. Ludlow had planted had by this time grown to a fair height. The lawns were trim and gay with a thousand brilliant flowers, whose perfumes mingled with the scent of the sweetbriers along the porch. Beyond the park the waters of the bay spread out fair to see, the ripples glittering in the sunshine, and in the far distance Staten Island rose like a purple haze from the untroubled bosom of the sea. All these things spoke to a society not insensible to their charm, and mingled their softening influences with the wit and beauty assembled in the stately rooms. Alas! how are the mighty fallen! The whirligig of Time has taken his revenges fully. Now the beautiful house, strong and stately yet, is inhabited by



IN WORTH STREET.

explicitly the confidence of General Washington, who was frequently entertained at the homestead at Basking Ridge, in New Jersey. Here young Mr. Morton made the acquaintance of General Lafayette, and between them there sprang up a firm friendship. When the noble Frenchman returned, in 1824, he came at once to the house on State Street, and here Mrs. Morton gave a ball in his honor, which lingers fondly to this day in the remembrance of the white-haired old people who know the past of New York. They love to recall the halcyon hours spent in this delightful circle, and they speak of the reunions as classic, and of the intimates of the house as persons who would have been distinguished in any court.

Nor was the *entourage* of General Morton's house unworthy of it. From the windows of

twenty-six Irish families, and the rear of the building, which, in the dear old time, was a mass of honeysuckles, is now decorated with a choice variety of fire-escapes! When the general died, in 1837, and had been mourned by half the city, the family of many sons, and one daughter married to Dr. Bullis, dispersed, and the house was let as a boarding-house. Lower and lower it went in the social scale. A thieving tenant would steal some marble; another would lay his hands on some rare carving, until, little by little, wainscoting, marbles, mantel-pieces—all were gone, and the mansion was completely despoiled. Still, the family held on to it; hoping against hope that a change might come. But it did not. The *entourage* was becoming as dismal as the house. The park became a loathsome nuisance. Part of it was a barren place, where the

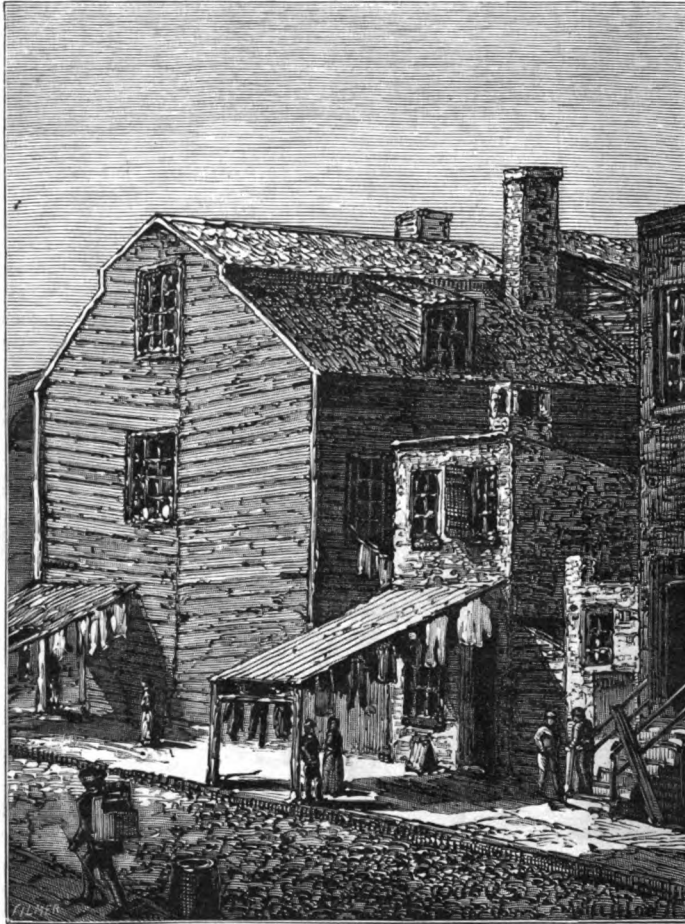
roughs played base-ball; another part was given up to the target-men and the venders of horrible sweetmeats, wormy apples, and villainous lemonade. Over the rest the grass grew long and frowsy, like that which waves over neglected graves; and each blade, as it rustled and murmured to the questioning of the soft summer winds, seemed to complain of its degradation and mourn its past beauty. Lying sprawling in uneasy idleness amid this grass were the recumbent forms of villanous rowdies, chewing pieces of straw, and cogitating villanies, greeting the passing gentleman with a hideous scowl, and the passing female with a leer far more hideous. The family saw these things, and could not endure the sight; so, a few years ago, they sold the place for twenty-eight thousand dollars, having refused ninety thousand in 1837, after the general's death. He had entered the public service late in life, having failed in commerce, and, having been comptroller and president of the Common Council for many years, was honored with a public funeral, at which every one who could, made a point of being present, so greatly was he beloved. Even the Irish who dwell in his old house know of him, and say, "It b'longed to Giniral Morton, and shure he was the good man."

Other monuments of departed greatness will be found in Broad Street, on the block between Pearl and Water. The house on the corner of Pearl was formerly the Delancey Mansion, built by Stephen Delancey, in the year 1724, under Governor Burnet's administration. We may presume that, wherever he was, the fashionable quarter was, too. Had it not been for the fact of his house here, no one would have suspected that Broad Street ever could have been distinguished, because it had formerly been a broad, wide creek, up which ships of small size could readily enter. This creek extended as high as Beaver Street, and afforded a natural wharfrage of considerable extent. The Dutch took advantage of this, and called it the Heere Graft, or Principal Canal, though there was nothing artificial about it. The English preferred to fill it up, which accounts for the remarkable width of the street below Beaver. There has always been a prejudice against living on made ground, and Delancey, in braving this, made a mistake. He adorned his residence with sumptuous furniture, and had fine gardens in the rear, but he remained in isolation, and the merchants built steadily in the direction of

Hanover Square. His son Oliver saw the error of his father, and sold the house in 1762 to Sam Francis, a tavern-keeper, who was the most famous caterer of that time. This worthy individual soon made the building the resort of all those who loved good cheer and had discriminating palates. He stored the cellars with choice Bordeaux and Burgundy, and with the travelled Madeira that the New-York merchants loved. Soon gentlemen got into the habit of meeting there on Saturdays and supping together, and this gave rise to the Social Club, which numbered among its members many of the brightest spirits of the Revolution. It included John Jay, Isaac Sears, Gouverneur Morris, Gulian Verplanck,

the Asia, which was lying in the Wallabout, moved up nearer to the shore, and fired three shotted guns straight at the Francis Tavern, evidently with the wish to scare the committee. But they were not frightened, though one of the shots went plump through the high, sloping roof of the building. When the English took possession of New York, Mr. Francis left his tavern to the mercy of the invaders, and accompanied General Washington as a sutler. The British occupied the place as quarters for officers. In April, 1783, when they evacuated the city, Francis took possession, and prepared a great dinner for the officers of General Knox's division; Washington also making it his temporary headquarters,

and, in the evening of the same day, bidding them farewell. Each officer grasped his hand and kissed him on the cheek, leaving the room with hearts too full of emotion for much speaking. Many wept profoundly at the thought that they were never to see him again. But this was not to be the last parting; for, seven months later, the officers of the continental army residing in New York prepared a great banquet in this tavern, to which they invited their chief, at the termination of which there was a still more solemn leave-taking. The house was kept by Francis until Washington's presidency, when he abandoned it and became the steward of the presidential mansion. Since that time it has repeatedly caught fire, but the walls and the beams were too strong to be much injured, and it still exists stout as ever. After the last fire, the great sloping roof was removed, and two additional stories with a square roof were added. It is occupied as a tenement-house, the ground-floor being a lager-beer saloon, the sole decoration of which is an engraving



CORNER OF BAXTER AND WHITE STREETS.

Morgan Lewis, Robert Livingston, and William Wiley, among the patriots, and not a few of the very rankest of the Tories, including Carey Ludlow. When Governor Tryon returned from England, in the Asia, the Social Club had become divided, and those only remained who were republican. Francis himself was an ardent patriot, and was perfectly reconciled to the loss of his Tory customers. The Committee of Public Safety, consisting of one hundred gentlemen of New York, used to meet here; among them Mr. William Walton, whose heart failed him afterward, however. When Isaac Sears had performed his great exploit of removing the guns of the battery under the fire of the fort,

of Washington taking leave of his officers, which the proprietor, a good-humored Tenton, explains "habbened in dis fery blaiace."

On the other corner of the block is another old house, which cannot, however, boast the same antiquity, for it stands on ground which was made by the filling in of the Dutch Dock in 1732, and was first called Little Dock Street, but afterward, in 1736, was registered as Water Street. When the house was first built, in 1764, there was nothing between it and the Delancey house, bought two years before by Sam Francis, and the architect seemed to think that it would always remain so, for he made it almost exactly square, with windows on all the four sides, and with attics and



roofing to correspond. It is believed that it was erected by William Bayard, the English commissary-general, who, owning the ground about it, thought himself secure from being blocked up in any direction. But, though man proposes, God disposes. He had to fly to England in the Revolutionary period, and all his estates and property which he left behind were confiscated by Uncle Sam, who sold them in lots. The house was purchased by Nathaniel Marston; but, as it was by no means an eligible site for a dwelling-house, though convenient to the shipping quarter, he made two dwellings of it by running partition-walls straight through from the Water Street side. The wisdom of this course became apparent when, shortly afterward, houses were erected on Broad and Water Streets, blocking up the windows on these sides. In 1792 Nathaniel Marston died, and his sons sold the property to Thomas Gardiner, a wealthy merchant of the city, from whom it descended to the present owner, Benjamin Ayerigg, Esq., the lineal descendant of the Benjamin Ayerigg, of Brooklyn, who piously collected the bones of those who died in the English prison-ships, and placed them reverently in thirteen coffins, to await the action of New York. The bones were afterward interred by the Tammany Society, in 1808, with great ceremonials. At present the houses are occupied by a cooper, a city weigher, a barber, a dispenser of lager-beer, and several poor families. There is nothing left of the past magnificence, nothing whatsoever. Indeed, the splendor could only have lasted during the time of Commissary Bayard. The site chosen, and the manner of building, were obvious blunders. Yet, strange to say, the materials are unusually good. The bricks are imported, and laid with unusual care. The sides are dressed with brown stone, cut against the grain—not with it, as it is done nowadays, in defiance of all the laws of cleavage. The window caps and slabs are all in excellent condition. The queer-sloping attics are of wood, and have suffered somewhat, but still stand the blast. It is funny, however, to see them on two sides flat against the walls of other houses. The Irish ladies who inhabit the upper floors come out on the roof and walk on the tops of these when they are fixing their linen to the complicated drying-ropes, which the genius of America has bestowed upon the laundresses of crowded cities. Down below are carmen congregated around the entrance of the saloon waiting for a job. The only touch of beauty about the whole place is in the flowering-plants which adorn the fire-escape balconies of the front on Broad Street.

Still more humiliating than this is the degradation of the old summer villas on that part of Worth Street which touches on Baxter and Mulberry. From Elm to those streets there was in the old time a fine lake of fresh water, fed by numerous springs, the waters of which were so abundant that in many parts the lake was sixty feet deep. Where the Tombs prison now stands, the water was then fifty feet deep! It was bordered by a fine, pebbly strand, and there were boat-houses at various points where those who desired to take a sail could be accommodated, just as is done today in the Central Park. The outlets of this

fine body of water were twofold: to the east a rivulet carried off the surplus into the Sound, and to the westward a couple of streams meandered round the low hills that lay between the lake and the "Broad Way," and so found their way into the Hudson River. The water from the marshes at the foot of Beekman Street, extending beyond Roosevelt, was drained into this lake, which was known as the Collect. It was a favorite ramble and drive for the citizens in the Revolutionary times, and, indeed, long after; for the idea of filling it up never occurred to any one until after 1800. Before that time, numerous inexpensive wooden villas had been erected in the neighborhood, and the place in summer-time was delightful, both from the numerous gardens and from the delightful odors of the marsh-flowers, which grew most luxuriantly. There was much diversity of opinion, after 1800, what should be done with this place. Some proposed to make a public park of it, and to surround the lake with a railing to prevent accidents. Others, considering what a depth of water there was, demonstrated that, by making a ship-canal at this point right through the island, the city would gain an immense area of superb wharfage. But those who thought it not high enough up-town for a park, and those who doubted the necessity of increased wharfage, were in the majority, and the fiat went forth that the Collect was to be filled up. The work began at the Elm-Street end by commencing to level the hills there, and dumping them into the lake. To carry off the water a broad ditch was dug to the North River, from which circumstance Canal Street received its name. The workmen erected wooden shanties in the neighborhood of their labors, and the squatters gathered together at the foot of the lake, and between them the nucleus was formed of that detectable part of the city called Five Points. To the usual prejudice against made ground was added the not unnatural dislike to build in the vicinity of squatters and of the rough dwellings of the poorest kind of laborers. The loose mounds of earth and the marshy state of part of the locality assisted, no doubt; and, in fine, the reign of dirt and squalor, having got an excellent start, has been able to maintain itself with ease ever since. The most beautiful spot in the whole city, according to the testimony of many, rapidly became a perfect blot of disgrace and horror. Crimes that hide from justice, and poverty that hides its shame, took possession of the quarter. Amid all the squalor and the filth and pain that have stamped their marks upon the houses and the inhabitants, yet here and there are dwellings with the sloping roofs and the queer attics of the past, relics of the times when the citizens loved the place and built their summer villas here. Rags flutter from the windows; bold-eyed girls stare insolently at the sketching artist; men with battered faces, accompanied by savage dogs, stand about the doors. Tramping about through the mud that comes up to the ankles, are old women, with bare feet and legs, carrying on their backs huge bundles of nameless things which they have picked up in the gutters. Boys and men try to push hand-carts of swill, collected from other parts of the city, through

the thick, glutinous mud. Drunken creatures abound on every side. Idle people are congregated by the dozens on all the corners. One would think something had happened. Oh, no! They are just talking about the weather, or about the elections, or the hard times. They are what the Irish call "discoorsing." This is in the daytime. At night the scanty gas-lamps serve but to intensify the horror and disgust that brood over the place. The shattered, battered, broken, crumbling houses then become indistinct and ghost-like, and the inhabitants seem like the monstrous larvæ of distempered dreams. Oaths and execrations break out upon the air, the cries of beaten women are frequent, and not seldom comes the stab, and the yell of murdered men. And once it was an Arcadia!

"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

RODOLPHE E. GARCZYNSKI.

## THE HILL-COUNTRY.

THERE is a portion of the United States of America which Nature meant should form a country by itself, and circumstances rather favored the design of Nature; but man and circumstances got the better of Nature and circumstances. Hence, we have the section referred to divided between Virginia, old and new, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia. They call this spot of ground "the mountain-country," though it is really a succession of hills and ravines, none of the former very high, and none of the latter very deep, though the whole is elevated several thousand feet above tide-water. Turn to the map, and look at the region lying between the ridge marked as the Alleghany Mountain and the valley of the Ohio. That is the place; it is really all the plateau of the Alleghany. For that mountain-range is not a sharp ridge, like the Appalachian. Fancy a mass of sand covered by water, from which the water was suddenly and violently drawn off, cutting it into innumerable hollows, running in every direction. Then fancy the sand hardening into rock, and the ravines filled with streams. Magnify this several thousand times; cover the rocks and valleys with soil, in which grow innumerable forest trees. Thus you have some notion of the surface. In such a section, physically of the same character, the inhabitants, in spite of State lines, are homogeneous, and from one community, identical in manners, customs, and habits of thought. They mainly have a common origin. It is true that when Kentucky was "the dark and bloody ground," a large number of immigrants came from Eastern Virginia, New England, and elsewhere, and, at the peril of their scalps, won themselves homesteads at the rifle's mouth; but the real friends of the hill-commonwealth were the Scotch-Irish, who followed the general course of the mountain-summits, and, pouring down on the southwest from Western Pennsylvania, carried with them their customs, their clannishness, their independence, and their self-confidence. There, on those hills, and in those hollows, they were self-sustained and self-maintained; and there, comparatively isolated from the progress out-

side, they think, speak, and act, very much as did their ancestors a century and a half since. The herdsmen and woodsmen of those hills and valleys are the same in character and speech, whether they live north or south of the Big Sandy, or cultivate their corn-patch, and feed their cattle on the Clinch, the Cumberland, or the Guyandotte.

We speak by authority, for we have been there, and we know by experience. We know the people there, and like them. We have studied them thoroughly; and beneath the rough outside we have found such honest impulses, and so much manliness and good sense, that the study has been pleasant and profitable.

The physical formation of a country, its physical structure, and consequently the nature of its soil, have much to do with the character of its people. The hill-country is of a tertiary formation, sandstones, with layers of shale, coal, and argillaceous iron-ore, alternating with shell-bearing, cavernous limestone, which latter gives out entirely as you approach the valley of the Ohio. The soil, except in a few places where the decomposed shale gives clay, is a light, sandy loam, very rich, and bearing a magnificent growth of lirioidendron, plane, walnut, and beech timber. The pine, except on the crown of narrow and elevated ridges, is scarce; although, on elevated plateaus, here and there we find forests of white-pine. The building-lumber is mainly furnished by the whitewood or tulip-tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), here known as "poplar." By itself, with space to spread its branches, it is one of the most symmetrical, as it is among the loftiest, of American trees; but, crowded among its fellows, and with equally large white-oaks, it runs up to a great height, with few or no side branches. We have counted on one acre forty-one of these trees, mixed with other timber, none of which were less than three feet in diameter, and none less than eighty feet from the ground to where the first large branches were thrown out. We measured one overthrown monster that, from the ground to its crotch, or fork, was one hundred and thirty-two feet, and for one hundred and one feet of that length there was neither limb nor knot-hole—a straight, unbroken column of wood. A vast amount of this timber lies too remote from navigable streams to be marketable. Hence, it is often a nuisance to the settler, who destroys it by the process of girdling. By the time the railroads penetrate the country, timber will be comparatively scarce, even for the purpose of firewood. Fortunately, the whole country is underlaid with almost exhaustless seams of coal—much of it the finest cannel. These vary in thickness from eighteen inches to five feet, and, from the fact that they lie nearly horizontal, are easily mined. Their outcrop shows itself in the beds of streams. The working drift is the adit, and the slight dip of the stratum suffices to drain the mine. But the same reason that gives the timber a limited market prevents the coal from going abroad. Of course, the wanton destruction of the timber will at last change the character of the climate, and impair, if not destroy, the fertility of the soil; but that is a matter for the future. The coal, the trees, and the

sandstone, give a notion of the soil. The broken surface and primeval forest harbor thousands of deer, wild-turkeys, and even bears. A few wolves and panthers are yet unexterminated; foxes, both red and gray, are to be found; a few otters abide at the side of the streams; and the amateur in snakes can find numerous opportunities of being bitten by either copperhead or rattlesnake, as his taste and fancy may suggest. Though grass is scarce, except in the limestone valleys, where the long green grass (*Poa pratensis*), here called "Kentucky blue-grass," flourishes, the stores of pea-vine and fern afford both summer and winter range for neat-cattle. Hence, the people are more neat-herds and hunters than farmers; and, from necessity, do much of their own manufacturing, tanning their own leather, making their own shoes and moccasins, weaving their own cloth, and getting little beyond coffee—which is a necessary of life there—from the outside world. They raise corn and hops, and prefer corn-bread and bacon, with fried chicken and venison for variety, to the greatest delicacies invented or contrived by those who "live to eat."

A source of revenue to the country, or rather to the traders, has been the ginseng-root. The root of the ginseng, "called 'sang' in the vernacular (*Panax quinquefolium*), when prepared after a particular fashion, very much resembles the true article (*Panax ginseng*), and commands a high price in China. When some enterprising trader discovers a large quantity of it in the woods, he opens a stock of goods in the neighborhood, and offers to sell his commodities for cash or *sang*. The neighbors, therefore, turn out *en masse* in the proper season, and proceed to dig ginseng, for which they get a few cents a pound in goods, and make twice the wages for the time being they could at any other employment. There are traders who, from this apparently trivial source, have accumulated fortunes. Virginia snakeroot and Seneca-root (*Aristolochia serpentaria* and *Polygala senega*) are also things of barter. In fact, the medical botany of the region is exceedingly rich.

Of course, there is little difficulty in obtaining a subsistence in such a country. Unless a man be extremely lazy, or given extravagantly to drink, he cannot suffer through want of the necessities of life. He can have the maximum of coarse bread at the minimum of labor. His peltry will produce him powder and lead; his rifle will get him meat to eat and peltry to sell. A raft of logs run down one of the rivers by a June freshet brings in money. He buys a few two-year-old steers and "ranges" them on the hills, only expending a trifle for salt, and in time the graziers from "the blue-grass country" come to buy them, cash in hand. A few acres rudely scratched with a bull-tongue or shovel-plough, grow his corn, with a few sweet-potatoes and pumpkins; peach-trees, with fine natural fruit, spring up in the fence-corners; and his hogs run loose in the woods and fatten on the fallen beech-mast. On the borders of this territory, and at the country-towns, we have refinement and even luxury; but outside of that our remarks are true to the letter. The cabins are miles apart, and, except at "the court-houses," there are no

taverns. The traveller has to depend on the hospitality of the settler, whose cabin-door is always open. The herdsmen share with you his best provision, even to fried chicken, the luxury of the place. He makes no charge for this, though the stranger is expected to leave something with the wife, whatever he may think right. Some years since a wealthy "foreigner"—all not born in the region are termed foreigners—left, after staying all night, by way of compensation for his lodging, breakfast, and supper, with that of his horse, fifty cents; and this, which at first was considered to be a magnificent remuneration for the trouble he had caused, fixed the tariff. We suspect it is nearly double since the war.

Horseback travel is the rule there. There are wagon-roads—fearfully bad, and almost impassable—between the county-seats; but, except on the eastern and western edges of the hill-country, the rule as to roads is to make them mere horse-paths, four feet in width. There is no country in the world, however, where better roads could be made, or more easily—the first requisite for a good road, perfect drainage, being so easily had. But the roads, good or bad, are necessarily long, to avoid steep grades. A neighbor may live a mile from you in a straight line on the other side of a ridge; but, as the intervening ground is only accessible to a goat, you make your way for four or five miles up one water-course until you reach a gap at its head-waters; there you cross and descend another water-course, the same or a longer distance, until you reach your neighbor's house. Now and then a land-slide covers your way, or a tree falls over it, or a loose rock rolls into it. In these cases you extemporize another horse-way—the horses there being, in their way of working a path along a side-hill, a cross between the goat and mule. As to driving, that is impossible. Even for farm-work wagons are an exception, a low sled being the usual conveyance for any thing to and from the field.

The houses are generally after the fashion of those found in new countries where wood is abundant. The first clearing is followed by the pen of unhewn logs, notched at the corners, and furnished with a roof of split shingles, held by means of cross-poles. Two holes are cut in the wall, one at the gable-end, to which a stone or wooden chimney is attached, and one in the side for the door, which affords entrance to light, and allows the ingress and egress of the occupants. When the settler gets enough land in order, he replaces this rude structure with one where the logs are hewn, and a window or two supplements the door. As he gets better off, he "ceils" this—that is to say, he covers it within and without with planed plank. Then, as his family grows, he adds another and another, until there is a regular row of dwellings, generally distinct, each with its separate entrance. The stables and barns are usually of the same rude construction; the corn-fodder, or dried leaves of maize, which, in the sandstone portion, is the substitute for hay, being put up in stacked bundles, rarely even covered from the weather. The ash-hopper and wood-pile are the principal ornaments in front of the house, the space of



which is generally the resort of numberless chickens, a few bedraggled turkeys, and two or three curs, whose precise breed would puzzle the naturalist, and drive the city dog-fancier who possessed them to a comparatively quiet retreat in Bedlam.

Of course, the hill-country folk have their fun and frolic as well as other people. They have their shooting-matches, where a steer is the prize, cut into five "quarters"—the supererogatory quarter consisting of the hide and tallow; their political meetings, where the opposing candidates, or their friends, address the crowd from the same hustings; their "treats," or tea-parties, where the young of both sexes meet for dancing and flirtation; their weddings and infares; an occasional quarter-race; and their quarterly visits to the court-house, where law is administered, and where all the roistering fellows of the county hold a high carnival, which degenerates, as soon as the grand-jury has adjourned, into a saturnalia.

Shooting-matches, tea-parties, political meetings, horse-races, and court-gatherings, are not essentially different there from such things described as occurring in other parts of the country. But the "infare" is little known, and is so peculiar that we may notice it.

After a young couple have been married, or the day or so after, the wedding-guests—"weddingers," as they are styled—accompany the newly-made bride and groom to their future residence, to duly assist them in commencing house-keeping. This is the "infare." When they set out, or some time before, a young man, bearing a brown bottle filled with whiskey, and furnished with ribbons, sets forth and gets to the house in advance of the rest. The wedding-party ride on, full of jokes and glee. At a mile or so from the spot of destination, the young men of the party, at a given signal, start on a furious ride, urging their horses to the top of their speed. The first one who reaches the house has the first drink out of the bottle—"brown Betty," as it is called—and the others in succession, until the contents are exhausted. Carleton describes a similar custom in his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," and between the Irish and the hill-country custom there is no substantial difference.

The costume of the section is serviceable, though by no means picturesque. Over the ordinary vest and trousers, usually made at home, is worn what is called a "hunting-shirt," which is merely a loose coat gathered in with an inserted belt at the waist, open in front, and having a short cape over the shoulders, though this last is not always added. The winter great-coat is long, and usually tight. A fur cap or slouched wool hat on one end of the man, and moccasins or brogans on the other, complete the attire. Given inside of this a man generally six feet or over in height, loose-jointed and rather muscular, carrying a rifle nearly as long as himself, having a face tanned by exposure to sun and weather, with an air of confidence and fearlessness—and the reader can form his notion of the appearance of the average hill-country man. The women use for their dresses either linsey-

woolsey stuff or a coarse gingham of their own make, or printed calico from the country "store." The gowns are after a rather uniform style, with great economy of stuff, and with short waists. The fair ones make no attempt to hide any angularities; they use no padding, and they display neither tournure nor chignon. The bonnet is one in earnest, generally what is known here as a sun-bonnet, and effectually covers the head. As for the shoes—well, the country is rough, and the women show their good sense by wearing shoes, when they do wear them, of a material that protects and a size that permits freedom to the feet. Of course this kind of dress is not universal. As you approach the court-house, or travelled centres, it entirely disappears. There you find what the hill-folk call "store-clothes," in vogue. The fashion may be a little behind, but it is that mainly of the outer world. Some of the native ladies, who subscribe for *Harper's Bazar*, or some other supposed standard of authority, astonish their neighbors by dresses made very much in the latest mode; and now and then a tailor settles down in a populous village, subscribes for the latest fashion-plates, and garbs the young bucks of the place after the style of Broadway. For our own part, we prefer to see the people of the hills in their own simple garb, for, when they put it off, they are apt to put off much of their pleasant natural manners, and run after fashions and ways that are neither hearty nor natural, and do not smack of the soil.

The dialect in use throughout the hill-country is an interesting study of itself. Like that of most communities hedged out from the world, you have an antiquated and interesting English, together with words and phrases whose origin is not always clear. A servant is generally called a *hireling*, from old English. The word *ferment*, in the sense of before, or opposite to, is apparently a corruption of the Irish *fermín*. An abscess is called a *beeling*; a pain in any part a *miser*; medicine is *pison truck*; and any new building or improvement out of the ordinary way, *great works*. They address you as *stranger*, but speak of you as *the man*. Thus: "Stranger, set down.—Loaisy (vernacular for Louisa), hand the man a cheer." They always want to know who you are, and your business, but preface their queries by an apology. "Ef I mought be so bold, what mought your name be?" A child, or indeed a grown person, who is smart, quick, and lively, is said to be *peert*, possibly a corruption in sound and meaning of *pert*. The open *a*, or its sound, is almost always converted into the *e* in father—*thar* for there, *pa'r* for pair, *whar* for where, and so on. There is a peculiar reversal of this in some places. Thus, in the eastern part, some say *hafe* for half, which is done in some parts of England to this day. The vowel *u* is often changed to the sound of *e* in jet, as *judged* for judged. This change in the sound of the vowels occurs even among educated people, but it is then to avoid singularity. The word *lots* for carry, *p'under* for personal property or goods, and a number of others, are used in common with people of some other sections. But they have a substitute for the word *think*, which differs from

those used elsewhere. Thus, while your Pennsylvanian or New-Yorker says, *I guess*, the New-Englander, *I cal'k'late* or *cal'late*, the Southerner and Westerner, *I reckon*, your hill-countryman says, *I allow*. When he asks you, "What do you think?" he means to inquire what you know. Thus a patient to a physician: "I allow I'm mighty sick, doctor; I've tuck heaps of pison truck of one kind an' another, roots an' yarbs, an' no eend of store-pills, an' I keep gittin' wuss. I've got a misery in my head, an' I'm powerful weak. What do you think's the matter with me?"

It is not possible to give a glossary of the dialect, however, without swelling this paper to an immoderate length. A better idea of it may be formed by reading the following poem—if poem it may be called—which will serve, not only to show the mode of speech, but as a study of character:

#### OVERTON DINGESS'S DEFENCE.

You musn't allow that Ove Dingess (that's me), in a general way,  
Is quite setch a fool kine of cretur' as some folks are given to say;  
But I own what I did for Pete Adkins, about which it seems you hev' heerd,  
Was saft; yet in like suckumstances I'd do it agin, I'm afeard.

Pete lives on the mouth of Big Cany, jes' whar' it comes out on Guyan;  
An' all of the neighbors around him, they jedge he's a quarrelsome man;  
An' with me, that was sot down as frien'ly by every one thar' on the crick,  
He allus was ugly an' spiteful, an' strivin' a quarrel to pick.

'Twas he went an' hamstrung my belfor, beknase in his pastur' she broke;  
Shot two of my shoats in the holler, which was gwine pooty fur for a joke;  
An' let in Sam Farley's four cow-beasts, an' his mar', in my corn-field one night—  
An' the way they destroyed an' they tromped, the neighbors they said, was a sight.

Well—las' June was a fresh in the river; it riz thirty feet, sun an' sun.  
Guyan it went bustin' an' whoopin'; 'twas wuss'n a race-hoss to run.  
I've heerd of the Falls of Niag'ry, with all of its rushin' an' roar;  
But, ef it is wuss'n Guyan was, I don't want to wade it, for shore.

The dreens in the mountings were branches; the branch it swelled up to a crick;  
The crick it turned into a river; the river got ragin' an' thick.  
It riz an' it riz tell I reckont its risin'd navver be done,  
'Thout it got to the tops of the ridges, an' drownded us out uvry one.

I stood thar' ferment the ole cabin, u-watchin' the drift an' the dirt,  
As they shot to the head of the rapids in a rigular quarter-hoss spirt,  
When along on his mar' come Pete Adkins, an' him bustin' drunk, I could see,  
Slap down to the ford whar' the water was rushin' as swift as could be.

He sot on that sickle-hammed clay-bank he got when he married his wife.  
I don't s'pose the animil uvver hed hed a good bait in her life:  
An' from her own pare'nal ixperience she couldn't, as uvry one knows,  
A curry-comb tell from a broad-axe, nor hay from a suit of store-clo'es.

I know it was none of my beezness, but seein' h'f'n gwine on a path—  
A kinder short cut to his ruin, an' it bilin' mad in its wrath—

I sung out: "The river's past fordin'!" But he was so awful fool bent,  
He tole me to go to a hot place, an', spurrin' his mar', in he went.

Jes' thar' there's a bend in the river—a crook like a hoss-shoe, you know—  
So I took a short shoot through the bottom, as quick as a scairt yearlin' doe;  
But, quick as I was, I jes' got thar', an' into the river I lep',  
An' hedn't struck out more'n a minute, 'fore right by my fingers he swep'.

He was suttingly scairt to destraction, an' made a smart grab at my ha'r;  
Ef he'd ketcht it, good-by to Ove Dingess—we'd both of us drowned right thar'.  
So I fetcht him a lick powerful desput, an' stunted him some with the blow—  
Ther' wasn't no time for poltleness, as any fool cretur' mought know.

The way we went over them rapids was awful to feel an' to see;  
I allowed more'n wunst I was drowned—it suttingly seemed so to me;  
An' uvry dern fool thing an' mean thing I'd done from my earliest years,  
They all seemed to come up afore me, while water was fillin' my ears.

We shot like a ball from a rifle, the pa'r of us did, down the slope—  
Even now when I think of the purrl, I feel uvry narve in me lope;  
But I hilt my head outen the water—'t wa'n't no use a tryin' to swim;  
I kept all my mind on my beesness, an' kept a good holt on to him.

An' when we had got down the rapids, the current it gev us a spin,  
An' swirled us around in the eddy—I jedged that when fust I jumpt in;  
I kept up a right master struggle, as into the bank thar we run;  
I grabbed a long limb swingin' over, an' then all the danger was done.

I let down my feet an' tetcht bottom, an' foun' it was pooty firm groun';  
In less time than I kin norate it, my wife an' the neighbors come roun'.  
An' mebbe my Nance didn't scold me, a settin' her long tongue to go,  
Alongside of which when it's started, a flutter-wheel runs ruther slow.

She said that a man with nine childring, 'thout sayin' a word for his wife,  
Had no right for a chap like Pete Adkins, to run setch a resk of his life;  
That I oughtn't to be quite so gin'rous—ginerosity weemen condemn,  
Leastwise that's my pars'nal ipxer'ence, ixcep' when you're gin'rous to them.

She said that I'd ruined my clothin', an' it made of factory jain—  
She'd cut her right foot on the fence-rail, the place whar she jumpt in the lane—  
I'd ruther sarve Pete than my fam'ly; she wished she'd ha' laid down an' died;  
But she couldn't find words for the subjec', an' so she jes' hugged me an' cried.

An' Pete, on his back for a fortnight, kep' lyin' a rasselin' with death—  
It rasily seemed the half drownin' had tuck away half of his breath—  
So I turned in an' nust the pore cretur, an' sot with him thar night an' day,  
Till myself an' the doctor, we dragged him from the grave, as a body may say.

The neighbors hev all sot agin me for doin' so much in the case;  
An' yit I dunno ef they wouldn't hev done the same thing in my place.  
It was properly saft to go reskin' my life for a cretur like him;  
But how on the yeth could I holt it, me knowin' that he couldn't swim?

My smoke-house was jam full of bacon—he hedn't a side to his name;  
Ef I'd let them pore childring go hungry, I allow I'd bev felt it a shame.  
An' my Nancy—a mighty fine woman, ef she hes a quick tongue in her head—  
She done for them motherless creturs, an' kep' them in coffee an' bread.

As for Pete, the aff'ar was a lesson, a blessin' to him an' his kin;  
He swars that the blue-headed borrls he nuver 'll sample agin:  
I allow ef he'll stick to that notion, an' stick to his work like a man,  
It's all that I'll seek for the trouble of pullin' him outen Guyan.

Schools are not abundant in the hill-country—that is, outside of the court-houses; and there is little taught at them but reading, writing, and the fundamental rules of arithmetic. A quite large number of the adults can neither read nor write; yet the people are better educated, on the whole, than in many parts with more facilities for the acquisition of learning. From their natural shrewdness, quick perceptive faculties, clear, common-sense notions, and through their constant attendance at the courts and at open political discussions, they are tolerably well informed on current topics, and possess a surprising knowledge of the theory of constitutional government, and even of the fundamental principles of law. With all this they are a happy people, contented with their lot, and apt to look down on the outside world, from their Chinese height of self-composure, with unspeakable contempt. The railways are beginning to penetrate their country at various points, bringing culture, luxury, and new ideas. Capital will follow, to deal with the salt, iron, and coal of the hills. A rush of tourists will succeed, for the grandeur and variety of the scenery, the abundance of game and fish, the pleasant climate, and the healthy air, will soon be known. Whether the residents there will be the better for the new ideas and the further development of their natural resources, is an open question, but one that will soon be solved.

## MINOR ARTICLES.

SIR JOHN COLERIDGE AND LORD SELBORNE AT HOME.

THE dream of every eminent English lawyer is, like all his brother Britons who succeed in life, "to found a family," or, at least, lay the foundations of a country-seat. To be "Scott of Abbotsford" was, Lockhart declares, a greater delight to the king of romance-writers than to be author of the "Antiquary" or "Rob Roy;" and the feeling is so general that it is to Englishmen a wonder how Americans, who have so many points in common with them, should be so entirely devoid of a similar sentiment. This sentiment, which is quite irrespective of political bias, exists strongly in the two most eminent English lawyers which the ranks of the advanced Liberal party contain to-day.

Sir John Coleridge is a native of a pretty little town, famous for its glorious old minster, called Ottery St. Mary, on the banks of the river Otter, twelve miles east of Exeter, in the beautiful county of Devon. Here, too,

was born Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, and indeed of this quaint little place it may almost be said "Thy name is Coleridge."

On the confines of the town is Heath's Court, the abode of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Coleridge, father of Sir John the second, an eminent retired judge, the friend and correspondent of Dr. Arnold, and the biographer of the author of "The Christian Year." When the Tichborne case came to an end, the family desired to give Sir John some lasting memento of their appreciation of his untiring advocacy. But, when this intimation was given to him, he made a selection which marked in a striking manner the British passion for what may be termed the ancestral sentiment. He asked for a number of young trees from Tichborne's venerable park, to be placed on an eminence in his father's grounds in Devonshire, which accordingly has been done. No doubt the great lawyer thinks of that day when his descendant, enjoying the peerage which he will have earned for him, will point to "the Tichborne track" at Heath's Court, which will have become a landmark in the country-side, and tell the story of that wonderful trial which attracted the concentrated interest of Christendom.

Sir Roundell Palmer, now Lord Selborne, who, curiously enough, was in early life a suitor for the hand of the attorney-general's sister, seems equally fond of the delightful home which he has made for himself in that charming district which found so felicitous a chronicler in Gilbert White of Selborne.

The parish of Selborne, from which the lord-chancellor has taken his title, is one of very wide extent. It contains, in fact, not fewer than some thirteen thousand acres, a large portion of which consists of unreclaimed portions of Woolmer Forest. About seven years ago Sir Roundell Palmer acquired the estate of Blackmoor, which comprises about two thousand acres, and proceeded to fit up a farm-house for occupation until his permanent abode could be erected. It was characteristic of Sir Roundell that, instead of thinking first of his own house, he began by turning his attention to the spiritual condition of his new estate. His first act was to procure the erection of Blackmoor into a separate ecclesiastical district, and to provide it with a handsome and even sumptuous church. With the help of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the founder has amply endowed it; and he has added an admirable parsonage and schools. This having been done, Sir Roundell set about the building of Blackmoor House, which forms a very picturesque addition to the landscape, while its internal arrangements seem to be a model of convenience. In the porch, Sir Roundell's connection with Oxford and the two Parliamentary boroughs which he has represented, is commemorated by the arms of Magdalen College, of Plymouth, and of Richmond, in stained glass. The hall is chiefly remarkable for the cosiest of chimney-corners, over which is inscribed a hospitable "salve" in ornamental tile-work. The chimney-arch itself is covered with richly-carved oak-panelling, adorned with the arms of Palmer, and the inscription: "*Ego autem et domus mea servient Domino.*" There is an exceedingly fine staircase, the great window of which is filled with shields emblazoned with the arms of Palmer

impaling Waldegrave, and also those of Roundell, Horsley, Leveson-Gower, and other alliances of the house. In the dining-room Sir Roundell's connection with Winchester School is commemorated by a full-length effigy of William of Wykeham in one of the windows.

#### CHAP-BOOKS.

Loungers along the Bowery have no doubt noticed the occasional occurrence of stores purporting to be kept by Cheap John, who announces himself as lately from California; but few, perhaps, are aware that the two words are—if the metaphor be admissible—only philological fossils, relics of an age when a cheap (from which chap, chapman, Cheapside, Eastcheap, and cheapening place) was the general designation of a pedler. The special form, Cheap John, merely reverses the antique John Cheap, the chapman, whose adventures and jokes are preserved in a curious chap-book quoted by Motherwell, the Scottish poet. John Cheap has long since passed away, as have the vagabond tinker and the shack (from shack or shag, to wander or run waste, whence the later shack about, shack along, for aimless loiter; shackland as a term for common or waste land, and shag-bark as descriptive of the rough jacket of the hickory-nut) who once ranged New England, and still play a prominent part in New-England legend; and no complete collection of the chap-books that John Cheap disseminated, recalls and illustrates the twilight of literature in which he had his origin and did perambulant business as a bookseller. Motherwell preserves a few titles of Scottish chap-books, with the quaint remark that he who would acquire a thorough knowledge of the low life of Scotland, must devote days and nights to the perusal of "John Cheap the Chapman;" "Leper, the Tailor;" "Paddy from Cork;" "The Whole Proceedings of Jockie and Maggie's Courtship;" "Janet Clinker's Ovations;" "Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes." And Sir Walter Scott was so impressed with the subject as, according to a competent authority, to have entertained the idea of undertaking a treatise; while, that Motherwell intended to devote a tome or two to chap-books, and had collected considerable material, is proved by an article from his pen in the *Paisley Magazine* for 1824, a local journal of which he was editor. In like manner, Dr. Strang, author of that pleasant and gossiping volume, "Glasgow and its Clubs," published in 1852, seems to have had a remote intention of commencing a chap-book history, as suggested by Motherwell—for, in a foot-note appendix to his notice of Douglass Graham, he specifically mentions this desideratum to the literary history of Scotland as one that ought to be supplied. The chap-literature of Scotland was, indeed, of a higher type than that of England, which consisted mostly of the dying confessions of murderers, sensation biographies of highwaymen, tracts explaining the only true method of interpreting dreams and omens, political squibs, and matters of like pith and moment, ranging in price from a farthing to sixpence or a shilling; and, as proving the existence of chap-literary remains in this country, the writer distinctly recalls,

among other pamphlet trumpery of the garret in a certain old house under the hill, the contents of a queer little volume, entitled the "Book of Knowledge," and dealing in very apocryphal accounts of very strange phenomena, and very curious directions how to read the hereafter, copies of which may still be picked up in the course of a wayside saunter through New England. But in France only has chap-literature been made the subject of a government commission, with the result of a somewhat exhaustive examination. The imperial committee was appointed in 1852, and, two years later, the secretary, M. Nisard, reported unofficially in his "Histoires des Livres Populaires, ou de la Littérature du Colportage," in a book so abounding in curious information as to be tedious reading except to antiquarians. Mr. J. O. Halliwell must also be accredited with a like, but less exhaustive, English compilation of similar scope. Several Irish antiquarians have produced collections, more or less extensive, of the chap-literature of Ireland; and the various libraries in England and on the Continent contain considerable material of the same kind.

#### MISCELLANY.

##### HAWTHORNE AND DICKENS.

"BELGRAVIA" institutes a suggestive comparison between Hawthorne and Dickens: "Like Dickens, Hawthorne has left behind him an unfinished work; but, while the former lived to execute half of 'Edwin Drood,' all that is given us of Hawthorne's book, 'The Dolliver Romance,' is its first chapter, a beautiful fragment, which has been published by itself under the name of 'Pansie.' In several points the works of these two writers are susceptible of comparison. Dickens's wonderful faculty of accumulating and giving life to a rich fulness of descriptive detail Hawthorne certainly shares; and the quaint manner, half humorous, half sad, of painting the forlorn aspects of life, the individuals isolated and drooping, the neglected waifs and strays of humanity, they both have in common. In the description of the aged and rheumatic apothecary, Dr. Dolliver, left alone in the world with his grandchild, sole sunbeam of his existence, we have Dickens all over. The infirm old patriarch is about commencing his daily routine by getting out of bed. 'With cautious movements and only a groan or two, the good doctor transferred himself from the bed to the floor, where he stood a while, gazing from one piece of quaint furniture to another. . . . and steadying himself by the bedpost, while his inert brain, still partially benumbed with sleep, came slowly into accordance with the realities around him. The object which most helped to bring Dr. Dolliver completely to his waking perceptions was one that common observers might suppose to have been snatched bodily out of his dreams. The same sunbeam that had dazzled the doctor between the bed-curtains gleamed on the weather-beaten gilding which had once adorned this mysterious symbol, and showed it to be an enormous serpent, twining round a wooden post, and reaching quite from the floor of the chamber to its ceiling. It was evidently a thing that could boast of considerable antiquity, the dry-rot having eaten out its eyes and gnawed away the tip of its tail; and it must have stood long exposed to the atmosphere, for a kind of gray moss had partially

overspread its tarnished gilt surface, and a swallow, or other familiar little bird, in some by-gone summer, seemed to have built its nest in the yawning and exaggerated mouth. It looked like a kind of Manichean idol, which might have been elevated on a pedestal for a century or so, enjoying the worship of its votaries in the open air, until the impious sect perished from among men—all save old Dr. Dolliver, who had set up this monster in his bedchamber for the convenience of private devotion. . . . Not to make a further mystery about a very simple matter, this bedimmed and rotten reptile was once the medical emblem or apothecary's sign of the famous Dr. Swinnerton, who practised physic in the earlier days of New England, when a head of Esculapius or Hippocrates would have vexed the souls of the righteous as savoring of heathendom. The ancient dispenser of drugs had therefore set up an image of the Brazen Serpent, and followed his business for many years with great credit, under this scriptural device; and Dr. Dolliver, being the apprentice, pupil, and humble friend of the learned Swinnerton's old age, had inherited the symbolic snake and much other valuable property by his bequest. While the patriarch was putting on his small-clothes, he took care to stand in the parallelogram of bright sunshine that fell upon the uncarpeted floor.'

"This last paragraph is a touch of delicate and artistic fancy excelled by nothing of Dickens's in the same way. Dr. Dolliver, while dressing, looks out upon 'a burial-ground, on the corner of which he dwelt. There lay many an old acquaintance who had gone to sleep with the flavor of Dr. Dolliver's tinctures and powders upon his tongue; it was the patient's final bitter taste of this world, and perhaps doomed to be a recollected nausea in the next.' This irony of Hawthorne's is rather hard upon the poor doctors; alas for them if they soon join us in the next world, and come to inquire after our health in the new state of being, before the bitter flavor of the drugs that killed us shall have passed away from our palate!

"Besides their common faculty of sombre painting in the forlorn color gray, there are many points of resemblance between Hawthorne and Dickens. The latter may have a wider scope of experience and a greater power of stamping his pictures upon the reader; but wherever we come upon a subject the treatment of which calls for real pathos, we find the American drawing us into a higher and clearer light than his English brother. We have always thought some of Dickens's touching scenes rather forced and made up for effect; but then Dickens was a man of the world, who wrote as his knowledge of the world taught him would be most taking, while Hawthorne seems to have inhabited a sort of spiritual fairyland, the greetings of whose denizens were always tender and touching. To one who knows the way into such a region, every object can be transformed into entrance and portal. Even old Dolliver could dream by his fireside, 'gazing in among the massive coals, and absorbing their glow into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate.'"

##### HONEY-MOON TRIPS AND CARDS.

The modern honey-moon trip had its birth in the very last days of George II., and became a recognized bridal institution in the aristocratic world in the earlier years of George III.'s reign. But many years passed before modest gentlefolk in the middle rank of life presumed to imitate their betters in respect to this convenient custom. The change of usage was, however, so agreeable to lovers of both sexes that

the new fashion became yearly more general; so that, by the end of the last century, it was unusual for a bride, having the slightest claim to gentility, to pass the evening of her wedding-day under her father's roof. The trip became an indispensable part of every nuptial celebration, even in the grades of country-town "respectability;" and, on rising from the bridal banquet, the bride went off, as a matter of course, for tranquillity and change of scene, in the carriage, after which the wedding-guests sent a volley of slippers. On returning from her tour, she went without parade to her new home, instead of being conducted thither, in the obsolete fashion, by a disorderly cavalcade or a numerous band of pedestrians.

In the first two decades of the present century, the honey-moon trip of a married couple, who, though of gentle quality, were too busy or thrifty to think of spending much time or money on a romantic excursion, seldom exceeded ten days or a fortnight. The London merchant or lawyer took his London bride to Bath or Tunbridge Wells or Brighton for seven or eight days, and, on returning to town, she entered her new home in Finsbury Circus or Guildford Street, feeling herself to have seen much of her native land. The country clergyman or provincial doctor took his spouse for as short a time to London, to see the parks and theatres, St. Paul's and the Tower; and, on crossing the threshold of her future abode, the young wife felt that she had seen as much of the world, outside her own proper neighborhood, as she ought to wish to see for the next twenty years.

Easily accessible from London and the southern counties, before the railway and steamboat had brought Ryde within two hours of the Strand, the Isle of Wight gained renown for being the favorite haunt of newly-married couples, as soon as the honey-moon trip had become a universal incident of wedlock in our gentle ranks. And, to afford suitable accommodation for spouses desirous of passing the first days of their matrimony in retirement and charming scenery, speculators built in the choicest spots of the lovely island those attractive honey-moon hotels, such as the Sandrock and Shanklin inns—ivy-and-myrtle-covered tenements, partitioned into little pigeon-hole sitting-rooms and bedrooms—in which proud boys and happy girls still delight to bill and coo in blissful unconcern of every thing but love. But, in these later years, the increasing facilities for travel have caused the majority of our spouses to regard the trip to the nearest of our Channel islands as too tame and unadventurous for the happy pair, who have time and money for a run to the Pyrenees, Switzerland, or the Italian lakes.

Honey-moon trips having become the fashion, it was soon found convenient to announce to the bride's friends the time when her trip would terminate, and she would be happy to receive their congratulations under her own roof. To do this, in order that well-wishers of a newly-married lady should be spared the trouble of journeying prematurely to her door, only to learn that she had not yet entered her appointed home, a social reformer introduced the practice of distributing wedding-cards, that, besides declaring the fair sender's change of name, stated the particular days in which she would sit in state, to receive her callers and regale them with wine and wedding-cake. In the days of our grandmothers a bride's nuptial card was always an invitation to a banquet of sweetmeats, as well as an announcement of her marriage and future residence. In the course of the last forty years fashion has been notably capricious and changeful with respect to wedding-cards and bridal receptions. She

abolished successively the feast of sweetmeats and the ceremonious call on one of several stated days. Then, for a while, she declared that a bride's cards should merely state her abode, and the time "after" which she would be "at home" to callers fortunate enough to find her there. She next ordained that the bridal placard should say nothing about the sender's "home," should not even give its address. It should be a single undated card, sent in a plain envelop; it should be a contrivance of two cards joined together with silver thread; it should consist of two ordinary calling-cards—one the sender's, the other her groom's. Having invented half a hundred varieties of the bridal note, and discarded each of them after taking it into brief favor, Fashion grew weary of nuptial cards, and proclaimed them antiquated things that should no longer be tolerated in polite society. At the present moment it is an open question among the guardians of our social proprieties, whether a bride should "send cards" or be married "without cards." But I am assured by many judicious ladies, who are greatly authoritative in feminine affairs, and hold fashion in no high esteem, that nuptial cards, announcing the bride's maiden name, wifely name, and London address, are never likely to go altogether out of use, as the neglect to distribute them is fruitful of divers inconveniences in the vast Babylon.—*Jeaffreson's "Brides and Brides."*

#### THE GREAT SKELLIG.

The rain had ceased; I did not care to go on deck, but sat there reflecting till the natural consequence followed: I again fell asleep and dozed deliciously, till a sudden clatter of footsteps startled me, and Tom came in, crying out: "Come, Dorothea, come; your laziness astonishes me. Don't you want to see the Great Skellig?"

Of course I rushed on deck. The Great Skellig! I had seen a picture of a rock—a hard material thing; I had read descriptions of its geological strata; I knew it was a thousand feet high—but was *this* the Great Skellig? I stood amazed; there was a pale, glassy sea, an empty sky, and right ahead of us, in the desert waters, floated and seemed to swim a towering spire of a faint rosy hue, and looking as if, though it was a mile off, its sharp pinnacle shot up into the very sky.

The "westernmost point of British land, and out of sight of the coast," was this—that cruel rock on which the raging waves had driven such countless wrecks, and pounded them to pieces on its slippery sides?

A boat was lowered. Tom was going to row round it, though he said that, calm as the water was, it was still not quite safe to land. To my delight, he volunteered to take me with him; so I sent for my hat and cloak, and we rowed toward the great rock in the glorious afternoon sunshine.

How often have I been disappointed in the outline of hills and mountains! They seldom appear steep enough to satisfy the expectation that fancy has raised.

Here there was no disappointment. The Great Skellig shot up perpendicularly from the sea—not an inch of shore, the clear water lapping round it was not soiled by the least bit of gravel or sand. As we drew near, its hue changed; a delicate green down seemed to grow on it here and there. I sat in the boat and looked up, till at last its towering ledges hung almost over us, and its grand, solitary head was lost, and the dark base showed itself in all its inaccessible bareness.

As we had lain half-way between it and the vessel, I had looked back and seen that our

floating home was but like a green duck riding on the water, while the Great Skellig in comparison was like the ramparts of some city whose crown was in the sky.

Now we were near, Tom said to me, "Do you see those peaks that look like little pinnales?"

I looked, and his finger directed me to a row of points about a third of the height of the rock, and projecting from it.

"Those points," he continued, "are as high as Salisbury Spire; when there is a storm, the wave breaks high enough to cover them with spray."

So sweet and calm they looked, serene and happy, I could hardly believe what I heard, nor picture to my heart the cries and wailing of human voices, the rending, pounding, and wrecking of human work that had been done on them, tossing from peak to peak, and ground on the pitiless rock, since first men sailed.—"*Off the Skelligs,*" by Jean Ingelow.

#### THE FEMININE ELEMENT OF DEITY.

The London *Quarterly*, in discussing the feminine element in our conception of God, says: "To Protestants the worship of the Virgin is a superstition, graceful and beautiful in many of its aspects, no doubt, but, like all other superstitions, liable to run into extravagance, and to ally itself with fancies socially injurious and absurd. We are, therefore, discreet and prudent in not allowing this element to creep into our habits of religious worship. Nevertheless, we have something to learn from it; it indicates a want, an instinct which we have too long disregarded—the want of affectionateness, tenderness, and love, in our conceptions of the Deity in His relations to us and our relations to Him. The reason why our services are so cold, so dry, so formal, so fruitless of any sweet and genial result in actual life, is perhaps owing to our inaptitude or slowness to conceive of the feminine element in the character of our Creator, and to a notion that piety ought always to be manly, as we call it, and never womanly. If, however, any Protestant, believing in the superiority of his faith, contemplates the conversion of the Roman Catholics, he may be sure that he will make little or no progress (especially among women), until the defect of his cold system is cured and his want supplied; until by him and his Church the Supreme comes to be regarded tenderly as well as reverently, with the affections as well as the intellect, familiarly as well as awfully, as a father that pitieth his children, as a shepherd that taketh the lambs in his arms. If from conceptions of dignity and respect, of power, awe, and majesty associated (and fitly associated) with God, a certain order of minds find it hard to supplement any softer or more commonly human element, they will find that whatever the effect may be as regards their personal religion, they will have very small influence indeed over the hearts of their fellow-men; they may teach philosophy, but they will not enkindle piety. They will find that what they cannot add, humanity in general will add, because it instinctively must; and that if men are forbidden by philosophy to incorporate pity and soft tenderness into their idea of Supreme Deity, they will fall back upon some other deity associated with the Supreme, less wise and powerful, perhaps, but more gentle and kind. Can we love the same being whom we honor, reverence, worship, and obey? We answer, Yes! provided we have presented to us the loving and lovable qualities of his character. Many clever people, however, seem practically to answer, No, because from some cause or other they fail to ap-



preciate the sweetness as well as the light of the divine nature. But poor humanity refuses to be balked in its affections, and hence the worship of Notre-Dame, instead of Notre Dieu."

#### ENGLISH IVY.

The use of English ivies for the purpose of decorating living-rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly commended. Being very strong, they will live through any treatment; but, study their peculiarities, and manifest willingness to gratify them, and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as, indeed, they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the temperature over sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Take care and not enfeeble your ivies by excessive watering or undue heat, and you will see they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than any thing else in Nature or art. Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor to be arched or curved like those of the drawing-rooms of your richer neighbor? Buy a couple of brackets, such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in, and screw them in the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful but costly pots the flower-dealer will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose; for, by placing in each two or three sprays of ooliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen. The English ivy, growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as most persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it; and it is mentioned as a fact, in the *Paperhangers' Companion*, that, in a certain room where damp had prevailed for a length of time, the affected parts inside had become dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite side. The close, overhanging, pendent leaves prevent the rain or moisture from penetrating to the wall. Beauty and utility in this case go hand in hand.

#### EUROPEAN MARRIAGE STATISTICS.

In England, the annual number of people who marry is sixty-four in one thousand; in Hungary, seventy-two; Denmark, fifty-nine; France, fifty-seven; Paris, fifty-three; Netherlands, fifty-two; Belgium, forty-three; Norway, thirty-six.

Men marry more frequently than women, because widowers marry in three or four times as many cases as widows. On the other hand, old maids marry more frequently than old bachelors. In France, the ratio is as sixty-two to fifty-two; in England, as sixty-three to sixty-one; Belgium, as forty-three to thirty-seven; while, in England, the ratio of widowers to widows who marry is as sixty-six to twenty-one; in Belgium, as forty-eight to sixteen; France, as forty to twelve.

Men marry most frequently in Europe between the ages of twenty and twenty-five; in England, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty; in France, Italy, and Belgium, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five.

The statistics of the respective ages of the contracting parties show that young men from fifteen to twenty marry girls from two to three years their seniors, and that men older than

twenty marry women younger than themselves, from one to twenty years, the difference increasing with the men's ages.

If, on the other hand, we make a marriage-table according to the age of the women, we find that the ages of the husbands of girls under twenty average a little over twenty, and that the disproportion of ages diminishes in the cases of women who marry after that age, they being about equal in the cases of women of between thirty and thirty-five. After thirty-five, the women follow the example of the men, and marry men younger than themselves.

#### EDITOR'S TABLE.

MR. BEECHER has been lecturing, in New England, on "Compulsory Education," bringing his great powers of illustration, persuasion, and popular exposition, to the defence of this principle. New England is almost the last place where such a system would be necessary, public sentiment already accomplishing nearly all the law could enforce. But New England likes to set examples in popular reforms, and we may, therefore, expect shortly to see upon the statute-books of all her States laws enforcing education. She would not, it is true, be absolutely the leader in this movement, one Southern and one Western State having already adopted the plan; but her influence would be conspicuous, and the rest of the Union would be sure to follow her precedent. For our own part, we are inclined to believe in that theory which gives to government the fewest functions possible. The permanent welfare of the people and the safety of republican principles depend upon narrowing the action of government, and leaving the growth of institutions to the free, expansive impulses of the people. But even the most rigid adherent of the negative idea of government may find a good argument for supporting compulsory education. The great function of sovereignty is to maintain the peace; government is simply a large and comprehensive police, and a police may as justly organize its forces to prevent crime as to punish it. Inasmuch as our security largely depends upon the elevation of the masses, upon the extinction of that vice which breeds and festers in low places, and which only education can penetrate and scatter, it becomes entirely within the legitimate scope of government to attempt its control by preventive means. We must make war upon crime at both ends—upon the causes that lie at the root of it, and upon its ripe fruition in the person of the criminal at the bar.

But general public education, to attain the desired end, must in a measure change its methods. Mr. Beecher thinks that every child should be instructed in the rudimentary principles of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and in the higher principles of political economy and honesty. No one can easily find fault with this programme, so far as it goes. But, if we hope to make general

education contribute to the welfare of the people and advance the public interests, we must engraft upon this elementary formula an industrial department. The public can never be concerned in producing in government-schools a merely literary culture. We should make a fatal mistake if our course of education should widely, as it does now partially, simply stimulate fastidious tastes and precocious dilettanteism, filling the young mind with unrest and a host of discontents, and opening up impracticable ambitions. Our schools at present serve to fill the ranks of the lawyers, the doctors, the brokers, the politicians, but pretty nearly empties the workshops. What we need in the great popular mass is honesty, healthful ambition in the avenues of honest toil, and such culture as shall elevate and sweeten rather than fill with disquiet. Give children gathered in from the streets the elementary instruction desired by Mr. Beecher, but be sure and give their minds an industrial bent. Teach them not merely books, but things. Lay the foundation for that knowledge in the development of which their own happiness will be best secured and the permanent interests of the community advanced. Mr. Beecher, in the lecture we have referred to, enters into a comparison of the benefits of education in New England, as shown by the number of inventors who claim that section as their home. Invention has been one of the banes of America. In nine cases out of ten it arises from the desire of a short-cut to fortune, and has filled our workshops with restless spirits and the Patent-Office with wild plans, all to the great detriment of practical industry. While our artisans have been inventing and scheming for rapid riches, technical skill in America has notably declined. In nearly every branch of industry the best workmen come from abroad, and the things we so often brag of as the results of American genius are the products of foreign-trained skill simply paid for by American capital. That our inventors have done great things, that the prevalent restlessness has produced, amid a multitude of idle schemes, a few notably good devices, no one can justly deny. But it is nevertheless true that aspiration for patent-rights so commonly indulged in diverts the ambition from technical excellence into hopeless and commonly idle experiment. And our American artisans, moreover, are educated in so many different things that they turn from one avocation to another with a facility fatal to any highly-developed skill in any. We need in this country a much higher technical training; we need better designers, better workmen, a better taste, a greater honesty and faithfulness in labor. And, if the government is to undertake a general education of the people, it is incumbent upon it to see that its methods tend to bring about the results we have indicated. If it should prove impracticable to give the industrial arts a place in the curriculum, instruction may at least have a prac-

tical and scientific direction; and, instead of making the school-room an arena for purely literary contests, we should render it a preparatory discipline for industrial effort.

— The melancholy consequence of Mr. Greeley's presidential aspirations has, ere this reaches our readers, received its large measure of comment and sympathy. While the nomination of Mr. Greeley was hailed by some people with pleasure, because it would import, they said, so much humor into the campaign, how few thought it would lead to one of the saddest tragedies in our history! That, instead of humor and good-natured satire, the Cincinnati nomination should have led to a campaign in which the invective was ferocious, the satire malignant, the charges and the counter-charges almost without one qualifying circumstance of moderation or decency, was little expected by those who indulged in the anticipation we have mentioned; and yet there is no better-established fact in human chronicles than that apostasy, real or charged, breeds the most ferocious passions in the breasts of those who once were friends. The personal assaults in the campaign Mr. Greeley is said to have felt acutely; and he more especially suffered from the merciless pictorial satires that one great master of this art so persistently levelled at him. That Mr. Nast's cartoons went beyond the legitimate scope of satire is generally conceded; for, instead of being merely good-humored laughs, they were animated with a ruthless disregard of every thing which in a long life had been honorable, and were filled with a bitterness that gave to their ridicule a sharpness the firmest nerves and the most insensible spirit would have shrunk from. It is quite true the anti-Republican satires were animated by no better feeling; but they, for the most part, while detestably gross, were altogether feeble and pointless. This element in the campaign added to its malignancy; but on all sides the clamor was stunning, and the fierceness amazing, in view of the really few issues at stake. It was a personal contest; it brought to the surface a vast bitterness engendered in the cliques of party; and it has culminated in a tragedy that may well give the politicians pause. Some foreign circumstances, it is true, contributed to the lamentable catastrophe: the demise of Mr. Greeley's wife, and a long watching at her death-bed, coming at a moment when over-worked by the exacting labors of a personal canvass, and excited by the passions of the campaign, with the imminent threat of its miscarriage, proved too great a strain for the already over-stimulated mind, and so hastened the catastrophe. We observe a disposition to hold up Mr. Greeley's fate as a warning to the ambitious. Assuredly there is no evil in aspiring to public honors in a republic. That Mr. Greeley's ambition was unwise could only be determined by the result. He was known to be greatly

popular; it was certain he held the affectionate appreciation of enormous numbers of his fellow-men. A long, brilliant career as a journalist had rendered him one of the best-known men in the land. Certain eccentricities of tastes and manners had brought upon him a kindly mirth, but his large nature, his capacious mind, his active sympathies, his uprightness of character, had always won the respect even of those who opposed his theories. Men had laughed, but underneath often existed a genuine liking for the eccentric, courageous, large-natured philosopher. Hence, these were supposed to be sufficient reasons for his candidature, and under such conditions any public man is justified in offering himself for the suffrages of the people, unless we accept the theory that party obligations overrule every other consideration. The important fact was overlooked by his friends that, while people could heartily sympathize with the distinguished reformer and journalist, the very qualities that made him distinguished would, in popular estimation, be dangerous in the responsible head of a nation. But this misapprehension scarcely affects the justice of the case. Other men besides Mr. Greeley, and great men too, have erred in estimating their true position before the public. The greatest mistake of Mr. Greeley and his friends was in attempting to bring together elements naturally asunder, in offering to a political body a name identified with almost every political measure the party opposed. But let us forget mistakes and misjudgments, which the wisest men often make without bringing ruin upon themselves, and surrender ourselves to the largest sympathy for the man struck down so lamentably in the midst of a great career. His fate disarms criticism. If he erred, he has paid a price which should abash his bitterest enemy. And, whatever his defects of character, he possessed qualities of mind and heart, a capacity of intellect and nobility of nature, which won for him an almost passionate friendship among those who knew him best, and which the greatest, oblivious of all his infirmities, may now bow before and honor.

— The popular impression that powerful princes are generally able to have their own way in marital matches, is not altogether a well-founded one, as more than one historical example proves. An entertaining and valuable book, just published in Paris and London, reveals that the unfortunate James II. of England, perhaps the best-abused and most fulsomely praised of English monarchs, found much difficulty in getting a second wife. The work is entitled "The Last Stuarts at Saint-Germain," and is the result of many years' labor on the part of the Marchesa Campagna di Cavelli, an English lady by birth, an Italian by marriage and adoption. This lady has had a hobby for searching out, in all directions, the literary remains and even the bodily relics of the last Stuarts; and the result is, a very valuable historical

compilation, giving many fresh impressions of famous characters, and affording a curious commentary upon the vicissitudes of royal papers, as well as of royal corpses. It appears from this that "James died, as he had lived in his later years, in the most fervent spirit of piety, with forgiveness on his lips toward all whom he considered his enemies." This should soften the impression left of James by Macaulay's very severe and clearly partisan judgment. But perhaps the most interesting part of the volume is that concerning Mary of Modena, and James's second marriage. He had already contracted a *mal-salliance* with Anne Hyde, which shocked even Clarendon, the lady's father; and only the stern remonstrances of King Charles dissuaded him from committing a second breach of royal propriety by espousing Sanna, daughter of Sir Henry Bellasya. Charles saw that the duke was determined to marry, and so sent Lord Peterborough to the Continent in search of a fitting bride. Peterborough's peregrinations were distressingly wearisome and discouraging, and it was only after repeated failures that he narrowly succeeded. He first tried to engage the handsome Princess of Württemberg, and found it difficult to avoid the persuasions of Louis XIV. in favor of his cousin, the Duchess of Guise. On receiving a portrait of Mary Beatrice of Modena, however, he went into ecstasies over it, and received instructions to proceed at once to Italy in quest of her. But even the dazzling prospect of sharing the puissant throne of England failed to lure the princess, who had resolutely devoted herself to religious seclusion, and again and again rejected the envoy's advances. Peterborough did not hesitate to withdraw the proposition which he had made to, and had been accepted by, the Princess of Württemberg, which must have distressed her sorely, as it is not to be supposed that a princess is less sensitive to "the mitten" than less exalted ladies. The gallant earl was not to be repulsed by a first or second refusal, and laid heavy siege to the Modenan princess with every weapon of his diplomatic armory, and every ally whom he could summon to his succor. These allies were formidable indeed, and at last prevailed. The English king sent pressing messages; Louis's envoy was equally earnest; and, more curious than all, the pope himself besought his fair daughter to make the sacrifice for the good of the Church in an heretic land. She yielded with many tears; did not conceal her aversion when she was brought face to face with her gaunt and swarthy bridegroom; but lived to love him well and faithfully, and through long, widowed years to mourn him bitterly. Peterborough's description of her, when he first saw her, was: "She was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness, her hair black as jet; so were her eyebrows and her eyes; but the latter so full of light and sweetness, as they did dazzle and charm too."

— By the death of Sir John Bowring, England has lost one of her most versatile scholars and enlightened and active public men. Sir John's learning was rather varied and useful than profound, while his career in Parliament and as a diplomatist was full of excellent results, not only to his own, but to many countries. He belonged to that class of English statesmen who take a pride in uniting to a familiarity with affairs a graceful erudition, and in seeking an honorable fame through several channels. His earlier career was one of study and literary effort; he knew Bentham, and believed in him; was one of the first writers in the *Westminster Review*, in whose pages he won reputation as a trenchant writer on philosophical and economical topics, and of which he was subsequently, for some years, editor; and edited Bentham's works after his death. Sir John Bowring devoted much attention to languages, and became familiar with Scandinavian, Russian, Magyar, Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish authors. His works embrace a wide range as regards subjects, and it is difficult to say whether his "Matins and Vespers," containing some of the most beautiful hymns in the language, his political essays, or his works upon antiquities, will chiefly preserve his fame. He did English readers a genuine service by his translations, which have been pronounced admirable, and reach over a large field, from reproductions of Scandinavian legends and poems to those of Chinese and Hungarian fiction. In this capacity he probably stood unrivalled in the world of linguists. Besides these, he wrote entertaining descriptions of the countries through which he travelled, among them the Philippine Islands and Siam, and was a poet of by no means small pretensions. Sir John was in Parliament for eight or ten years, and while in the House proved one of its busiest and most courageous members. He championed oppressed peoples, supported electoral and financial reform with zeal and ability, and endeavored to introduce the decimal system of currency for English money. He occupied, at a critical period, the consulate at Canton, and then the embassy in China; and, when the English took possession of Hong-Kong, became its governor, and afterward succeeded in concluding a valuable commercial treaty with Siam. Seldom has so active and variously useful a life been led, even in England; a life romantic, eventful, almost uniformly successful in each several end; fruitful alike in entertaining, instructing, and practically serving the public. In private character Sir John Bowring was distinguished for his affability and social qualities, considerable conversational powers, and a lively and sympathetic benevolence. His social circle was a wide one, and among his friends were counted many of the celebrated men of the day, particularly of the literary and philosophical coterie of Westminster Reviewers and thoughtful radicals of which that periodical is the

special organ. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an interested participant in its proceedings, and held, besides, many titles and distinctions from foreign sovereigns and learned bodies.

### MINOR MATTERS AND THINGS.

— Among the alterations and improvements going on for some time past in the various breathing-places of New York, those in Union Square, from the central nature of its location, have attracted the most general notice, and wonder has often been expressed that the work has not been pushed more rapidly to completion. Situated at the head of our principal thoroughfare, and dividing the stream of travel that flows past it to all parts of the city above Fourteenth Street, it is safe to say that the unsightly heaps of rubbish that so long have disfigured its site have been seen by almost every inhabitant of Manhattan Island. Those who remember the high iron fence and massive gates which gave the old enclosure the appearance of a cemetery rather than of a pleasure-ground, will recognize the vast improvement that has been made. Like Madison Square, it is now entirely open, surrounded by a simple curb, without posts or chains. The former geometrical paths have given place to smooth, cemented walks of graceful curve, that wind around plats of sward dotted with trees and shrubs. The fountain retains its ancient site, but is to be reconstructed of variegated granites after a beautiful design somewhat similar to the one now building in the City Hall Park.

— But the most important change is the setting apart of a space at the north end of the square for public meetings and parades. This has long been needed, and it is surprising, notwithstanding the great amount of money that has been expended on our squares and parks, that such a place has never been provided before. In old times the people were wont to meet in the City Hall Park, but the march of improvement long ago left that behind. For some years past the open spaces north of the Cooper Institute and south of Union Square have been the only places appropriated to public meetings, although the use of both has seriously impeded travel. The new location is not open to this objection, and affords more room and better accommodations for a large crowd. A portion of the square on the north side has been cut off by a line of curb parallel to the buildings opposite, and extending from Broadway to Fourth Avenue, thus widening that part of Seventeenth Street, and making of it a fine plaza or parade-ground. This space, paved like the remainder of the street, will be left open for ordinary travel, but on public occasions can be railled in by posts and chains. Here a cottage has been erected, with a platform for public speakers, while lamp-posts, ornamental flag-staffs, and suitable arrangements for the hanging of lanterns and transparencies, are provided. All this is good, as far as it goes, but we are sorry that the rostrum and the building at its back had not been constructed of more durable material than painted wood.

The architect has done, perhaps, all that he could with the means at his command, yet every person of taste and culture must regret the erection of any more ephemeral structures in our public places. It is time that the great city of the New World advanced beyond the pine-board-and-shingle stage, and did something for the future.

— The decline of individuality is one of the modern charges against civilization. Contact with people, we are told, rubs off angles, and smooths everybody into a likeness to his neighbor. This is true, no doubt, so far as regards the externals of men and women, but a further investigation would show, we imagine, that high culture leads to what Herbert Spencer calls differentiation, and that mentally the tendency is more and more toward individuality. Was ever literature more varied in its themes, original in its speculations, or diverse in style than at present? The spirit of the age is notably inquisitive. Science pushes her inquiries with defiant courage, philosophy assails the most fortified positions, and history reverses boldly some of her most cherished convictions. The poets have thrown off authority, and each versifier struggles for originality of form. The novelists have broken through tradition, and were never so audacious, inventive, and independent in topics and treatment as now. Eccentricities of person or of mind are, doubtless, often the product of narrow existence, but intellectual boldness and originality flourish best in those communities where civilization and culture are at their highest. The early period of a literature is the imaginative one; imitation and set formulas follow; then comes a great stimulus, as the result of ripe culture, in which we discover the freest individuality of expression and the largest liberty of opinion.

— Until the present day the terrible practice of the vendetta, for which Corsica has so long been preëminently notorious, has lingered also in the more secluded districts of the island of Sardinia, and a very interesting and picturesque reconciliation scene, between factions at feud for centuries, recently took place near Castel-Sardo, in the diocese of Sassari, in the north of the island. The contending clans numbered together some twelve hundred souls. They were ranged opposite to each other, and at a given signal nineteen heads of families of either side stepped forward and clasped hands. They then solemnly swore to cease from all enmity, and to forgive reciprocally all injuries. The day concluded with feasting and fraternization. The bishop of the diocese and the prefect of Castel-Sardo were present, and it was computed that not less than two thousand people were on the ground. To give the utmost formality and solemnity to the sacramental proceedings, they were duly recorded by an officer of the law. It is curious how this spirit of vendettaism seems inclined to linger, especially in islands—presumably from the very fact of the isolation of their natives. In Corsica it is not even yet entirely extinct; and not five years ago Archbishop Leahy, an Irish Roman Catholic prelate, persuaded some of his Tipperary lambs to go through a scene similar to that which has been enacted in Sardinia.

Count von Arnim, the German ambassador, who was lately reported to have resigned his appointment, has resumed residence at Paris, where he and his *attachés* find themselves condemned to what very nearly amounts to social ostracism, so far as French society is concerned. A correspondent writes: "I heard one of the members of the German embassy say last winter, 'If it were not for the Americans, I don't know what would become of us!' And even among their American friends matters do not always run smoothly for them, as witness the following incident: 'A member of the embassy went to pay an evening visit at an American house, and was told that there had been company at dinner. Being, however, on the footing of a friend, he went up, notwithstanding this intimation, to pay his visit. As soon as he entered the room, a French personage of consequence, in whose honor the dinner had chiefly been given, immediately left them. The lady of the house thereupon became put out and angry, and intimated something to the effect: 'that the German had better not have come uninvited. Thereupon the German withdrew too, and, as you may suppose, the harmony of the evening was seriously interrupted.'" French gentlemen ought to be above such petty spite; it is profoundly contemptible, and quite unworthy of "la grande nation."

— We advocated, some weeks ago, the use of steam as a motive power for the propulsion of the cars on our street-railways, and we are glad to notice that an attempt has been made to realize the project. A trip, which was sufficiently successful for a first trial, was made last month over the Bleecker-Street line, by a car that fulfilled apparently all the required conditions. It moved easily, was stopped and started without difficulty, consumed its own smoke, and made but little noise. The car was, in all respects, like the ordinary street-car, with the exception that the front platform and the place usually occupied by the front door were filled by the boiler, which was so jacketed that no heat from it was perceptible. A few horses along the line were startled at seeing a vehicle without any perceptible motor, but that is of minor consideration. Animals in the country become used to locomotive engines, with all their bell-ringing and whistling; and there is no reason why city horses should not be similarly educated. Some of our city journals, while acknowledging that steam possesses all the advantages of horses for street-car propulsion, oppose its adoption because it would inure to the advantage of the companies rather than to that of the public. This reasoning seems to us to be fallacious. We believe that steam-cars, even if no additional speed were attained, could be run with more regularity and with less loss of time than horse-cars. Everybody who uses our street-railways knows how frequent are the depontions on all the lines on account of disabled horses. To say nothing of the late epidemic, which was merely an incident not likely to occur again for years, there are times during the heat of summer, and in the slippery season of winter, when no dependence can be placed on the regularity of the street-cars. Cars propelled by steam would not be affected by heat, nor

by icy pavements, and, in case of a heavy fall of snow, would aid materially in clearing the track. And, if steam-power is cheaper than horse-power in the proportion of five to eight, as is claimed, the companies could afford to reduce the fares, and to provide better accommodations.

— The observing and fastidious citizen who at noonday finds himself in the vicinity of restaurants—in New York it would be difficult to find a region, in the lower half of the city, that does not abound with them—is either disgusted or amused, according to his temperament, at one strange manifestation. Nearly every man he meets, whether of high or low degree, is industriously occupied in masticating his toothpick. Some are engaged in devoting the pick to its legitimate duty, others chewing the end as if they derived some sort of solace from the occupation, and others carrying between their lips this reminder of their recent refection, as if loath to part with it. Of course, he is only a slave to trifles who ventures a protest against this display. If gentlemen like to carry into the street reminiscences of their meals, if they disregard that social obligation which requires people to complete their personal adjustment before going into public, who shall deny them in a country where everybody asserts his fundamental privilege of doing, in all these things, just as he pleases?

— The Scott statue in the Central Park is placed altogether too near the promenade. A row of such statues, extending on each side of the walk, would have the effect of apparently greatly narrowing it—would be ruinous, in fact, to the spaciousness and beauty of this famous place. The Scott statue, moreover, by its great size, dwarfs the Shakespeare standing near; and we learn that the Lafayette statue, to be erected on the other side in the same line, will be considerably smaller even than the Shakespeare. An avenue of statues in the Mall would be an admirable feature, provided it is characterized by unity of plan and harmony of proportions; but a row of figures of all sizes and colors, and in endless diversity of style, would be excessively distasteful. Before it is too late, let the Park Commission consider this well, and begin action by removing the Scott statue to a place under the trees, fully twenty feet back from the walk.

— The worthy burghers of Rotterdam, famed for their love of the long-bowled pipe, should rear a monument of meerschaum to Mynherr van Klaes. This was, according to all accounts, the very hero and king of smokers; and has just departed this life, at a patriarchal age, in a suburb of the quaint old town. Mynherr van Dunk, who lived in the last century, was famous for his powers as a beer-drinker; and poesy—perhaps it is poetic license—attributes to him the toast, that "a Dutchman's draught might be as deep as Zuyder Zee." As he won immortality by the beer he drank, so the not less illustrious Van Klaes bids fair to stand unique in history, as not only a puffer of the fragrant weed, but as the zealous celebrator of its virtues. Sir Walter Raleigh, Jean Nicot, and Palmerston, fade into fumigatory littleness beside him.

He was rich, this Van Klaes, and had built him a palatial suburban mansion, whereof the most spacious and most sumptuously decorated apartment was devoted to a history of tobacco by illustration. There were exhibited to his worthy Dutch friends specimens of every kind and quality of tobacco grown in regions known to commerce, cured in every manner familiar to science; an exhaustive collection of cigars and cigarettes, betraying the fumigant peculiarities of every nation; and a supply of pipes such as filled the epicurean smoker with envy and admiration. "Here," says an account of this singular museum, "he had the clumsy bowl and thick stem of Sir Walter Raleigh's short clay, thence down through all known varieties of fashion and manufacture—wooden, porcelain, metallic—to the modern meerschaum and brier-root. He had the black, earthen pipe of Nubia, the pipe of horn puffed by the Kaffre, the Chinaman's tiny bowls of brass for deadly opium, the red Indian's tomahawk-pipe, and the superb, machine-like hookahs of India. Nargile and jasmine-sticks from Egypt, dainty-carved sea-foam of Trebizond, Irish dudsens, Broseleys a yard long, and Leyden straws of twice that length—Van Klaes had them all." Having made through life a study of pipes and tobacco and their use, he consistently wound up his earthly existence with a homage to their benignant powers. By his will he directed that his coffin should be lined throughout with pieces of Havana cigar-boxes; that packages of "French caporal" and "dry-cut, Dutch golden leaf" should be put below his feet, and that his specially-beloved and most companionable pipe should be laid ready at his hand; thus signifying that he did not despair of indulging himself, when he passed into another world, in what had been his perpetual solace here.

— If we would secure comfort—or rather an approach to comfort—in street-car travelling, we must abolish the rear platform, for the necessity imposed upon every person entering a car of forcing himself through the unsavory crowd that gathers, with gregarious instincts, around the conductor, is enough to induce a general abandonment of this mode of travel. How ladies ever consent to enter a car is surprising; but, of course, tired limbs compel them to endure the disgusting experience, with what vehemence of protest we may sometimes imagine. The rear platform has become, on all our car-lines, an intolerable nuisance. Even when there is an abundance of room within the car, the slovenly and stupid management of these lines compels every passenger entering or leaving the vehicle to squeeze between obtruding knees, to swallow in the passage volumes of bad breath and vile tobacco-smoke, and to be impinged upon more greasy citizens than his stomach can always easily stand. Now, as the superintendents are too incompetent to keep the ingress and egress of the vehicles clear by the present method of construction, they ought to adopt some other. Fortunately, there is a model for them to adopt. In Philadelphia, and, we believe, also in Brooklyn, there are cars which place the conductor on an outside elevated seat at the extreme end



of the car, with oblique entrance-ways on each side that open directly into the car. The conductor does not enter the car, receiving his fare through a window. It gratifies one's spirit of revenge to see these gossiping gentlemen compelled to sit in solitary isolation; but still there is fear that the open window would, if generally adopted, prove a fascination to idle travellers, and a crowd of tobacco spitters and smokers assemble around it, if indeed for no other purpose than to render getting in and out the car difficult and disagreeable to other people. Some Yankee will have to invent a device for shaking passengers well down in front by elevations of the rear; for such is the charm some people experience in getting in the way, and being exactly where they ought not to be, that nothing less powerful than the law of gravitation could ever settle them down to their proper places.

## Correspondence.

### Our Nameless Nation.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

SIR: My experience in Italy convinces me that one more measure is necessary to complete our national independence. Undoubtedly those who have jogged on these many years, complacently imagining that the Declaration of Independence, and the surrender at Yorktown, finished that business, will be somewhat surprised. I am not the first, however, to discover that one thing more is wanted, and that is a *national name*. Every American abroad must have been obliged to confess that, as regards the rest of the world, we are a nation without a name; and, as a consequence, that the distinct and independent national existence, of which we are so proud, is completely concealed under appellations which we share with the subjects of a dozen governments.

At home we are so accustomed to call ourselves *Americans*, quietly assuming ourselves to be the only Americans under the sun, that it seems almost preposterous that there should be any confusion in the title, or that any but ourselves should set up a claim to it. *They* Americans! What an idea! Why, they are Canadians, or Cubans, or Brazilians—never heard them called Americans before. These were the ideas with which I came abroad. I called myself an American, as one uses a visiting-card, and expected to find that word an ample introduction, and, according to what I had been told on many a Fourth of July, a spell of power and freedom that carried consternation and trembling to the thrones of tyranny.

Instead, I found my identity vanishing in a mist of doubt. An American? Ah, indeed! From Buenos Ayres, I presume? It was necessary to inquire what language I spoke—perhaps I understood English! Ocular proof as to the color of my complexion was needed—whether it was brown, white, or black. But, worst of all for my patriotic pride, was the discovery that the word I had fondly imagined the sacred synonyme of liberty—American—was equally the symbol for the tyranny that oppresses Cuba, and the anarchy that destroys Mexico.

It is plain enough how it comes to pass that Americans on the Continent of Europe are so often called *English*. Whatever significance it may have among ourselves, the term American

does not represent us—English-speaking whites of the United States—to the rest of the world. On the contrary, its use obliterates distinctions of race, boundaries of states, differences between governments—all the peculiar attributes of nationality—more effectually than ever the Paris Commune could. A word of such general import can have no definite meaning except that given by the associations and connections of the person or people using it. To the Italian, American will have one signification; to ourselves, another and widely different. Thus, having no word to express them, and so preserve them in mind, foreigners often lose sight of those particular characteristics that distinguish nationality in the more comprehensive, more generally known, but secondary characteristics of race; and, ignoring the separation of two hundred years, the independence of a century, call us—English. To this more logical appellation I, for one, have an equal objection. What is it but a mark of subordination, a humiliating reminiscence of ancient dependence, to be known to the world by the name of the nation whose authority we have long since expressly repudiated, to cling to the skirts of a mother from whose rule we have revolted? What Irishman will suffer himself to be called English, long as has been his connection with England, and vain as his efforts at separation have proved? Much more should our actual independence exist in word as well as in reality. Language acknowledges it as well as treaties of peace.

Here, then, is the difficulty: To call ourselves Americans is a solecism, to be called English a humiliation. As for every thing there is a representative word, can we consider our distinctive nationality completely established so long as, in the world of thought and speech, it lacks a specific nominal equivalent?

But enough—I leave the subject to the consideration of all those—the countrymen of Washington and Lincoln—who feel it no honor to be continually confounded either with the helpless victims of anarchy, or with the grouchy subjects of a queen.

JAMES M. TRIMBLE.

MILAN, ITALY, November, 1872.

## Literary Notes.

MR. FROUDE'S second series of "Short Studies on Great Subjects" (Charles Scribner & Co.) contains a number of essays on those leading questions which, for the last half-century, have been agitating the political circles of England. Though the style of expression is quite different, yet the thoughts, by their similarity, at once recall to mind the essays of Carlyle in the same field, and the likeness is yet further augmented by mention of an ancient bishop, from whose firm and faithful rule of his bishopric Mr. Froude would seem to draw the same inference given by Mr. Carlyle in his history of the abbot. The first "study" notes the anomalies of Calvinism, and also gives, with a peculiar calmness and impartiality, a chronological view of the philocephic bases underlying all known creeds. A review of Dr. Newman on the "Grammar of Assent," while strongly critical, is not partisan. It is remarkable how the philosophers exercise the largest, loving lenity to that poetry and sentimentalism which has drawn Dr. Newman into the bosom of the Roman Church. This essay naturally leads into another on the prospects of Protestantism, which combats its hierarchal tendencies, as well as the scientific leaning toward Positivism. The colonial

policy of England forms the subject for two more "studies," where Mr. Froude charges the government with a criminal spathy in regard to the depletion of her people by emigration. A "Fortnight in Kerry" is merely a description of a visit to Ireland. The "Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject" is somewhat of a Jeremiad on the corruption of politics, yet without pointing out a cure. The essay on "Progress" is in the same strain, including in its animadversions the ecclesiastical, commercial, and social systems. Without denying that progress has been made, the author yet insinuates that the vaunt runs far ahead of the actual accomplishment, and that the self-adulation of our own age and the undervaluing of all former wisdom, are far from indicating a healthy tone of mind. The "Eastern Question" claims a share of attention, and the "Scientific Method in History" concludes the volume. The general style is elegant, the thought invigorating, and the ideas, if not always original, are at least embodiments of that ancient wisdom which never grows unprofitable by repetition.

One can scarcely help wishing that Tennyson had not published his latest poem, "Gareth and Lynette." It would perhaps be next to impossible for him to write without giving us some gems of thought, and drawing some pictures worthy of a master-hand; he has done both in this final addition to the "Idyls," but, as a whole, it is impossible for even his most admiring friends to find it worthy of more than the "faint praise" which would ruin the work of any poet not already known to fame. The story is of a youth, who, fired with ambition to become a knight of the "Table Round," consents to serve a year in Arthur's kitchen as a means to the end in view. In due time, elevated to knighthood, he undertakes the release of Lady Lyonors, held in durance by four grim villains, who have besieged her castle, determined to carry her off after the fashion of the times. One after another this knight, Gareth by name, overthrows his adversaries, despite the sneers of Lynette, a sister of Lyonors, who persists in calling him a "dish-water" knight, or rather knave, until won to admiration by his final success. We are left in doubt at the end as to which of the two sisters was wedded by Gareth—

"And he that told the tale in older times  
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,  
But he, that told it later, says Lynette."

The story is singularly unpoetical, and its treatment has failed to render it worthy of a place with the earlier "Idyls," some of which are almost beyond praise. As we have said, "Gareth and Lynette" is not without its beauties, and we are the more anxious to point them out after the disagreeable things that the keeping of a clear conscience has forced us to say. The journey of Gareth and his companions to Camelot is well described, and so is the city itself. The picture of Arthur on his throne is vivid, and there are some passages of much strength, like this, for instance:

"For my wont hath ever been,  
To catch my thief, and then, like vermin here  
Drown him, and with a stone about his neck,  
And under this wan water many of them  
Lie rotting, but at night let go the stone.  
And rise, and, flickering in a grimly light,  
Dance on the mere."

Scattered through the poem we find these charming lyrical bits:

"O Morning Star that smilest in the blue,  
O Star, my morning dream hath proven true,  
Smile sweetly: thou, my loved, hath smiled on me."

"O Sun that wakenest all to bliss or pain,  
O Moon that layest all to sleep again,  
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

"O dewy flowers that open to the sun,  
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,  
Close sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

"O trefoll, sparkling on the rainy plain,  
O rainbow with three colors after rain,  
Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me."

From the fact that the enemies of Lady Lyonors—

"—proud in their fantasy call themselves the Day,  
Morning Star, and Noon Sun, and Evening Star,  
The fourth . . .  
. . . the Night and oftener Death—"

a critic (the *Nation*, we think) discovers that the poem symbolizes Constancy and Faith overcoming Time and Death. The conceit is so pretty that we devoutly wish it true. But, if it is, one cannot help wondering why Mr. Tennyson has been so careful to conceal what would add so much to the beauty of his poem. (Osgood & Co.)

It is commonly supposed that Americans are the most omnivorous readers in the world. So far as newspapers are concerned, this is probably true, but we think the usual estimate as to our taste for books is exaggerated. English books are higher priced than ours, and they depend largely for readers through the circulating libraries, where one book must necessarily find many readers. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, it is not unusual to find their sales in excess of ours. We find in recent London journals reports of sales at the autumn trade-sale, by John Murray, which would seem to bear out our argument. Mr. Murray, at his annual sales, first entertains the trade at a dinner (what can Brother John do without well fortifying his inner man?) and then proceeds to offer his books in definite lots. Here are some of the results: 4,000 copies of the second volume of the Speaker's "Commentary of the Bible"; 1,800 of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" (a book that has already had a very large circulation); 6,200 of Mr. Darwin's new work on the "Expressions of the Emotions in Man and Animals" (these orders are in advance of publication); 7,200 Dr. Smith's "Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary"; 16,200 Dr. William Smith's "Latin Course"; 4,700 Dr. Smith's "Greek Course"; 12,000 Murray's "Student's Manuals"; 8,000 Smith's "Industrial Biographies" (books that have outsold the American editions at lower prices); 12,000 Dr. Smith's smaller "History," and so on through a long list.

"The Woods and By-Ways of New England," by Wilson Flagg (Osgood & Co.), is mainly given to the description of forest-trees. Interspersed through these essays are others of a more purely æsthetic character, in which the author displays an ardent love for Nature, and signal ability in enlisting the sympathy of the reader. The specific purpose of the work may be gathered in a few words from the introduction: "I have written this volume not with any desire to stay the progress of those improvements which are necessary to the wants of an increasing population. . . . But, as a river may to a certain extent be directed in its course, though it cannot be stopped, in like manner may the progress of the civilized arts be modified by a common intelligence, so as not to destroy the land whose population they sustain. My object is to inspire my readers with a love of Nature and simplicity of life,

confident that the great fallacy of the present age is that of mistaking the increase of the national wealth for the advancement of civilization." The volume is printed and bound in excellent taste, and freely illustrated with Albert-type prints.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* has unearthed some verses by one of the old-time poets, Michael Drayton, which are strikingly like Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The subject is the "Battle of Agincourt," some of the stanzas running as follows:

## I.

"Faire stood the Wind for France  
When we our Sayles advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer will tarry;  
But putting to the Mayne,  
At *Kauz*, the mouth of *Seyne*,  
With all his Martiall Trayne  
Landed King Harry.

## VIII.

"They now to fight are gone,  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drumme now to Drumme did grone,  
To heare was wonder;  
That with the Cryes they make,  
The very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to Trumpet spake,  
Thunder to Thunder.

## XV.

"Upon Saint Crispin's day  
Fought was this Noble Fray,  
Which Fame did not delay  
To England to carry;  
O when shall English Men  
With such acts fill a Pen,  
Or England breed againe  
Such a King Harry?"

The movement and idea here given are so similar to those of Mr. Tennyson's poem as to render it probable that they served as its model. If not, we have a curious case of duplicated invention.

La Gattina's "Preliminaries to the Roman Question of M. Edmond About," published originally in French, some ten years ago, has been rendered into English by Robert E. Peterson, M. D., and issued by Peterson & Brothers, under the title of "Rome and the Papacy." The work is mainly devoted to criticism of the personal characters of the popes of the nineteenth century, and of various dignitaries of the Church in Rome, and to a review of events in Italy bearing upon the question of papal government, closing with strictures upon the life and character of Pius IX., and arguments for the abolition of the temporal power of the papacy, and the unity of Italy, with Rome as its capital. The prediction, fulfilled in 1870, is made of the settlement of the question by the Italians themselves on the withdrawal of the French troops. The work is written in a popular style, and the translation is easy and flowing.

On one of the pageant days of modern Rome, a meditative spectator, saddened by the empty pomp and vanity, turns from these to gaze upon the celebrated group of statuary, the Laocoon, muses upon its history, and draws therefrom sundry reflections, didactic and somewhat theological. Under this guise Dr. Holland, in the "Marble Prophecy," marks the eternal existence of the natural and truly sublime against the fleeting artificialities of religious displays. The ideas in the poem are true, and always beautifully expressed, yet the subject is so trite that it would be difficult to invest it with a glow of poetic interest. There is, however, a smoothness and exquisite pol-

ish about both thought and diction that renders it very pleasant meditative reading; and, if any of its harsher critics will take the trouble to give it a second perusal, we are much mistaken if their opinions will not be changed. In the shorter lyrics completing the volume, the author succeeds better than in the labored heroic verse. We meet with some such lines as this:

"Years steal away with silent feet,"

and the general tone of these minor efforts betokens much poetic instinct. (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)

No more charming gift-book has ever been issued in America than the illustrated edition of Bryant's "Little People of the Snow," just issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co. The drawings in this volume are all made by Mr. Alfred Fredericks, who exhibits singular taste, imagination, and felicity of execution. The drawings are admirably engraved by Mr. Bobbett, and are printed with very striking effect, with a tint that, in some instances, gives the illustration almost the richness and depth of a painting. "Little People of the Snow" is one of the few truly imaginative poems from the pen of Mr. Bryant, and a charming, exquisite story it is—a story that this illustrated version is likely to make a household word in American families everywhere.

"Marjorie's Quest," by Jeanie T. Gould (Osgood & Co.), relates the story of a founding heiress, the plot alternating between atmospheres of Hibernian poverty, American aristocracy, and scenes of our late war. It gives an exhausting detail of irrelevant incidents, and the book would be decidedly more interesting if condensed. *Per contra*, there is a juvenile sprightliness about the narrative which, though wild, cannot be said to be improbable.

In a neat little work just issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., we are presented with the Swedenborgian view of the "Nature of Spirit, and of Man as a Spiritual Being." Its author, the Rev. Chauncey Giles, who is one of the foremost thinkers and writers of the "New Church" in this country, gives a very readable and clear presentation of its teachings concerning the world of spirits, and of life beyond the grave.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have gathered, in one noble octavo volume, all the Leather-Stocking Tales of Fenimore Cooper, which, illustrated with some forty designs by Darley, and richly bound, makes a very beautiful holiday volume such as boy readers will look upon as a glorious treasury of romance and adventure.

The scattered works of George Chapman, a play-writer of the seventeenth century, have been collected, and are soon to be published in London. As it has been asserted that Chapman's plays are a near approach in excellence to those of Shakespeare, the forthcoming edition will be looked for with interest.

Roberts Brothers are to issue a holiday edition of "Jean Ingelow's Poems." It will be beautifully illustrated, and contain a likeness of the author from a recent photograph.

The second volume of Forster's much-talked-of "Life of Dickens" is passing through Lippincott's press.

Father Hyacinthe, it is said, is about establishing a journal at Brussels, which is to be printed in three languages.

## Home and Foreign Notes.

A RECENT report of the British consul gives every thing but a flattering account of the condition of the industrial classes in Sicily. Many of the agricultural laborers live in miserable huts constructed of reeds, and utterly destitute of furniture, their bed a litter of straw, and their sole property a few cooking-utensils. Others, exceptionally rich in the possession of a donkey, pigs, or fowls, share their habitations with them, and hence their hovels swarm with vermin, and the air is loaded with miasma. Workmen in the mines, when a village is not within walking-distance, come up out of the dark pits only to pass the night in holes dug in the hill-sides scarcely fit for the dens of wild-beasts. The English agricultural laborer is but little better off than his Sicilian brother. The cottages provided are frequently ready to tumble down on the unfortunate occupants' heads, and often contain but one sleeping-room, in which the whole family must herd promiscuously. Some of the English journals are pleading for sanitary laws that shall do away with this state of things, which they consider a disgrace to their country. The voiceless have at last a voice to plead for them. Thinkers all over the world are beginning to recognize that it is the duty of our century to see that poverty is no longer coupled with degradation.

"The ladies of New York," says the *New-York Times*, "render our thoroughfares one of the gayest scenes to be found in any part of the earth. Their beauty and their taste in dress have become proverbial, and every year adds to their fame in these respects. Perhaps our young ladies are taking more care of themselves than used to be the rule a few years ago, and have learned to eat a good dinner instead of living on cakes and candies; but certain it is that we meet with more beautifully-rounded figures and rosy cheeks nowadays than were common formerly. Horse-riding and walking have come more into fashion, and there is no doubt that parents watch more carefully over the daily life of their children."

The coming generations must make haste if they would see Niagara, for it is stated, upon the supposed authority of Professor Agassiz, that, in nineteen centuries, Lake Erie will be emptied of water. In view of this prediction, so the wit of the *World* tells us, the Niagara hackmen have raised their fares, in order to make as much money as possible before the direful period arrives when the cataract shall be no more.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have ordered a duplicate of the best specimens of the splendid collection in the South Kensington Museum, London; and a still more satisfactory announcement is, that the rare and valuable objects of art, consisting of antique statues, superb vases, and rich specimens of ancient sculpture and handiwork, recently discovered in the island of Cyprus, have just been secured at a large outlay.

Leading Southern gentlemen have for several years been endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a statue to Stonewall Jackson, but have so far failed to accomplish their purpose. It is now intended to make a renewed effort by other means. Three handsome chromos, from subjects expressly painted for the purpose, have been issued for general circulation in the South, the proceeds from the sales of which to go to the statue-fund.

The new St. Bartholomew's Church in Madison Avenue, New York, is a very handsome structure. The interior is elaborately decorated in polychrome, and the various colored marbles of its pillars are supremely beautiful. The congregation is a very wealthy one, the proportion of pews put up for sale bringing the large sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Herr Johann Strauss has written a letter to the *Vienna Tageblatt*, in which he speaks rather disparagingly of our American instrumental musicians. He says he would have gladly remained for a year or longer in the United States, but he ascertained, soon after

his arrival in Boston, that he would be unable to find a sufficient number of good musicians to organize an effective orchestra.

James T. Davis, an Englishman, who for ten years acted in New York as agent for the London Bramah patent-lock, has been sent, at St. Petersburg, for ten years to the gold-mines in the Ural Mountains on a charge of having stolen a number of precious stones from the private chapel of the Empress Maria Feodorovna in the Winter Palace.

A Scotch gentleman has presented Mr. Disraeli with a magnificently-carved, silver-mounted walking-stick, made from the wood which formed the stair leading to the dwelling-house in Kirkcaldy, which is supposed to have been the birthplace of Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations."

Europe has at present sixty-seven illustrated papers. The *Gartenlaube* has the largest circulation of all. Next comes the Stuttgart *Ueber Land und Meer*, of which nearly two hundred thousand copies are printed. The aggregate value of these sixty-seven papers is estimated at nine million dollars.

A correspondent of the *Paris Crusader*, writing from Rome, says that King Victor Emmanuel of Italy presents, at the present time, a most repulsive appearance, his complexion being as black as that of a negro, and his neck resting so deep in his shoulders that the long ends of his mustache lie on his breast.

It is a curious fact that all the leading generals of France are of foreign descent. MacMahon is descended from Irish parents. Ladmirault's father is a Spaniard. De Cissey comes from Belgium. Ducrot's grandfather was a German named Deckerath, and Laforest's grandfather was a Swiss from Geneva.

Two men at Copenhagen have been convicted of selling spurious diplomas of the Philadelphia University. They said the diplomas were printed in New York by a man named Japha.

Kangaroo-tail is now sent from Australia to England. It makes a fine soup, and is in great favor with epicures. So the report is, but, for our part, we should prefer to test the matter before believing it.

They say in Paris that President Thiers is suffering almost constantly from severe neuralgia, and that, if he resigns his office as president of the republic, it will be owing to this cause.

The Public Library in Boston contains two thousand newspapers, American and English, giving an account of the assassination of President Lincoln.

Gambetta acknowledged recently, to a Lyons merchant, that he was a Jew, but said he had not been in a synagogue since his eighth year.

Among the newspapers which the pope has recently placed on the "Index Expurgatorius" are the *New-York Evening Mail*, the *New-York Times*, *Harper's Weekly*, and the *Independent*.

Berezowsky, who tried to murder Alexander II. of Russia in Paris, in 1867, is now a bar-keeper at a low restaurant in that city.

Louis Napoleon's son will soon enter the Naval School at Woolwich, England, under the name Louis Beauharnais.

The Berlin *National Zeitung* says that Mr. George Bancroft might have the Prussian order of the Black Eagle if he would accept it.

Merle d'Aubigné, the eminent theological scholar, left his family a comparatively large fortune.

The constitutional struggle now taking place in Prussia, it is believed in Berlin, will result in the abolition of the House of Lords.

The Emperor Francis Joseph intends to have splendid statues of all the Emperors of Austria erected in Vienna next year.

Fifteen hundred Jesuits have emigrated, since August 1st, from Germany to Austria.

A man has been sent to prison in Bordeaux for calling President Thiers an old fool.

A newspaper publisher at Bonn, on the Rhine, emphatically denies that Carl Schurz is his American correspondent.

Edmond About asserts that, while in jail at Strasbourg, he was treated worse than France ever treated her galley-slaves.

Bridal-dresses are now made very *décolleté* with short sleeves and long trains, elaborately trimmed with sprays of flowers.

At least two hundred thousand dollars changed hands in Berlin on the result of our presidential election.

## The Museum.

### Australian Aborigines.

JUST now a great deal is being said and written about education: whether the mind of a boy is to be trained to its utmost capability of receiving and retaining knowledge; or whether, instead, his head is to be crammed with technical facts in one or two branches. Yet it is just probable that but few school-boys in England, under whichever system they be brought up, could rightly answer the question, "What is the color of an Australian native?"

It is a common crime with "new chums" to call the blacks "natives," thereby insulting many a true native within hearing; for be it known that blacks are "blacks," or, more politely, aborigines, whereas "natives" are of good English stock, doing full justice to their ancestors; and they are, moreover, proud of their title of natives.

Of the Australian black there are now two varieties, which may be respectively named tame and wild. The former is that most frequently seen, and presents about the most wretched specimen of humanity conceivable. One or two usually hang about townships, and are ever to be found somewhere near the public-house veranda. They dress up in all sorts of cast-off clothes, and are generally uncommonly dirty. Grog is their great idea; and on it they bestow the numerous sixpences or shillings they get thrown to them. If once the black gives up his health-giving, out-door life, and commences loafing about the more civilized parts, he is sure to die off rapidly.

Nearly every one of these hangers-on is troubled with a distressing cough, which is the result of their unhealthy life, undergoing all sorts of self-imposed privations—now living too well and becoming intoxicated, then starving and wandering in search of food, all the time but half clad, and yet imagining themselves as well off as the English, and so taking none of that trouble for their own well-being which they would do were they in a wilder state.

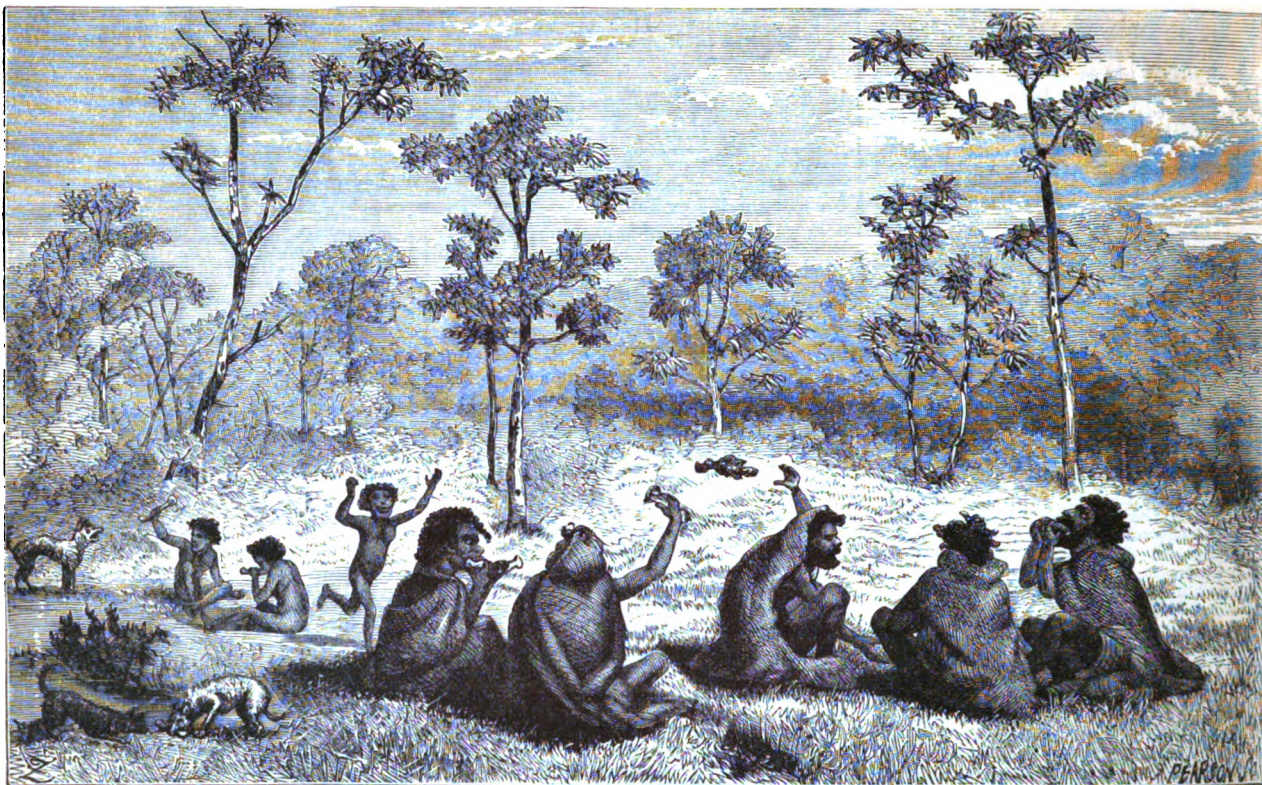
When in this half-and-half condition, they are about as lazy as it is well possible for man to be, and appear to care for nothing but food and lodging for the moment, and a smoke and a "nip" as frequently as they can get one.

They are very independent, and will but seldom do a stroke of work unless under immediate promise of tobacco or other articles valuable in their eyes.

It is, however, curious that they actually do work well when with parties bent on pleasure, and not on business. They are even hard-working out shooting or fishing in boats, etc.

Little black boys are frequently employed on stations; and then, if they take kindly to the place, are of great use. They early manage to stick on the back of a horse, and are thus able to do much in the way of getting up horses from the paddock and taking short messages. As they get older, they become in-





AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

valuable as bush-riders, as they care for nothing, ride at any thing, and apparently never get killed, even by the most crashing falls. At about sixteen years of age they begin to get sulky, give back as good as they get, and finally bolt suddenly. They join some tribe that they have heard of in the neighborhood, and are made men of by passing through the mysteries of the "Borer."

The places used by the blacks for this ceremony are not at all uncommon. A circle some forty yards in diameter is surrounded by a mound of earth, through which there is one outlet by a trench, which runs in a straight line for sometimes more than a quarter of a mile. The trees all round about are usually carved and cut in the most extraordinary fashion. The chief visible result of the per-

formance is the knocking out of two particular teeth, after which a black is considered of age, and immediately appropriates to himself a "gin," or wife; in fact, he becomes a man of the tribe, and no longer a child. It is noteworthy that all the black children appear to be greatly under the influence of the "gins," never daring to disobey them.

Being a man, he can now join in the hunting expeditions; moreover, he gets "first bites" at meals, for it is a custom of these gentry for the men to seat themselves, and gnaw at their food till satisfied, continually throwing half-picked bones, etc., over their shoulders, to be scrambled for by the "gins" and the children, who in their turn pass them on in the same manner to the dogs.

Occasionally one meets with other works

of blacks beside the "Borer" camps. In certain rivers are to be seen vast chains of pools, all artificial, in which tribes of blacks have been wont to catch fish to supply any special gathering of the tribe, as, for instance, the festival of the "Borer."

When in his wild state the black is exceedingly active, and very sharp in all bush-lore. It is thus that he is often of great use to those who are, for any purpose, actually in the wild parts. Steady and continuous work does not suit him at all; but he is very clever at getting hold of almost any sort of animal or bird; he is a great hand at "tracking," and is ever on the lookout for the tracks of every thing, of which he takes notice apparently involuntarily.—*"New Homes for the Old Country,"* by George S. Baden-Powell.

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[VOL. VIII.]

## THE HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

**E**AST HAMPTON, the home of John Howard Payne, is the most easterly town of Long Island, on the southern shore. It was settled in 1649 by thirty families from Lynn and adjacent towns of Massachusetts, the land having been purchased of the famous Montauk tribe, remnants of which are still found about Montauk Point. This part of

fathers did, bear witness to the humanity and forethought of the first settlers of this region.

East Hampton consists simply of one wide street, nearly three hundred feet wide. There are no hotels, no shops, no manufactories. The residences are principally farmers' houses, congregated in a village after the French method, with their farms stretching to the

save that offered by private families; but its growing popularity renders the erection of hotels almost certain, and then good-by to its old-fashioned simplicity!

In this town the Rev. Lyman Beecher officiated as minister during a period of twelve years, from 1798 to 1810; and during his residence in the town two of his distin-



HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

our country does not seem to have the bloody Indian record that distinguishes so many sections. The early settlers, for the most part, lived harmoniously with the original occupants of the soil. Instead of making the red-man their determined enemy, measures seem to have been taken to secure his kindly cooperation; and the remains of the ancient tribe now upon the island, fishing in the same seas and hunting upon the same ground their

ocean-shore on one side, and to the pine-plains that lie between the town and the bay on the other. Its wide street is lined with old trees, and a narrow roadway wanders through a sea of green grass on either side. Perhaps no town in America retains so nearly the primitive habits, tastes, and ideas of our forefathers as East Hampton. It is rapidly becoming a favorite place of summer resort, visitors at present finding no accommodation

guished children, Catharine and Edward were born. But East Hampton is not only renowned as the residence of Lyman Beecher, but of one peculiarly associated with our best impulses and feelings. It was here that John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," passed his boyhood. It is commonly asserted that he was born in the very old, shingled cottage pointed out as his residence; but of this there is some doubt.

That his father resided here during the tender infancy of the lad is the better-supported story; but here, at least, the precocious lad spent several years of his early boyhood. His father was principal of Clinton Academy, one of the first institutions of the kind established in Long Island. The house is held very sacred by the villagers, and the ancient kitchen, with its antique fireplace, stands to-day just as it did when Payne left it for his homeless wanderings over the world. It is truly a homely home; but, no doubt, many a happy hour was passed in the family circle around the bright blaze on the hearth, the simple joys of which were well calculated to inspire one of the best-known and best-loved lyrics in our language. When young Payne was in his twelfth year his father removed to Boston. The lad here became quite famous in his father's circle of friends for his striking histrionic and oratorical talents. From Boston Mr. Payne went to New York, where he placed his son in a counting-house, with the object of directing the precocious boy's somewhat wild genius into what was deemed a legitimate channel. It is probable that the character of treatment Payne received at this time and afterward, with this end in view, did much toward souring his nature, and causing that unsettledness of purpose which he exhibited in his after-life. A gentleman of wealth in New York, Mr. John E. Seaman, sent him to college. There he added to his reputation by various articles for the newspapers of the day. On leaving college he went on the stage, meeting with great success, but was persuaded to leave it by his family. He soon after went to Europe, and lived with varying fortune between London and Paris, sometimes acting, and sometimes writing plays. The song of "Home, Sweet Home," was written for the operatic drama of "Clari," which was a brilliant success, making the manager's fortune the first season. Payne received for it something less than three hundred dollars. The success of the song, apart from the play, was very great, one dealer alone selling over one hundred thousand copies in a year. Payne returned to America, revisited East Hampton, his ideal poetic home, then wandered from place to place until appointed consul to Tunis.

Let no sacrilegious hand touch the old timbers of the precious relic in the ancient town! In a land where memorials of the past are so few, and one, also, where simple, happy homes are so abundant, it is specially fit that we should preserve the roof which sheltered one who has expressed the memories that cling around the hearthstone in words that thrill the hearts of millions.

## A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

IT was Christmas-eve when a party of half a dozen ladies and as many gentlemen were assembled in the library of Holly Lodge discussing the state of the weather in general and of the roads in particular. There was no snow on the ground—there rarely is at a Southern Christmas—but it had rained steadily for a week, and the result may be ima-

gined by any one who has ever had any acquaintance with a red-clay soil after it has been subjected to a prolonged and soaking inundation.

"We are virtual prisoners!" the young lady of the house—Hope Beresford—was saying, plaintively. "Our friends on this side of the river may succeed in ploughing through the mud and reaching us in time for the ball to-night; but we cannot hope for *anybody* from the other side. Papa says the river is past ferrying this morning."

"Which is certainly dispiriting news when the only person one cares to see must come from the other side," said Rosalind Earle, in her slightly-mocking voice. "But take heart, my dear. If he cares to see you as he should care, he will come, despite the river."

"But how can he?" asked Hope, opening her large blue eyes. She did not deny that it was her *fancé* of whom she was speaking—a young lawyer living in the town of X—, distant from Holly Lodge fifteen miles, with a swollen river between.

Rosalind laughed a silvery, unpleasant laugh.

"Men have done such things before," she said. Then she added a line from a poem she had been lately reading: "Who does not dare the impossible, has never dared to love."

"I am sure I don't believe *that*," said Hope, innocently; "and I should be wretched if I thought Archie would be foolish enough to run the risk of drowning himself to prove his love for me. I should much prefer that he proved it by taking care of himself and staying quietly in X—."

Rosalind's lip curled. "I should never be won in that fashion," she said. "A man must *prove* something before I believe him. He must be willing to brave the worst possible danger—were it even for a caprice of mine."

We all gazed at her as she said those audacious words. She was never other than beautiful and imposing—this exquisite Rosalind Earle—but just then she looked superb. I thought I had never seen her appear to greater advantage than as she stood stately and erect by the fire, dressed in a rich black silk, made with sufficient plainness to show the sweeping curves of her figure, and her beautiful hair piled high on her graceful head. A scarlet knot of ribbon at her throat was the only point of color in her costume, but it seemed to match the vivid flush on her cheek, and the haughty sparkle in her eye. Looking round to seek a cause for these signs of excitement, I found that she had only a few minutes before quitted a deep bay-window where Stuart Carew—at that time her most devoted and apparently most favored lover—still lingered. I have written the word "lover" advisedly, instead of "suitor" or "admirer." Rosalind Earle was a great heiress as well as a great beauty; and it followed, of course, that her wealth had many suitors, while the number of those who admired her beauty might have been reckoned by the number of all who had ever known her. But there were not a few who loved the brilliant, fascinating woman for her own sake—and of these I am sure that Stuart Carew was one.

He came forward now, looking, I thought, a trifle pale and agitated.

"Have you ever read Schiller's ballad of 'The Glove,' Miss Russell?" he said, addressing me. "I fancy that when Cunigunde—wasn't that her name?—threw her glove into the arena, she looked somewhat as Miss Earle looks now."

"Perhaps she felt somewhat as Miss Earle feels," said that young lady, scornfully. Then, also turning to me: "Lucy, have you ever read Browning's rendition of the same ballad? It is worth reading, I assure you. Cunigunde tells *her* story in it, and, if my memory does not fail me, makes a complete justification of her seeming cruelty. Listen, and see if you do not think so." She threw back her head—I can see her now in her proud beauty, with the firelight gleaming on a diamond-cross which she wore at her slender throat—and repeated the verses with a spirit and fire I shall never forget:

"Too long had I heard  
Of the deed proved alone by the word:  
For my love—what De Lorge would not dare!  
With my scorn—what De Lorge could compare!  
And the endless descriptions of death  
He would brave when my lip formed a breath,  
I must reckon as braved, or, of course,  
Doubt his word; and, moreover, perforce,  
For such gifts as no lady could spurn,  
Must offer my love in return."

So, wiser I judged it to make  
One trial what 'death for my sake'  
Really meant, while the power was yet mine,  
Than to wait until time should define  
Such a phrase not so simply as I,  
Who took it to mean just 'to die.'"

It did not need the glance—half mocking, half haughty—which she gave Stuart Carew at the last words, to tell me that I had listened to a challenge as well as a justification. The young fellow looked a little haughty himself, as he stood before her, and very handsome too, with his black-velvet morning-coat setting off the delicacy of his face and the grace of his soft "love-locks." People, who did not like Stewart Carew, mostly called him an "affected puppy;" but I always had liked him—perhaps, because I had a sufficient sense of justice to see that his somewhat effeminate cast of good looks was, to say the least of it, not his fault; and also because I had good reason to know that, underneath his unquestionable affectation, was, still more unquestionably, a very frank and noble nature—so I felt sorry for him as I saw how Rosalind's taunts were stinging him. I knew, too, that he felt them the more, because he occupied the worst position that a man can occupy toward a woman—that of a seeming fortune-hunter. Like Cesario, his station was above his fortune, and, proud gentleman though he was, he was well aware that many people—perhaps, even the heiress herself—regarded him as one of the many suitors for her wealth. The position had often galled him—I had seen that—but I don't think it ever galled him as it did that morning. Looking at him, I saw a sudden flash of resolve come into the handsome face that paled unaccountably.

"I did not think that you were in earnest before," he said, stepping close to Rosalind, and speaking so low that only I—who chanced to be next her—heard his words. "Now I

see that you are, and I shall not underlie your challenge. Since you put it on this ground—since you wish me to prove, by this means, how much I would dare for your sake—I shall bring you a rose from X—this evening."

She started, and, as I glanced quickly around, I saw that she, too, grew a little pale. Yet she laughed slightly—that silvery, unpleasant laugh again.

"You are a trifle melodramatic, Mr. Carew," she said. "I should not care for you to take any trouble, or"—I cannot express the scornful, sarcastic accent here—"incur any danger for the sake of a mere caprice of mine. It is true that I should like a rose from my greenhouse to wear in my hair to-night—it is a fancy of mine always to wear a fresh rose at Christmas—but" (shrugging her shoulders) "I can surely be as philosophical about that disappointment as Hope is about the absence of her lover."

"It shall not be a disappointment," Stuart said. "If I return to Holly Lodge this evening, it will be with the rose for your hair."

Then he turned and left the room.

As I have already remarked, nobody had heard this by-play but myself, and I looked at Rosalind now and asked—I fear in no very gentle tone—what it meant.

She laughed again, but this time I thought the soft ripple had a nervous, uncertain sound.

"Not very much, Lucy," she said. "Come into the window yonder, and I will tell you."

She indicated the bay-window which she had quitted a few minutes before, and thither I accompanied her.

"Well," said I, when we sat down, "if you will be so kind, I should like to know what has set you to playing Cunigunde like this! You talk about her defence being good. I don't call it good. How do you think she would have felt if the lion had killed De Lorge? How will you feel if Stuart Carew is drowned in this precious errand on which you have sent him? Upon my word, I think De Lorge and King Francis were quite right. It is vanity, not love, which sets such tests."

"You have no independence of thought whatever, Lucy Russell," was her somewhat contemptuous reply. "You say and think exactly what everybody else says and thinks; and, in this matter, you are all wrong, and Browning and I are right. It was neither vanity nor love which set the test."

"If you can possibly condescend to enlighten the ignorant world in general, what was it, then?" asked I, becoming contemptuous in turn.

"The heroine of the story has told you better than I can do," she answered, a little impatiently. "Can you not see—do you not understand—the feeling which made her anxious to have some practical test of the value of many protestations? Ah! I tell you—

"To know what one has not to trust to, is worth all the ashes and dust, too,"

which may be brought into one's face by the test."

"Scarcely worth a human life, I should say," I remarked, dryly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Was the Wye ever known to drown anybody?" she asked. "Stuart Carew would do as much for bravado any day; and, if he has any thing like true mettle, he will

"scarce think that you do him the worst turn. If you whisper, 'Friend, what you'd get, first earn;'"

or, if he does, it would certainly be well to know it—in time. Men do not, as a rule, grow more complaisant after they are made secure of what they desire."

"Rosalind Earle, you are a selfish, heartless coquette," said I, irritated beyond all patience. "And pray, will you be kind enough to tell me how you expect Stuart Carew to cross the river?"

"That is his affair," she said, coolly. "I told you last night—did I not tell you?—what a longing I had for one of the lovely Provence roses which I know that Jefferson" (this was her gardener) "has blowing just now. So, when Stuart Carew asked me, rather sentimentally, half an hour ago, what Christmas-present he should give me, I—bearing in mind the wild story he told at dinner yesterday of how he once crossed and recrossed a mountain-flood in the Andes, for a canteen of brandy which had been left behind—I thought (presumptuously enough, no doubt) that perhaps I was as well worth a risk as a canteen of brandy; and I said that I would take a rose from my greenhouse in X—. Of course, the gentleman was somewhat astonished—incredulous of my being in earnest at first, indignant afterward. He took the liberty of hinting what you have been good enough to express openly, that I was a vain and heartless coquette. Whereupon, I took the liberty of telling him that he was very impertinent, and furthermore"—her color rose and her eyes sparkled here—"that I was not aware that there was more than one thing in the world which a man expected to obtain without earning, and *this* was a woman's love."

"O Rosalind!"

"Well, is it not true?" she asked, sharply. "Are we not forced—we women—to take *every* thing on trust? A man professes—what does he not profess?—but if we set him even the least task whereby he can prove his sincerity, is there not an outcry of indignant protest? We are heartless, vain, sinful—Heaven only knows what not—because we do not choose to surrender ourselves without a warrant that we are gaining *something* in return."

"Faith is a good thing, Rosalind," said I.

"That may do for sentimental school-girls, who have never yet appreciated that the vast majority of men think that women 'would rather live on lies, so they be sweet,'" she answered, scornfully. "I have had a surfeit of them in my time, however."

"Not from Stuart Carew," said I, impetuously.

"What do you know of Stuart Carew?" she demanded. "You know that he has the bluest of blue blood in his veins, that he is handsome and graceful, high-bred and chivalrous, above the majority of men; but you do not know that he may not be as mercenary

at heart as Harley Wynne, who married that rich, vulgar idiot in X—the other day."

"Rosalind, for shame!" I cried.

"You don't know what it is to be a very rich woman, Lucy," she said, with a pathetic accent in her voice. "You don't know how one sees so much meanness that it *forces* suspicion on one at last. People say that I am heartless and cruel, but I—I have had some hard lessons to learn."

Looking at her that moment—seeing the cloud which swept over her beautiful face—I could believe it, and I felt then what I have felt often since, that the fate which gives a woman great wealth is rarely a kind one.

It was soon after this that Stuart Carew reëntered the room. He was fully equipped for riding, having exchanged his velvet coat for a suit of gray tweed, which was not half so becoming, and high boots which had somehow a suggestive fox-hunting air. He came in with whip and gloves in hand, gay and *insouciant* as ever.

"Ladies, have you any commands for X—?" he asked, in his pleasant, musical voice. "Any letters to mail, any gloves to buy, any thing which a single horseman can take or bring without overloading himself and his steed, and rendering death in a quagmire inevitable to both?—Miss Hope, if you can write a note in five minutes, I will deliver it to Maynard with pleasure."

"O Mr. Carew!" cried Hope, astonished and a little aghast. "You—you are surely jesting! You are not *really* thinking of going to X—to-day?"

"That is exactly what he is thinking of," said Hal Beresford, who had followed Stuart into the room. "And he is thinking of getting drowned in the Wye, too, or I am no judge of a water-course. Confound the fellow! Can't some of you ladies say something to bring him to his senses?"

Several tried—I among the rest—though I saw in his face it would be unavailing. Rosalind was still sitting in the bay-window with a book in her hand, from which she did not look up until Hal Beresford directly appealed to her.

"Can you say nothing, Miss Earle?" he asked, bluntly. "I have rarely known a more reckless adventure than this on which Stuart is bent."

Then Rosalind glanced up, the same flush on her cheek and light in her eye which had been there when the subject was first broached. We all listened eagerly to hear what she would say, and I, for my part, could not avoid giving her an imploring glance which I might as well have bestowed on the picture over my head.

"Is it a more reckless adventure than that in the Andes, of which we heard yesterday?" she asked, in her clear voice. "I could not do Mr. Carew such an injustice as to suppose that he would not risk quite as much to carry the notes and bring the gloves of a dozen imprisoned ladies, as to recover a canteen of brandy."

Poor Stuart! I caught one glimpse of his face as he received this truly feminine thanks for the risk he was about to run. Its expression was a curious mixture of bewilderment and mortification, for there are few



things more mortifying to a man who fancies he knows women, than to receive unequivocal proof of having committed a great blunder in feminine tactics. After a minute, he crossed the room to her side. I did not hear then, but I heard afterward, what passed between them, while the rest of us shrugged our shoulders aside to each other, and a young lady, who was looking over a book of engravings in a corner, confided to the gentleman who was assisting her, that Rosalind Earle was the most shameful flirt she had ever known.

"What do you mean by talking in this way?" Stuart Carew was meanwhile saying to Rosalind. "You know that I am going to X—for you—for you alone—and what have a dozen or a hundred other women to do with the matter?"

"I thought I heard you placing yourself at general disposal," Rosalind answered, carelessly. "If you brought my rose, it would be quite as if it was delivered by the penny post, with half a dozen notes and gloves—and flowers, perhaps—besides. Many thanks, Mr. Carew"—looking up at him with her lustrous, mocking eyes—"but I am not so humble as I should be, perhaps, for I rarely care to be 'one of a multitude' in any thing."

The young man absolutely blushed—many people who knew Stuart Carew would scarcely credit it—but he absolutely blushed, realizing afresh the blunder he had made. There are some women who are willing to accept a divided empire: there are others again (mostly women who have known much homage), who scorn any thing which is not wholly their own. Was it her fault, or the fault of the circumstances in which she had been reared, that Rosalind was one of the latter?

"I will take nothing, I will bring nothing for anybody but you," he said, quickly. "And if I bring what you desire, may I name my own reward?"

"Is a rose such a wonderful trophy, then," asked she, quietly—but he felt the sarcasm underlying her tone—"or has the deed more 'derring-do' in it than I imagine?"

"No," said he, flushing. "A rose—from your greenhouse too—is a very poor trophy; and crossing a slightly swollen river to plough through fifteen miles of mud, has precious little 'derring-do' in it. But the poor trophy and the commonplace deed are, nevertheless, all that I have to offer for your Christmas gratification."

I think that something in the tone of those last words—something in the proud, pained look of the high-bred face—suddenly touched the capricious, wayward heart of the woman whom he addressed. But she did not show it, save in a certain softening of her voice.

"I shall appreciate both," she said, almost as a queen might have spoken—ill-natured people were very severe on Rosalind's affectation of "regal airs," which was, in truth, no affectation at all.—"If you bring me the rose, I should be very ungrateful if I did not let you say what Christmas-gift I should give you in return."

"You tempt me with a great liberty," he answered, looking at her with eloquent, passionate eyes.

But she drew herself up coldly.

"I do not bind myself to grant an unreasonable request," she said. "To ask is one thing: to receive, another."

"I am well aware of the distinction," he answered, quietly. Then he looked at her again with a glance which she did not quite understand. "So my reward will be simply to ask!" he said. "Thanks for your generosity, Miss Earle. Perhaps I may put it to the test. For the present, however, I must bid you adieu if I am to bring your rose in time for the ball to-night."

He bowed without shaking hands—I noticed that—then made his adieux to the rest of us, and left the room. Several of the gentlemen followed him, and a few minutes afterward we saw him riding toward the river, attended by quite a cavalcade anxious to see him across.

This river—I should have said before—was distant not more than a quarter of a mile from the Lodge, the road which ran past Colonel Beresford's gates leading directly down to a well-known ferry. The stream had been more or less swollen for several days, but this morning it had been reported especially high, and quite "past ferrying." How Stuart Carew possibly expected to transport himself and his horse to the other side, was a problem which we, who were left behind, set our wits vainly to work to solve.

That we did not succeed in solving it, may readily be imagined—just as it may also be imagined that Rosalind took no part in our wild conjectures and nervous alarms. She sat perfectly still—reading with a composure which I longed to test by placing my finger on her pulse—too proud to leave the room, lest we should suspect that she was keeping furtive watch to see if that graceful horseman would ride up the bank on the other side of the stream. After a time, our anxiety was set at rest. He for whom we were eagerly looking—with little or no hope of seeing—absolutely appeared and rode up the bank in question. When he gained a crest which commanded the Lodge, he took off his hat and waved it in triumph. We threw up the windows and answered by a dozen fluttering handkerchiefs. After this display of sympathy subsided, he soberly set forth on his way—it was a very sober mode of progression which the mud compelled—while we lowered the windows, shivered, and looked at each other. "How on earth do you suppose that he did it?" we asked, but nobody could answer; and it was not until the party of gentlemen returned—muddy but enthusiastic—that we heard.

He had swum his horse—a famous and powerful thorough-bred of whose prowess we had heard many tales from others besides Stuart—across the swollen, rushing stream. It was little short of a miracle that horse and rider ever kept afloat, those who had witnessed the reckless adventure declared—and then they would break off to dilate again and yet again upon the marvellous power and sagacity of the horse, and the equally marvellous skill of the rider, whose coolness had never forsaken him for a moment, not even when the breathless gazers on the bank were sure that the terrible force of the current could never be successfully breasted by the bold swim-

mers. Nobody approved, but everybody admired the feat, except Colonel Beresford, who could not be drawn into a single expression of commendation.

"I thought better things of Stuart Carew," he said. "It was a dare-devil exploit which proved neither sense nor courage. Some men do such things for notoriety; but they are mostly men who can never hope to win notoriety in any other form, and I certainly did not think that Stuart had any ambition in that direction. I am sure I hope that nobody was so foolish or so imprudent as to encourage him in such an undertaking," he added, glancing round the circle with his keen brown eyes.

There was a profound silence in response to this appeal. If he had asked the question in private, no doubt there would have been plenty of people to tell the story of that Christmas rose which was to be plucked in Rosalind Earle's greenhouse; but, as it was, nobody felt inclined to take upon himself the ignominy of playing the part of informer in public.

"I hope," pursued the colonel, rendered a little suspicious by this silence, "that nobody gave him even the passive encouragement of a note or a message to any one in X—. In my opinion"—the handsome, genial old gentleman knitted his brows emphatically—"it would have been exceedingly wrong to do so."

"Don't look at me, papa," said Hope, smiling. "I did not send any note by Mr. Carew, for the very good reason that he did not wait for it. He told me to write one and he would take it; but, before I had said more than 'Dear Archie,' he was gone."

"So much the better," said the colonel, unfeelingly. "You had no business to give even that much sanction to such a reckless piece of folly. Can anybody tell me what he went for, anyway?" he added, in an irritated tone.

To my surprise—I think to the surprise of every one—Rosalind Earle quietly answered this question.

"Mr. Carew went for me, my dear colonel," she said. "He was good enough to go for a rose which I wanted to wear in my hair to-night."

The cool audacity of this reply struck the colonel dumb, I think. He certainly stared at the speaker for a full minute, as if he could not credit what she asserted.

"He went for—what?" he asked, after a while.

"A rose," answered Rosalind, with the same perfect nonchalance. "You do not give them any place in your greenhouse, you know," she added, smiling.

"You—you let that young fool risk his life for a rose to wear in your hair!" said the colonel, quite overcome. "And do you mean that he is going to be mad enough to try and come back as he went?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He has pledged his word—I won't pretend to say what it is worth—that I shall have the rose in time for the ball to-night."

"Very well, then," said Colonel Beresford, grimly, "you had better set to work and say some prayers for him, since I pledge you my word that he will not cross that river again."



to-day. The gentlemen who witnessed this feat can tell you that it was a very close thing in broad daylight, and when his horse was perfectly fresh. You are a woman, and you don't know much of danger; but I suppose you can imagine what the same effort will be when his horse is fagged out—nothing *does* fag a horse like plodding through heavy mud—and night has fallen."

"He may get another horse," somebody suggested, for Rosalind was quite silent and still.

"There is not another horse in the country that could or would do such a thing," the colonel answered. Then he turned and left the room, muttering, as he went, something quite audible about "heartless vanity" and "infatuated folly."

The rest of the day was rather an uncomfortable one to everybody in the Lodge. With the most of us, Stuart Carew was a great favorite, and we could not rid ourselves of a weight—a sense as of something terrible—impending over us. We confided it to each other in corners, and I shall never forget how Hal Beresford expressed himself over the library-fire, where we sat together, as the short December afternoon was waning into evening.

"Don't talk to me of *her* feelings or of *her* heart," he said, almost fiercely, as I made some feeble plea of extenuation for Rosalind. "I could believe in the feelings or in the heart of my boots much sooner! What she said to Stuart, God only knows, but the minute I looked at his face I saw that he was set like a rock to go, if twenty floods had been between! There are some infatuations that I can understand, and some that I cannot," he pursued. "This is one of the latter. There never was a man better fitted to succeed with women than Stuart Carew, and why he should set his fancy on a woman—let her beauty and her wealth be what they may—who has such a devil of pride and vanity as Rosalind Earle, I cannot comprehend."

"Devils are sometimes tamed," said I.

"They are never worth taming, in my opinion," he rejoined.

But I thought differently—I thought that there were very gracious possibilities of womanly sweetness in Rosalind, if she could once find the hand to bring them forth. This was the difficulty, however—a very grave difficulty always with women of her stamp—and one that might readily prove insurmountable. I could not help feeling sorry for her, however, when I went up-stairs, in the winter dusk, and found her pacing to and fro in the room we shared together. As I came in, she sat down by the fire—evidently vexed that I should have seen her anxiety—but before long her restlessness again asserted itself. She rose and walked to one of the windows which overlooked the garden, the low-ground fields beyond, and the swollen, rushing river—turbid as the Mississippi—clearly visible through the leafless trees which fringed its banks.

"Lucy," she said, coming back again after a minute, "do you really think he will do it?"

"I really think he will *try* to do it," I answered, bluntly. "Whatever else he may

lack, Stuart Carew does not lack courage, and you put him on his mettle this morning."

"I wish my tongue had been cut out!" said she, passionately.

"Rather late to wish that now," I rejoined, shrugging my shoulders.

"It is not that I care any thing about Stuart Carew," she explained; "but it would not be pleasant to have a man's *death* on one's conscience."

"Not very, I should think."

"A rose would scarcely be worth *that* price."

"Scarcely, I think."

"Are you trying to irritate me that you echo every word I say?" she demanded, impatiently. "For shame, Lucy Russell!"

"I said 'for shame' this morning, Rosalind," I remarked, coldly, "but it did not deter you from that which you are regretting now."

She did not answer for a minute. Angry as I was with her, I could not help admiring her, as she stood before me in the glowing fire-light, her graceful, stately figure slightly bent forward, as she leaned her arms on the low mantel and looked steadfastly into the fire, with her delicate lips compressed and her dark eyebrows knitted. Suddenly she threw back her head with a haughty gesture I knew well. "I'll do it!" she said, half aloud, and then she turned to me.

"Lucy," she said, in her quick, imperious way, "will you go with me down to the river. I must see the ferryman at once."

"See the ferryman!" I repeated in amazement. "For what?"

"Can't you tell for what?" she asked, impatiently. "Money does every thing in this world, and for money I may be able to send a boat across the river and tell Stuart Carew not to cross."

"Then you *do* care for him, after all!" cried I, eagerly, forgetting every thing else for a moment.

But the proud, repellent look which came over her face undeceived me.

"Is there any one for whom I should *not* care sufficiently to keep him from throwing away his life for a mere caprice of mine?" she asked, coldly. "I shall see that he builds no false hopes on what I am about to do—what I would do as readily for Hal Beresford or old Jake the ferryman."

"Indeed!" said I; and, having no other means of expression at my command, I threw as much sarcastic incredulity into that interjection as I possibly could.

I said nothing more while she opened her writing-desk and dashed off a note. I did not see it, but I judged its tenor from the haughty, flushed face that bent over it. "She is taking the wrong tone with the wrong man," I thought, watching her. "Mischievous—more mischief—is going to come of this, as sure as two and two make four!"

When the note was finished, she brought forth a water-proof from the wardrobe. "Are you coming, or are you not, Lucy?" she demanded, as she put this on, after having pinned up her sweeping silken skirt.

"I might as well see the comedy or the tragedy—whichever it is to be—to the end,"

said I, as I rose and likewise brought forth a water-proof.

Water-proofs are certainly the convenient dominoes of the nineteenth century. Every woman looks alike in them, and, however Rosalind felt, I am sure *I* felt amazingly like a conspirator as we made our stealthy way down the back staircase and out of the side-door of the Lodge. "Nobody will miss us," my companion said. "They are all too busy preparing for the ball. Besides, I have warned Adeline" (this was her maid) "to keep our door locked."

We went through the garden, and thence followed a path across the fields—why we did not mire outright, I have never to this day been able to imagine—to the cabin of old Jake, the ferryman, which we reached in a condition of mud impossible to describe.

Although it was Christmas-eve—the season of special negro jollity—we found the ferryman at home, sitting on a stool by his fire, crooning to himself and mending some fishing-nets. He bore rather a surly character with his fellows, and was no great favorite among them. Indeed, the manner in which he turned sharply, almost angrily, saying, "Who's dar?" when Rosalind pushed open the door, was proof sufficient of this.

"It is I, Jake," she answered. "I want to speak to you."

"Beg pardon, mistis'," said Jake, rising with an air which was still a little surly. "I thought it was some o' dem meddlin' niggers comin' a'ter me, and I done tole 'em I don't want not'in' to do wid dem nor der Christmas nudder!"

"You would like to have something to do with making some money, though, wouldn't you?" said Rosalind, coming forward into the full glow of the firelight and throwing back her hood. "Perhaps you would rather be making money than spending it these Christmas-times," she added, significantly.

He looked at her with a quick glance out of his small, deep-set eyes. It was evident at once that "money" was as much a talisman to him as to many far above him in the social scale.

"We don't none of us—nigger or white folks—mind making money, mistis'," he said. "I likes it as well as anybody when it's honest and safe."

"What I have come to propose is certainly honest, though it may not be safe," said Rosalind, in her quick, ringing voice. "In a few words—for there is no time to be wasted—how much will you take to cross the river for me this evening? Name your own price, and whatever it is I will pay it."

He did not exhibit any surprise at the proposal, but only shook his head in a stolid, dogged kind of way, as if he had heard the same thing before.

"The river's too high for crossin', mistis'," he said. "I tole your gal that when you sent her on the same arrant but a little while ago."

"I don't believe that the river is too high for crossing by a man who knows all about it," Rosalind answered. "The servants at the Lodge say that you crossed it once in a canoe when it was quite as high as it is now."

"My wife was a-dyin' on the t'other side, mistis'," he answered, quietly.

"What you have done once you can do again," she said, imperiously. "Once more, name your own price; I will pay *any thing*; but time is passing, and it is growing darker every minute."

"I can't do it, mistis'," he said, sullenly. "My life is as precious to me as yourn is to you, and money wouldn't do me no good after I had flung it away."

"But money is worth a risk," said she, advancing a step nearer to him with glowing cheeks and glittering eyes. "*Money is worth a risk!*" she repeated, in a tone I shall never forget. Then she extended her delicate, white hand and touched the ragged linsey jacket he wore. "Do you know that you could replace *this* with warm and comfortable clothes, that you could buy a house of your own, and land to cultivate, with what I offer you?" she asked. "And you will let this chance—this one chance in your life—slip from you because you are afraid to take a canoe across that river to-night?"

His eyes sank beneath the glitter of hers, he shuffled his feet uneasily, his hands twisted a part of the fishing-net, which he still held, nervously to and fro. The temptation was telling on him. I, standing in the background—I, watching the scene with a feeling almost akin to horror, I plainly saw that.

"How much would you be willin' fur to give, mistis'?" he asked, slowly and huskily, at length.

"How much would you be willing to take?" asked Rosalind, in reply. "Value your own life, man, and be quick about it! I shall not haggle over your price."

"Would you give—a hundred dollars?" he demanded, in a sort of hushed tone, as if the magnitude of the sum could only be spoken in a whisper.

But his face—eagerly expectant when he asked the question—fell suddenly, as Rosalind laughed in an unmirthful way.

"A hundred dollars!" she repeated. "Do you think I would ask any man to risk his life for me for *that*? I will give you five times the sum—five hundred dollars down—if you will take a note across the river and deliver it to Mr. Carew—the gentleman who swam the stream this morning—when he comes back."

"I'll go, mistis'," he said, and it was strange—nay, it was awful—to see how his whole face lighted up with feverish eagerness, how its very muscles seemed working and twitching with overmastering desire to seize the golden prize thus offered him. He took the note she gave, and, buttoning up his jacket, was leaving the cabin when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he turned back.

"If it's only the note you want give to the gentleman, mistis'," he said, "I needn't be 'bliged fur to come back to-night?"

"No," answered Rosalind, "you need not be obliged to come back. If you reach the other side and deliver the note to Mr. Carew, you can stay there as long as you like."

"And the money, mistis'?"

"I'll pay the money—my friend here will

witness the agreement—as soon as I can go to X—."

"Then I sha'n't come back till the river falls," he said. "Will you please, mistis', lock my door when you come out, and give the key to Isaac—he's my cousin—up t'big house?"

Rosalind promised to execute this commission, and then he went out, we following him as far as the door. Never shall I cease to remember—as one remembers a strange, vivid picture—the appearance of that winter evening: the desolate, marshy low-grounds around us; the last gleams of winter twilight dying away on the bare, brown hills across the river; the band of pale, yellow light encircling the horizon, a few distant pines standing relieved against it; the turbid, swollen stream before us, and the short, thick-set figure of the negro making his way as quickly as the mud would allow toward the river.

"Rosalind," said I, "it is an awful thing to tempt anybody as you have tempted that poor wretch to cast away his life."

"He will not cast away his life," she answered. "He can cross the river. I knew all the time that he could do it, and that he was only holding back for a higher price."

"I don't think so."

"I *know* so."

I shrugged my shoulders. I knew that it is a satisfaction to deny an unpleasant responsibility, even though we may not deceive even ourselves. "In that case, you have certainly paid high for your rose," said I, dryly.

"For *not* getting it," said she, smiling bitterly. And then I knew that her failure in this particular irked her pride not a little.

"If Stuart Carew takes her at her word, and stays across that river, she will never forgive him," I thought. Then I asked aloud, "Where is Jake now?"

"Down at the river," she answered. "We cannot see him from here; but if we go to the top of that bank yonder, we can watch him across."

"If he ever gets across," said I, grimly. "I tell you frankly, Rosalind, that this adventure is not at all to my liking. I did not bargain to see a man drowned when I came out."

"Stay where you are, then," she said, quietly, "but I am going to the bank."

"I shall come, too, in that case. But I protest against the whole proceeding."

She made a gesture as significant as if she had said outright, "What does that matter?—it is none of your affair." Then we set forth to the river—making our way along the top of one of the banks which overhung the road as it led down to the ferry.

The scene was certainly a wild one as we surveyed it from the eminence which we gained after a time. We appreciated the force of the current better now that we stood just above it; and in the deepening shades of twilight, the boat in which Jake had pushed out from the shore, looked like the merest cockle-shell on the breast of the stream. As we gazed, it was caught in an eddy, and whirled around suddenly like a leaf. "He can never do it—never!" I cried. "You will

see him carried down the stream before your eyes, Rosalind Earle!"

She did not answer—I fancy she scarcely heard me. Looking at her, I could see that she felt her responsibility *then* as strongly as I could desire. Even at that moment—with a human life trembling in the balance below us, I could not help thinking what a study for a painter she would have made standing in the midst of the winter landscape, her long, black cloak draping her figure, her hood fallen back on her shoulders, and her white set face, with its dark, passionate eyes gazing over the swollen flood to the struggling boat now fighting the force of the current in mid-stream.

It was a very gallant fight which Jake was making. If I had ever doubted his skill or his nerve, I should have believed in both after that evening. Certainly, he knew every eddy and swirl of the stream on which he was launched, and certainly, also, he made good use of that knowledge. Never have I seen a boat more deftly managed; never have I witnessed a more absorbing or exciting scene! It was the sharp tension of hope and anxiety—of elation one moment, and despair the next, which kept our eyes and attention riveted on him as if we had been magnetized. One second, all would seem lost; yet, before we could realize the horror which came over us, our hearts would give a wild leap into our very throats, for it was as if a strong grasp had seized the little craft, and stemmed her mad career down-stream. It was a fierce struggle, and one in which the forces were so unequal that it was a good thing it was short—else the end could only have been that which we feared. The river was not wide at its widest, however, and here it was comparatively narrow. Yet, short as the distance was, Jake could not have been an inconsiderable time in making the passage. Night had certainly come upon us while we looked, and we could barely distinguish the outline of his figure when he at last gained the bank far below the landing-place at which he had aimed.

Then Rosalind and I turned to each other with that quick sigh of relief which is so significant of ended anxiety. "Thank God!" she said. "He has done it," I said; "but it was a close thing."

"Horribly so," she answered, shuddering. Then in a lower tone, "How should I ever have forgiven myself if he had been drowned?"

I did not discuss this question. It was dark, and we were cold and muddy. I waked to a knowledge of these things, now that our adventurous ferryman was safe, and I suggested to the young lady who had risked two lives, and given five hundred dollars *not* to get a rose, that we should retrace our steps. "If we can," she answered. And we set to work to try.

Shall I ever forget that trying? The path up the bank, and through its tangled undergrowth, had not been easy in the gloaming; now it might have been bewitched, so difficult did we find it. We stumbled into mud-holes; we stumbled over briars; we received blows in the face from the limbs of trees; we tripped up over their roots; we lost our bearings, and wandered into logs and fence-corners; we

found rails as aggressive as limbs (my shoulder was almost dislocated by running full tilt against one); we scratched our hands; we tore our dresses; we expended our breath; and finally we reached our objective point—Jake's cabin—in a condition of exhaustion which was truly pitiable.

"If there were twenty balls in progress, I must rest for a while," Rosalind said, sinking down by the still glowing fire. "O Lucy, Lucy, what a Christmas-eve!"

"Thank yourself for it," said I, grimly—nowise moved to charity by the aspect of my boots and dress. "This is what comes of your playing Cunigunde. I hope that you are satisfied with the experiment."

She laughed. The weight of anxiety being removed, her spirits evidently mounted up like quicksilver. Kneeling on the rude cabin-hearth, drying the mud on her dress, and stanching the blood on her torn hands, she began to look like herself.

"I have fared worse than Cunigunde," she said. "The blow a glove gives is but weak; but we can scarcely say that of the blows which trees and brambles give—do you think so?"

"She recovered her glove, too," said I, maliciously.

The would-be Cunigunde's face fell a little. "And I have not received my trophy," she said. "How they will talk and exult over it at the Lodge—will not they? Don't you hate to gratify meddling, malicious people? I confess I do! I confess I would give any thing for a rose to wear in my hair to-night. But, then, one ought to please one's friends occasionally, and this is as cheap a way as any other, I suppose. The game was hardly worth the candle after all."

"There is no doubt of that," said I, kneeling by her.

From kneeling, we both sank down to a sitting posture, like a couple of tailors or a couple of Turks. Jake's fire was comfortable—very comfortable—and, after our experience at the river-side, we shrank from the dark passage of the muddy fields. Of course, it had to be made sooner or later; but we delayed it, as human nature will delay any thing particularly disagreeable. We dried ourselves, and gossiped at our leisure—until, at last, I waked with a start to a knowledge how time was passing.

"Rosalind, this really will not do!" said I. "There will be a perfect alarm about us at the Lodge, and a party of rescuers setting forth with lanterns and fire-arms, if we don't go back."

"Let us wait for them, then," said she, indolently. "The lanterns will be especially acceptable."

"You forget the ball."

"I should be very glad to forget it," she rejoined, curtly.

I tried argument and persuasion, but she was immovable; and, after a time, I walked indignantly to the door.

"I must go by myself, if you will not come," I said. "I positively cannot stay here any longer."

"Very well," she answered, coldly. "Tell anybody who asks for me that I am waiting for my rose."

"You think I am not in earnest," I began, half vexed. But, at that moment, the door at which I was standing was suddenly pushed open from the outside, and, before I could make any resistance—that is, before I could draw the bolt which would have kept it shut—a man walked into the dimly-lighted cabin.

I was a little startled by such an unexpected incursion, and I said, "What do you want?" in a tone which, together with the opening door, made Rosalind spring to her feet and turn round.

"Who is that?" she asked, imperiously—the fire was too low to do more than observe the outlines of the figure which had entered—"if you want to see the ferryman, he is not here."

"I have already seen him, Miss Earle," a quiet voice, which we both knew well, replied.

"Good Heavens!" I cried. "It is Stuart Carew!"

He turned his face toward me, and, the light flickering up at the moment, I saw that he was smiling faintly at my amazement.

"Yes, it is Stuart Carew—at your service, Miss Russell," he answered.

I glanced involuntarily at Rosalind. It was evident that she was thunderstruck by this sudden appearance of the man, whom she had made so great an effort to keep away. For a moment, she was quite still: then she made a step forward, almost angrily.

"How did you come here?" she asked, imperiously. "How did you cross the river? Is this the thanks you give me for the warning I sent to you?"

"Your warning came too late," he answered, coldly. "You might have known me well enough to know that, if I had once brought your rose to the other side of the river, I was scarcely likely to stop there. You might have done me the justice to believe that, what I had once undertaken, I would fulfil at any cost, after such words as yours this morning."

He spoke proudly, as well as coldly—so proudly that, I think, Rosalind scarcely knew what to make of him. She was silent for a minute, and then, "Did you swim the river again?" she demanded, quickly.

"No," he answered. "I am indebted to you for the means of crossing. I came over in the canoe of my messenger, for I feared that my horse was scarcely equal to his morning's feat again. At all events, the arrival of the boat saved him the necessity, poor fellow! and gave me the pleasure—which else I might not have had—of delivering this in safety."

He drew from his pocket, as he spoke, a small box, carefully and securely tied. The strings gave way at one impatient jerk of his fingers, and, when he lifted the cover, we saw—even by the dim firelight—a fresh, half-blown rose lying on a bed of wet cotton.

It was certainly a lovely thing, but I was unable to appreciate its loveliness just then. I looked from it to the man who had ridden thirty miles, and risked his life, to obtain it; and his appearance—spattered with mud from head to foot, and significant in every line of utter exhaustion—seemed to rob its fresh beauty of half the charm rightfully apper-

taining to it. I think Rosalind felt this as well as I. She certainly flushed crimson, and, when he presented the flower, hesitated like a shy school-girl, in doubt what to say.

"I am almost ashamed to thank you," she said, at last, in a low voice. "Instead, I ought to beg your pardon—I do beg your pardon—for having allowed you to incur so much danger and fatigue for a mere caprice—a mere trifle like this."

"Well done, Rosalind!" I thought; and I expected that Stuart would answer at once with a fervent disclaimer of the danger and the fatigue; but, to my surprise, he scarcely seemed to unbend, even under the lustrous eyes that were fastened on him. I could scarcely think that it was indeed Stuart Carew who answered so coldly and stiffly:

"To have gratified even your caprice, Miss Earle, is an honor for which I am not ungrateful," he said, a little grandiosely. "Both the danger and the fatigue are over now, and indeed were never worth mentioning. As you reminded me this morning, I have incurred almost as much for a canteen of brandy. But"—and his voice seemed to harden a little here—"if you thought that I had served you in even the least degree, that fact might surely have induced you to spare me the unnecessary insult I found awaiting me an hour ago on the banks of the Wye."

"An insult!" repeated Rosalind, sharply. "What do you mean?"

"I mean your note," he answered, with an inflection of sudden passion, shivering, as it were, the studied coldness of his voice. "What else could I mean? I mean the contemptuous words in which you bade me remain where I was—the words which would have brought me across the river if it had been ten times the flood it is, to fulfil my word, to answer your challenge, to prove to you that I am not an effeminate coward, nor yet a presuming fortune-hunter!"

"You do not know what you are saying!" said Rosalind, for once, more amazed than haughty. "You forget yourself, and I will try to forget this folly. Forgive me if there was any thing in my note which wounded you," she added, with unusual gentleness. I think the young fellow's pale, passionate face touched her suddenly. "It was certainly a poor return for all that you had done."

"If you mean what I have done to-day, do not think of it!" he answered, almost fiercely. "Only your bitter taunts stung me into it. Love had nothing to do with such service as that, Rosalind Earle. But love has had much—my God! it has had every thing—to do with every other act of my life since I have known you, and it—this love which you knew as well as I—might have won a little belief, a little respect, from you, even though you are suffering vanity and suspicion to eat away your heart."

"You—you are mad!" said Rosalind. "What have I ever done or said that you should presume to speak to me like this?"

"I will tell you what you have done and said," he answered. "You have showed me, more than once, that you thought me a mercenary scoundrel, who was seeking you for your wealth alone; and you have said—in black and white within the last three hours—

words so full of scornful contempt, so evidently intended to rebuke any possible presumption on my part, that even your love, if it were offered me this moment, could scarcely blot them out."

The blaze which had flickered up just after the speaker's entrance, died down now to a dull glow, which barely revealed the outlines of the two figures facing each other on the hearth. Even in this obscurity, however, I saw Rosalind suddenly put her hands to her face.

"You are hard on me," she said, in a voice which I could scarcely think was her own. "I—I did not mean all that."

"Yes, you meant it—all," Stuart answered. "I, who have loved you as I can scarcely learn to love another woman—I, who have hoped against hope to win you from suspicion and pride to your better nature—even I know that you meant it. Even I have opened my eyes at last to the bitter realization that I have been your plaything and your slave too long already, and that, if I wish to preserve self-respect, I must be a free man from to-night."

"Your slavery was your own choice," Rosalind's voice—trembling strangely out of the shadows—said. "I had no share in it. Your freedom, therefore, is not mine to give."

"But it shall be mine to take!" he said, with a passionate vehemence, which must have thrilled her, for it thrilled even me. "I have sworn it, and I will do it. If it can be accomplished in no other way, I will never see your face again after this hour!"

She started slightly, but laughed—a faint, nervous sound.

"Is it necessary to be so melodramatic?" she asked. "Surely my poor face can do you no great amount of harm."

"It has already done me the deadliest of harm," he answered, bitterly. "Melodramatic! That is what people like you—people who have no passion—always say of those who are fools enough to give you their hearts. Mine has troubled you for the last time, however. No doubt I shall be sorry to-morrow that I have been sufficiently mad to utter all this, but I cannot be sorry now. I could not leave you forever without having spoken the truth. It is folly to say it, perhaps, but if another man should ever love you as well as I have done, let me beg you to doubt him less than you have doubted me."

He turned from her abruptly with those words, and walked straight to the door—straight past me, whose presence he had quite forgotten—as if he feared to trust his resolution a minute longer in her presence.

To my surprise, Rosalind followed him quickly, and laid her hand on his arm as he was opening the door.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked, imperiously. "Where are you going?"

"If you will be kind enough to make my excuses to Colonel Beresford," he said, "I am going back to X—."

"You do not mean that you will cross that river again?"

"What I have done once, I can certainly do again," he answered, coldly. "Pardon me, Miss Earle, but will you let me pass?"

"One minute," she said, with something—a strange thrill—in her voice. "You have been very harsh, very unkind to me, and that, too, just after you have laid me under such an obligation; but I have not forgotten that it is Christmas-eve, and I have not forgotten, either, that I promised this morning to grant you the right of asking a Christmas-gift in return for the one you were to bring me—the one you have brought. Stuart"—I cannot express the softness and sweetness of her tone as she spoke his name—"have you none to ask?"

Although I was at some distance, I heard the young man draw in his breath with a quick gasp before he answered. Then it was very hoarsely.

"Rosalind, why are you tempting me like this?—why can you not let me go? It can be nothing but vanity which makes you want the last poor triumph of saying, 'He was a presumptuous fool, and I have rejected him.'"

"Perhaps it is only vanity," said Rosalind, quietly, "but still it is Christmas-eve, and we are never to see each other again, and—and I am sure it will not harm you to give me the 'last poor triumph,' if I want it."

"Then take it," said he, fiercely. "What does it matter whether or not I say in so many words, 'I love you, Rosalind Earle, and, poor as I am, I am fool enough to ask you to believe this and to marry me?'"

"As little, perhaps, as that I should say, 'I believe you, and I will marry you!'" she answered, clearly and calmly.

"Rosalind!" he cried, in amazement. "Rosalind, you—you do not mean it?"

"Does one ever jest like this?" asked Rosalind, proudly. Then she gave a soft, low laugh, as she added, "You see the Christmas rose has been good for something, after all!"

And I think it was this laugh which told Carew that she was in earnest, and that he, too, had won at the last moment, and in the unlikeliest possible manner, his Christmas Rose.

CHRISTIAN REID.

## OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

SIT down at the table, good comrade of mine;

Here is cheer, and some flasks of the vintage of Rhine;

Here is warmth, here is comfort, and smiles that betray

But a part of the welcome that greets you to-day;

And here in the centre, enthroned on a plate, Superb in surroundings, and royal in state, You behold—why, what cynic could give him a scowl?

With his cranberry courtiers, our national fowl.

Folk call him a Turkey—the name is absurd; This fowl is a purely American bird. His strut and his gobble, his arrogant air, His plumage of bronze, speak my countryman there.

But no! he's a coward—ah! well, that depends!

He can fight for his hen and his chicks and his friends;

And in one thing he shows an American soul— You never can force him to crawl through a hole.

There's an edge to the carving-knife polished and bright;

The plates are all warm, and the napkins all white;

Before us the celery gleams through its vase, And the cranberry-jelly is set in its place.

Thrust the sharp fork astraddle our beauty's breast-bone;

From his side cut thin slices, the whitest e'er known,

For the ladies, God bless them! but my ruder sense

Takes the thigh, and the last part that gets o'er the fence.

Ah! white meat or brown meat, it matters not much—

'Tis taste we must please, not our seeing, nor touch;

And with either for dinner we're not at a loss,

If we've celery in plenty and cranberry-sauce;

For then, with a flask of good Rudesheimer wine,

We can manage, I fancy, in comfort to dine, Nay, more—with a turkey like this at command,

Who'd not be a patriot, proud of his land!

They had figs in Judea, and fatlings so fine, Young kids dressed with olives, and what they called wine;

They had palm-trees and date-trees, and odors as rare

As the sweetest of roses could fling on the air.

What their fruits and their flowers to these cranberries red,

And their palm- and their date-trees this celery instead?

While as for their kids and their lambs and their quails,

One turkey—let's eat, for comparison fails.

THOMAS DUNN ESQUIRE.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.\*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

### CHAPTER LI.

A DISCOVERY.

BLAKE had reasons of his own for keeping his escape a secret. He therefore did not go out of the house, even though he needed exercise, but quietly waited till he was strong enough to travel. He did not know but that O'Rourke, or rather Kevin Magrath, as he now believed him to be, might still be in the city; nor did he know but that he might have emissaries abroad. For many reasons he did not wish Magrath to know that he was alive; and accordingly he determined to travel in disguise, so as to guard against the possibility of discovery. This disguise was very easily procured—a false beard, spectacles, and a priest's dress, being sufficient to make him unrecog-

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



nizable by his own mother. In a few days they set out, and reached Paris without any further incident.

Blake remained in his room that day. Mrs. Wyverne rested a few hours, and then, in the afternoon, went out with the intention of finding Clara. Toward evening Blake left the hotel, and went to visit Kane Ruthven.

Kane was alone. In answer to the knock at the door he roared, "Come in!" The door opened, and a man entered in a priest's dress, for Blake's caution would not allow him as yet to drop his disguise. Kane rose, and looked inquiringly at his visitor, but without the slightest sign of recognition. Upon this Blake removed his beard, and spectacles, and revealed to Kane the pale face of his friend, upon which were still visible the marks of the sufferings through which he had passed.

"Good Lord!" cried Kane Ruthven, springing forward and grasping Blake's hands in both of his. "Blake, old fellow, is it really you? Why, how pale you are!"

He stopped abruptly, and looked anxiously at Blake, still holding his hands.

"I've had a hard time of it, old fellow," said Blake; "been sick, and am hardly well yet."

"Ah, that accounts for your strange silence. Why, I've been at my wit's ends about you. You decamped suddenly, leaving a crazy, unintelligible letter, and vanished into midnight darkness. Sick, ah! So that's it—but where?"

"You've just said it," said Blake, solemnly. "I vanished into midnight darkness."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, perhaps I'd better tell you all about myself, for I want to get your assistance, old boy. You're the very man I need now, and you're the only man."

"You may rely upon me to no end of an extent, my boy," said Kane, earnestly. "But come, sit down now. We've given queer confidences to one another in this room, and it looks as though this would be the queerest. But you'll take something, won't you?"

"Thanks—no."

"What—not even ale?"

"Well, perhaps a glass of ale wouldn't be unwelcome," said Blake, taking his seat on the sofa. Kane at once poured out the draught, and Blake slowly drank it. Thereupon Kane offered a pipe, which, however, Blake refused.

Kane now sat down, and Blake told him the whole story. He listened in a state of mind which was made up of astonishment and horror, and said not a single word.

After this, Blake proceeded to give him the outlines of his mother's story, without hinting, however, at the fact of Clara's flight and subsequent life. This he did not feel prepared as yet to divulge. He merely wished Kane to understand what he had learned about his own birth, and about that of Inez; to explain the character of Kevin Magrath, and try identifying him with O'Rourke, to disclose the motive which had animated his betrayer.

The effect of all this upon Kane was tremendous. The last phase which his opinion about Magrath had undergone was one of

reverence. He had sought him out as a culprit; he had pleaded his own cause before him as before a judge; he had humbly and most gratefully listened to his acquittal, and had received the grasp of his hand as a symbol of the forgiveness of some superior being. Now, in the light of Blake's story, Kevin Magrath stood at last revealed in his own true character—a villain, cold-blooded, remorseless, terrible!

But with this discovery there came a throng of thoughts so painful that he hardly dared to entertain them. At once he thought of Inez—of Bessie—now in the power of this man, who could take them where he wished, since they had been formally intrusted to him by their best friends—by Kane and Gwyn—the husband, the brother; thus handing them both over unsuspectingly into his keeping. The terror of this thought was too much.

Blake saw the horror of Kane's soul, and understood at once that his story had served to arouse within his friend feelings and troubles that were connected with himself, and that some new grief had arisen before Kane out of the light of this revelation. What it was he could not conjecture. He thought at first that Kane's troubles perhaps referred to Clara; and then he thought that they might be connected with Inez. For already Blake's speculation upon Magrath's course had made him think that his next victim might be Inez. And now the sight of Kane's agitation made him feel so sure at last that Inez was really involved, that he was afraid to ask, for fear that he might learn the truth that he dreaded to hear.

There was now a long silence. Each had much to say, but did not know how to say it. In the mind of each there was that which he dreaded to make known to the other.

Kane was the first to break the silence.

"Settled in Rome! for good—for good!" he repeated, recalling the statement of Magrath—"settled in Rome for good!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Blake, in surprise.

"It was what I heard about you."

"About me?" cried Blake. "Who said it?"

"What horrible irony! What cold-blooded, remorseless humor—for he had a sense of humor—the humor of a demon; and I can imagine him enjoying this, all by himself—'*settled down—yes, down—in Rome—and for good!*'"

"There's only one man that could have said that of me. What do you mean? Have you seen him?"

Blake trembled from head to foot. The danger was growing greater, and drawing nearer to Inez.

"Only one man—yes," said Kane. "Of course; you are right. Your O'Rourke must be Kevin Magrath, and he was the man that said that of you."

Blake started to his feet.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes," said Kane, solemnly.

"You know something, that you're holding back," said Blake, in feverish excitement. "Magrath has been doing something more, which you know of; and now, since I have

told you his true character, you are horrified. There is danger abroad, to which friends of yours are exposed—are they friends of mine, too?"

Before Kane could answer, there was a knock at the door. Blake looked impatiently around. It was Gwyn. Kane introduced them to one another, and explained Gwyn's position as the husband of the young lady whom he had known as Bessie Mordaunt.

"Before I answer your last question, Blake," said Kane, "let me explain all this horrible business to my brother here, for I assure you he is as deeply concerned in what you ask about as you yourself are—perhaps more so."

At this Blake regarded Gwyn with sad curiosity. Kane's words meant that he was implicated, probably as Bessie's husband, and that if there was danger to Inez, Bessie was also involved. He was now content to explain all to Gwyn, so as to have his coöperation in any duty that might now arise before them, and also to get the benefit of any advice which one so deeply interested might be able to give.

Gwyn had never experienced any of those alternations of opinion about Kevin Magrath which had been felt by Kane; indeed, he had not thought much about him, inasmuch as he had only known him for the last few days. During that time he had thought of him as rather an eccentric, but still a good man, and had only objected to him on the ground that he formed one of those who were taking Bessie from him. But now, as he learned the truth about this man, and reflected that he had allowed Bessie to go with him—thinking also that Bessie, as one of the Mordaunts, might be implicated in the fate of those whom he yet believed to be her sisters—a great fear arose in his heart, and he sat looking at the others in mute horror.

"He—he—could not harm her—he—loves her—she always called him her dear grandpa, you know," faltered Gwyn, at last.

"Is your wife with him?" asked Blake, rightly interpreting the meaning of those words.

"Yes," said Kane, "and Inez, too."

At this, Blake said not a word. He had dreaded it; he had expected it; but was none the less overwhelmed when he actually heard it.

"It's a mixed-up story, and the devil himself couldn't have worked with more patient, cold-blooded craft," said Kane. "I didn't like to tell you, and I don't like to now, but Inez has had a hard time of it."

"Go on," said Blake, in a whisper.

Upon this, Kane told Blake the whole story of Inez—her imprisonment, her escape, his meeting with her, his journey to Ruthven, and Bessie's departure to meet her friend, followed by himself and Gwyn. Some of this was news to Gwyn, for he had not known before the name of the man who had entrapped Inez. It only added to his terrors about Bessie. To Blake this was all too fearfully intelligible. The long, deep, patient plot was characteristic of Kevin Magrath. He chose to lead his victims to destruction, as his mother had said, by a purely natural process, by their own act and consent, so that he should

be himself free from danger. What more? Had Inez and Bessie now gone with him voluntarily to destruction? He trembled to hear.

The rest was soon told. The story of Clara's grave in Rome, of the removal of her remains—all was horrible. He knew well how false it was. He could not tell Kane even then the truth about Clara, so as to show Kane and Gwyn its complete untruth. He could scarcely use his faculties, and it seemed as though his strength of mind and body, which had been so severely tried of late, was about to give way utterly under this new blow.

"They're lost!" he cried at last. "There's no such grave—in all—Rome."

Kane looked at him as though he would read his soul.

"Her father," said he, in a voice which was tremulous with agitation at a frightful suspicion which came to him—"her father—had her—her remains buried—by the side of her mother—in the Catacombs."

"The Catacombs!" groaned Blake. "O God! The Catacombs! O Heavens! don't you know what that means?"

At this both Kane and Gwyn shuddered.

"Stop!" said Kane, in a hoarse voice, "don't be too fast—you don't know—she was taken away from Père-la-Chaise."

"She was not," cried Blake, who could not say any more.

"What do you mean?" asked Kane.

"Go and ask the keeper—go to the cemetery now—ask him if any such a removal has taken place," gasped Blake.

"By Heavens, I will!" cried Kane. "He had *persuaded me*. I too was going to the Catacombs, to pray at her grave. I will go this very instant and see—" He hurried out of the room, and banged the door after him, in the middle of his sentence.

Blake and Gwyn sat there in silence, overwhelmed by the anguish of the new fear that had arisen in their minds. Of the two, Blake was in the deeper despair, for he knew all. Gwyn's knowledge was imperfect, and he could not help consoling himself by the belief which he had in Magrath's affection for Bessie. She had always spoken of him in fondest language. She rested in his affection now with the undoubting confidence of a child. Inez showed nothing of such a sentiment. Bessie seemed to appropriate Magrath as her own—as if he was her father. Moreover, once before, when he had been able to injure Bessie, he had spared her, and it was for Inez alone that he had spread his snares. Out of all this he could not help reaching the conclusion that Bessie was perfectly safe, and Inez alone in peril.

That Inez was in peril he had no doubt. What then? What part was Bessie destined to play? Was her presence any protection to Inez? If so, why should Magrath allow her to go? Perhaps Magrath was making use of Bessie to work out his will on Inez the more surely. Perhaps he was using Bessie as a decoy. Perhaps—the thoughts that came to him now were such as filled him with horror. Once more the terrible recollection came of Ruthven Towers, of Bessie with her frightful suggestions, of that appalling moment when she stood before him on the top of the cliff and seemed a beautiful

demon—the Tempter in the form of an angel—in the form of one whom he loved dearer than life. The remembrance was anguish; and once more there went on within him a struggle of soul something like that which had torn him as he fought down the temptation. But the evil thought once indulged could not easily be dismissed, nor could the one of whom he had once formed suspicions become ever again altogether free from their recurrence. The thought which had once made him strike her senseless was not to be destroyed, nor could Bessie ever be immaculate again. Circumstances suggested themselves to his mind, and tormented him by the horrible coloring which they gave to her actions: her flight from Ruthven Towers; her bringing Inez once more into Magrath's power; her refusal to return to her husband; her departure with Inez and Magrath, and to Rome, and to the Catacombs; her last words reminding him that he must bring Kane too. Was it only to draw Kane to Rome that she wished him to come? Was she trying to make a decoy of him? and, since she had failed in her first temptation, had she resorted to one which was more insidious? And why? Destroy Kane, and Ruthven Towers would be his; destroy Inez, and Mordaunt Manor would be hers!—A groan burst from him in his agony; he started to his feet, and paced the room unconscious of the presence of Blake.

But Blake himself had too much to think of to give any attention to his companion. Kane had gone, and he knew what news he would bring back. What then? He must act. How? When? How long was it since they had started for Rome? Could he overtake them?

Clara's grave! The Catacombs! Abhorrent, appalling thought! The Catacombs! And Kevin Magrath was now leading Inez to that place of horror—the place to which he had been led. And Inez was going of her own free will, as he had gone; drawn there as he had been drawn, by an overpowering motive. Avarice had drawn him; Love was drawing her. He had gone to find the treasure of the Cæsars; she was going to pray at a sister's grave. What damnable art was it that enabled this man to destroy the just suspicions of others?—and, after all that he had done to Inez, to win her confidence, and even that of a world-worn man like Kane? Was he, too, intending to go down into the Catacombs with Kevin Magrath? Would not he, too, wish to pray at Clara's grave? And Gwyn Ruthven! Was he, too, doomed? What part had his wife in all this? Why did she leave her young husband who loved her? What had she to do with the Mordaunts? What connection was there between her and Magrath? His mother knew that she was not a Mordaunt, or at least not of the family of Bernal Mordaunt. Was she true, and deceived; or a deceiver, false like Magrath? Or was she a decoy used by Magrath, though innocent herself?

Blake's thoughts about Bessie were bitter; and present circumstances, combined with what he had heard from Gwyn and Kane about her, had already created suspicions in his mind which he had not cared or dared to express. In his own thoughts he doubted

her; he feared the worst about her. Thus, in this present terrible moment, it was Bessie's hard fortune to be the subject of the gravest and darkest suspicion, not only in the mind of Blake, but even in that of her husband.

At length, after a long absence, Kane returned. His face wore a strange expression.

"Well?" cried Blake.

"It is gone," said Kane, slowly.

"What!"

"It is true. Her—remains—were exhumed—and taken away. I saw the keeper, who showed me the books of record—and I—visited the grave."

He flung himself into a chair by the table and buried his head in his hands.

Blake was bewildered, but a moment's reflection explained all.

"It is part of that villain's consummate and most painstaking style of action. He always works in what he would call a scientific or artistic manner. Yes, he has certainly exhumed—something—and—"

Kane started up and stared.

"This is the second time," he said, with deep agitation, "that you have spoken about—about her—in that tone. In Heaven's name, Blake, what is it? What am I to understand?"

"Tone?" said Blake, confusedly. "I was not conscious of any particular tone."

With a disappointed look, Kane sat down again.

"We must act, or I must, and at once," cried Blake. "Tell me—have I time?"

Gwyn and Kane looked at one another.

"I tell you his removal of—of that—is only to make his work more thorough. He will have something to show them."

Kane looked up.

"That is what I mean by your tone. I can't understand you, but I see how agitated you are. I'll talk about it to-morrow. But if you are going to do any thing, Gwyn and I will help you. Magrath left for Rome yesterday morning only, with Inez and Bessie. Gwyn wanted me to leave with him to-morrow, but I was going to remain a week or two. Still, as things are now, we ought all of us to leave by the very next train."

"Will you go?—that's right," said Blake. "Yesterday morning!—and Magrath is prompt in his acts always; but this time he may be more leisurely about it, he may not suspect pursuit. He knows nothing of my escape. No—no—I think he will go about this work leisurely, and assist those of you who wish to—descend into the Catacombs—and pray at Clara's tomb.—When does the next train go, to-night? Can't we start at once? I will go now. I'll only stop a minute to write a few lines to my mother."

"Wait, Blake, boy," said Kane, as Blake, after these incoherent words, arose and walked to the door. "There's no train till morning. We had better all leave at the same time. You can write your letter here, or you'll have time to go and see your mother yourself."

"No; I won't go and see her," said Blake. "She would make objections, and all that, or insist on coming with me. No. I'll write her, and if you can find some one to take it to her address, I'll be obliged."

Kane now offered Blake some writing-materials, and he wrote very hurriedly the following letter: .

"DEAR MOTHER: I have heard the very worst. Inez has fallen into the hands of Kevin Magrath, who has taken her to Rome. You know what that means. I am going back there by the first train to-morrow morning, in the faint hope of being able to save her. If you have any news about Clara, you had better come on also. Kane Ruthven and his brother Gwyn are going to accompany me. I have said nothing to Kane about Clara.

"If you come to Rome you will find me, or hear of me at the old lodgings.

"Your affectionate son,  
"BASIL."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## THE MONOGRAM OF CHRIST.



IANITY is but little older than the Chrismon, the monogram of Christ. Indeed, some, whose opinions are of weight, ascribe the invention and the adoption of this sacred symbol to the time when the followers of Jesus, at

Antioch, accepted the name which the heathen had applied to them in derision. Although there is no evidence of this, it is by no means improbable. The first Gentile Church at Antioch was composed of Greeks, or of Jews who, like St. Paul, were accustomed to the Greek tongue. The name of their Lord and Master, ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ (*Christos*, Christ, the Anointed), was of vast import to them; and it is probable that the initial letters, XP (CHR), were used as a sacred sign from the beginning. This abbreviation is found in all the early manuscripts of the New Testament, written thus, XP, the dash above indicating contraction. That the monogram proper is not used in the manuscripts is no argument against its greater antiquity; for the oldest Codex (the Sinaiticus, probably) was not written earlier than the middle of the fourth century, and the Chrismon is found on Christian tombs of the beginning of the second century.

A still greater antiquity has been assigned to this symbol. We are told that it was one of the sacred signs of the Egyptians, and that it occurs frequently on the coins of the Ptolemaic kings, as well as on Greek coins. Some of the old writers have exercised a good deal of ingenuity in manufacturing derivations and meanings for it. Some make it an abbreviation of *χρυσόσπορος* (with the golden sword), an epithet of Jupiter and of Apollo; some think it a contraction of *χρηστός* (good, upright); and others believe it to stand for *Χρέμων* (Chremon), the name of one of the Thirty Tyrants of Athens. But it is probable, in all of these cases, that some other emblem has been confounded with the Chrismon. The *ceranium*, or symbol of lightning, sometimes

made thus, , and sometimes thus, , may easily have been mistaken for it. The

Egyptian cross, says Maitland, appears to be an abbreviation of the Nilometer.

Some ascribe the invention of the monogram of Christ to the Emperor Constantine, and assert that he used it first on his military standard, the Labarum; but this opinion is supported by little weight of authority. A number of examples have been found, in the Roman Catacombs, that undoubtedly antedate his reign. Among the most notable are those inscribed on the tombs of Marius (No. 1), a soldier martyred under the Emperor Hadrian (A. D. 117-138); of Alexander (No. 2), martyred under Antoninus Pius (138-161); and of Pope Caius, martyred under Diocletian, A. D. 296.



\* 1.



2.

The monogram is found also on vases, lamps, seals, and rings, of a very early date.

It appears on the Christian tombs in the Catacombs in a number of diverse forms, of which two are met most frequently. One of these, a combination of the Greek letters X and P, as seen in the above examples, is probably the most ancient. In the other the X becomes a cross, the perpendicular of which constitutes the staff of the P, as seen in No. 3. The first of these forms occurs the



3.



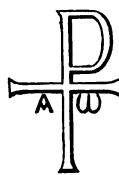
4.

oftener on the tombs. At a later period, the cross is found occasionally detached from the P, as in No. 4. The Alpha (A) and the Omega (ω) frequently make a part of the monogram, appearing sometimes above and sometimes below the arms of the cross. This addition is in allusion to the passages of Scripture where Christ says: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." Some contend that the sign of which St. John speaks in the Apocalypse is none other than the Chrismon. It is, at least, significant that the Alpha and the Omega are found combined with it at so early a period.

Generally, the monogram, like the rest of the inscription, is rudely executed, as if scratched with some sharp instrument in the fresh mortar, when the cells were closed; but some are very creditably drawn. A rude attempt at ornamentation is sometimes seen, like the palm-branches in No. 5.



5.



6.

Not unfrequently we find the monogram surmounted by the dove, emblematic of the Holy Spirit; and sometimes two doves appear, one on each side, like heraldic supporters. Occasionally another letter is combined with the X and the P, as in No. 8. This is intended, probably, for "Nomen Christi."

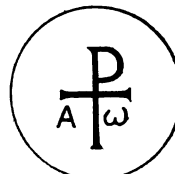


7.

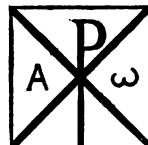


8.

The Chrismon is found, in some instances, inscribed in a circle or a square. The following examples, discovered by Bosio, the indefatigable explorer of subterranean Rome, were probably impressed in the soft cement with a metal seal or die.



9.

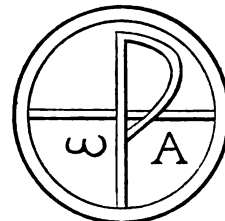


10.

No. 11 was found by Boldetti, in the cemetery of St. Agnes. It is also an impress of a seal. It reads: "*Spes in Deo Christo*," "Hope in God Christ." It is curious to note that the Greek P (ρ) is made to serve also as the Latin P (p) in the word "*Spes*." In No. 12 the Alpha and the Omega are reversed.



11.



12.

Art, in the early Christian centuries, was monopolized by the heathen, the followers of Christ paying but little attention to what appeared to them to be chiefly a means for the glorification of pagan divinities. But after the conversion of Constantine, when the new religion was fostered by the state, and the great as well as the lowly were numbered among the believers, there came a change. In nothing is this more evident than in the Christian emblems of the period, which began to assume new and more elaborate forms. The cross appears profusely decorated, and the Chrismon is sculptured on tombs and sarcophagi with some attempt at artistic effect.



13.

following beautiful bass-relief, now in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican. The jewels are only in marble, but they represent the real gems often lavished on the cross and the monogram :



Jewelled Monogram, from the Vatican.

Of a like antiquity is the bass-relief of the cross surmounted by the Chrismon, at the end of this article. In this the sacred monogram is surrounded by an elaborately-sculptured wreath, and the dove stands on one arm of the cross; the other arm, unfortunately, has been broken. This example, also, is in the Vatican.

Some writers have contended that the P in the monogram of Christ is the Latin P (*p*), and not the Greek P (*ρ*); and that the abbreviation must be read, "*Pro Christo*," indicating, when found on a tomb, the grave of one who died a martyr "for Christ." But numerous tumular inscriptions, where the context necessitates the reading of the name of Christ alone, prove the unsoundness of the claim. This is evident from the following examples, found in the Catacombs :

IN  $\chi$  DEO,

which can be read only, "*In Christo Deo*," "In Christ God ;"

IN PACE ET IN  $\chi$ ,

"*In Pace et in Christo*," "In Peace and in Christ ;"

IH  $\chi$  AH,

"*Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ Δούλης*," "A Servant of Jesus Christ."

In the following both the name and the monogram are given :

BIBAS IN  $\chi$  CRISTO,

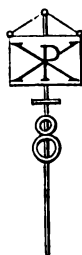
"*Vivas in Christo!*" "Mayst thou live in Christ!"

In the later Latin inscriptions B and V are often confounded; but the error in the last word can be accounted for only on the supposition that the engraver was not entirely at home in the spelling-book.

There are few facts in history stranger or more suggestive than the adoption of the Christian symbol by Constantine, and its elevation to the dignity of a national emblem. His action appears the more remarkable when we take into consideration how much an object of horror the cross was in the eyes of a Roman. To him it was the instrument of tortures inflicted only on slaves and strangers; and with it were associated ideas of guilt and ignominy. Its very name, *crux*, was ill-omened, and was used as a synonym of trouble, misery, and torment. Says Cicero ("Pro C. Rabirio"): "Let the very name of the cross be absent, not only from the body of Roman citizens, but also from the thought, from the eyes, from the ears." To overcome such a prejudice so thoroughly as to secure the adoption of the hated emblem as an object of pride and veneration must have required something more than the fiat of the emperor, however much he was beloved by his soldiers.

As on all events where the supernatural has part, a shadow of doubt and uncertainty must ever rest on the story of the vision of Constantine; but whatever may have been the motive cause of his subsequent act—whether it had its origin in a burst of religious enthusiasm, as the Christian writers assert, or in a deep-laid scheme of policy, as others have suggested—the result was the same. The new standard, bearing the emblem of Him who died on the "accursed tree," was elevated before the hosts of heathen Rome, and followed by them to assured victory.

The Labarum, as the banner was called, was a pole with a horizontal cross-bar, forming a cross, from which depended a square purple banderole. The staff was surmounted by a golden crown, set with jewels, in the midst of which was the monogram of Christ. The banderole, which was about a foot square, judging from the height of the men carrying the standard on the ancient monuments, says Montfaucon, was adorned with fringes and with precious stones, and had upon it the figure or the emblem of Christ. Prudentius, who describes its glories with poetical fervor, says that "Christ, woven in jewelled gold, marked the purple Labarum;" also that the monogram of Christ was inscribed on the shields of the soldiers, and that the "cross burned on the crests of helmets."



Labarum.

The accompanying cut of the Labarum is from a medal of Valentinian I. (A. D. 364-375). It will be noticed that there is no crown on the staff, but that the monogram is represented on the banderole.

A vast deal of learning has been expended on the Labarum and its verbal derivation; but it is not our province to discuss whether it was identical in form with

the  *vexillum*  of the Roman cavalry, or had a foreign origin; nor to decide whether it derives its name from the Latin, the Greek, or from some more barbarous tongue. Nor, further, is it of consequence whether it was first borne against the legions of Maxentius, in A. D. 312, or, ten years later, against those of Licinius. But the question of the form of the monogram adopted by Constantine is nearer to our subject. On this point, also, there is a diversity of opinion. Some contend that the original was merely the combination of the letters X and P, which we have designated as the more ancient form; others, that it was of the cross-form. Pelliccia says that it resembled an X overturned, with one point bent around (*renversée avec une pointe recourbée*), which would give it the cross-shape. Perret says that "one finds sometimes the one and sometimes the other on the coins of Constantine." On the contrary, Humphrey says that "we seek in vain for Christian emblems on the coinage of the first Christian emperor." This is not quite correct, although they appear to have been very rare. Vaillant and Akerman both describe one gold coin which displays the Chrismon. According to the former, this has the cross-form. On the coins of Constantius II., the son and successor of Constantine the Great, the monogram appears frequently in both forms. Julian the Apostate (361-363) substituted for it, on his coins and medals, the old letters S. P. Q. R.; but Jovian restored the sacred emblem, and it is found on the coins of the succeeding emperors.

In later times, the Chrismon fell gradually into disuse, and it is now superseded almost altogether, in church ornamentation, by the monogram of Jesus, the I. H. S.



From the Vatican.

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY.

I.

"CHRISTMAS is here! Christmas is here!"  
The bells are ringing it far up-town;  
Old Trinity chimes below;  
The boys are singing it up and down,  
Shouting it over the snow.  
Merrily, merrily, sound the bells;  
The children listen with glee;  
Cheerily, cheerily, each one tells  
The words of their melody:  
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"



## II.

The walls are shining with holly red—  
The roses of Christmas snows;  
And wreaths are twining with cones o'er-  
spread—  
The nuts that Christmas bestows.  
No home so lonely but through its gloom  
The light of Christmas is seen;  
Though it be only a single room,  
It hangs up its Christmas green;  
Though it be only a single spray  
Picked up at the closed church-door,  
Though it have only the sunlight gray,  
The bare, uncarpeted floor  
Of some poor dwelling in narrow street,  
Where the all-day shadows fall,  
It still is telling the tidings sweet,  
Glad tidings of joy to all:  
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

## III.

The city people are old with care;  
They are old beyond their years.  
From the church-steeple, through the clear  
air,  
The bells' voice reaches their ears:  
"Come unto me, ye weary and worn!"  
It echoes from east to west:  
"Come unto me, ye poor and forlorn;  
In me ye shall all find rest!"  
The rich man, weary with counting spoil,  
A moment forgets his gold;  
The poor man, dreary with hopeless toil,  
A moment forgets the cold—  
The bitter weather, the cares of gain,  
Are vanquished by Christmas-spells;  
And both together are boys again,  
As they hear the Christmas-bells:  
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

## IV.

The mourner hears, as high in the air  
The echoing chimes are tost;  
The mourner's tears start in new despair—  
She thinks of her loved and lost.  
The well-known sound of those little feet,  
Fast running to meet papa;  
The well-known sound of the greeting sweet,  
"A merry Christmas, mamma!"—  
Are gone forever, leaving behind  
But a waste of broken toys—  
Are gone forever, leaving behind  
But a waste of broken joys.  
Then, faint and low, like far music-swells,  
Echoing down from above,  
Come soft and slow, through the chiming  
bells,  
These words of heavenly love:  
"Suffer the children to come to me—  
They are but lent, not given;  
Suffer the children to come to me—  
Of such is the kingdom of heaven."  
The dark room beams with a vision bright,  
And the mother's tearful eyes  
See pearly gleams from the walls of light,  
As fair crystal bulwarks rise  
Above, afar, where the children's souls  
As a glory fill the place,  
And, like a star whose soft ray consoles,  
Bends down her lost darling's face.  
Angels rejoice, as the cherub throng  
Keep Christmas up in the sky;  
Her darling's voice leads their joyful song,  
And the mother joins in the cry:  
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

## V.

The poor soul haunted by tempting thought,  
With hands stretched out to begin  
The work enchanted, by Satan wrought,  
The gleaming palace of sin,

Sits trembling, lost, with the gloating face  
Of the tempter behind his chair,  
Dissembling his smile, filling the place  
With visions, bewildering fair,  
Of fruit forbidden, whose flavors burn  
The heart with a fiery breath;  
Of pathways hidden, whose footsteps turn  
Down, ever downward, to death.  
The poor soul spurns his conscience' faint fears  
To note what the tempter tells;  
The poor soul turns, when, sudden, he hears  
The sound of the Christmas-bells!  
The Christmas-bells! Lo! the Gospel-truth  
Comes back to his memory;  
Unbidden it tells of his guileless youth,  
The prayer at his mother's knee,  
Till the sudden thought his bosom swells—  
The contrast 'twixt now and then—  
And his sudden cry goes forth with the bells:  
"Help, O thou Saviour of men!"  
The tempter gloating is put to flight,  
The visions of evil end,  
As, downward floating on rays of light,  
Angels of Christmas descend;  
They take control, they strengthen his heart,  
They calm his bewildered fears;  
And the rescued soul, as his sins depart,  
Thanks God, as he cries with tears:  
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

## VI.

"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"  
Once more, once more, has the year rolled  
round  
To the Saviour's sacrifice;  
Once more, once more, comes the heavenly  
sound  
From the walls of Paradise:  
"Glory to God!" sing the choir above,  
And Earth rolls out her "Amen"—  
"Glory to God in the highest love!  
On earth peace! Good-will to men!"  
"Christmas is here! Christmas is here!"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

## WALL-STREET ENGLISH.

OF the technical terms in use in Wall Street, where transactions amounting to fifty or sixty million dollars frequently take place in one day, only a few are understood by the general public. You, my good sir, are not a speculator; of course not. You do not care a button about "cliques" and "corners;" and, whether "bulls" "squeeze" "shorts," or "bears" "hammer the market," your mind is easy and your conscience clear. But, nevertheless, you may possibly be willing to know the meaning of the strange phrases which form the idiom of the great financial centre, and which, if you read the money articles in the dailies, doubtless sometimes set you wondering at the queer antics our language is compelled to play.

As all the world knows, the regular operators in stocks are divided into two classes—"bulls" and "bears." Sometimes these animals change their species, bulls becoming bears and bears bulls, as a falling or a rising market may lead their honest hearts. The main object of the bulls is to advance prices; that of the bears, to depress. Frequently, when the market is rising, and there are prospects of a continued advance, speculators who have consorted with the bears for several months will suddenly desert them and join

the ranks of the bulls, remaining there while Fortune smiles on that side, and rushing back to the bears the moment the fickle goddess indicates an intention to transfer her favors. On the other hand, habitual bulls often leave their own pasture for the den of Bruin when the market shows signs of turning downward, and remain in Bruin's company till their regular grazing-ground again becomes particularly attractive. Or, to simplify the matter, a speculator will be a bull or a bear, according to the prospect of making money on one side or the other. One who is a bull to-day may figure as a bear to-morrow, and *vice versa*.

Bears thrive most on public calamities. Any occurrence that unsettles values puts money in their pockets. The burning of Chicago was worth many millions to the bear interest in Wall Street. Occasionally the leaders of this interest devise a scheme to shake confidence in financial soundness, and possibly bring on a panic, in order that they may break the market and buy stocks at low prices. They do not care how much the community may suffer, or how many merchants, bankers, or manufacturers, may be ruined, provided their own interest is served. Generally they are utterly unscrupulous as to the means employed to accomplish their object, and the more embarrassment and suffering they cause to others the more likely are their own transactions to yield them handsome profits. Yet, if there were no bears in Wall Street, the Stock Exchange would be found a rather dull place.

The terms "long" and "short" are of respective application to the bull and bear parties. The bulls are always "long" of stock, and the bears are always "short." The speculator who has stocks on hand, which he bought with the expectation of selling at higher prices, is on the bull side, and, in the parlance of the street, is "long." A bear seldom has stocks on hand. His business is to sell "short"—that is, to sell property which he has not got, intending to buy and deliver when prices are lower. Generally the stock is to be delivered the day after it is sold, but quite often the bear does not buy it for a month, or two or three months. How, then, can he deliver it within twenty-four hours? By borrowing from another person. There is in Wall Street a regular system for borrowing stock. The broker who represents the speculator procures the stock on loan from another broker, to whom he gives a check, as security, for the value of what is borrowed. This transaction is good for one day only, but it may be renewed the next day, and then the next; and thus several weeks may pass before the stock is really purchased for delivery. Meantime, the seller, if he belongs to a clique or "pool," is trying every day to depress prices, in order that he may buy the stock at a lower figure than that at which he sold it. This is the operation known as "hammering the market," and a very exciting one it sometimes is.

But the bears are often badly "squeezed," and then they make a rush to "cover." When the bulls learn that there is a large "short" interest in any particular stock, they put their heads together and get up a "corner." When a stock is said to be "cornered," the meaning

is, that it is controlled by a clique. The clique holds enough of it to control the market and exact such terms as may be desired. An upward movement is suddenly developed, and then the bears, who have sold "short," in expectation of lower prices, become alarmed, and begin to buy. In the majority of cases the men who work the advance are the very ones who bought what the bears sold, and they are now selling it to them, at high figures, for delivery back to themselves.

"Twisting" is the process of making the bears pay high prices for what they probably sold at low prices, and "covering" is the operation of buying stock to close "short" contracts. Once in a while a stock is so closely "cornered" that it can be borrowed only at enormous interest for the day's use—perhaps at a rate that is equal to one thousand per cent. per annum. An operation of this sort is the worst "squeeze" of all, and it is not to be wondered at that, as the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange say, the bears generally "squeal" under it. One shrewd manipulator of stocks is known to have cleared fifty thousand dollars in one day by loaning a fancy stock that he had "cornered." But the same gentleman sometimes gets into a "corner" prepared by others. It is commonly understood that he was fleeced to the amount of nearly two millions during the lively "Northwest" gale, a few weeks since.

"Puts" and "calls" are terms of more than ordinary difficulty for the uninitiated to understand. Their meaning may, however, be made comparatively plain. A, for instance, proposes to "put" to B—that is, deliver to him—a certain amount of a certain stock, within a certain time, at a price agreed upon when the contract is made, and gives B a bonus of one, two, or three per cent., as the case may be, for the privilege. This is a "put." If the stock does not decline in value to an amount exceeding the sum given to B, A cannot make any thing by the transaction; and, unless he chooses to deliver the stock, he is not obliged to do so. If it falls more than that amount, A may make a good profit; for B, having accepted the bonus, is bound to take the stock, even though it may be selling five or ten per cent. below the price at which he agreed to take it.

A "call" is pretty much the same thing, with this difference: A gives B a hundred or a thousand dollars, or whatever sum may be agreed upon, for the privilege of "calling" from B a certain amount of stock, within a given number of days. If the stock advances, A may "call" it and make money. If it declines, he need not "call" it; but, of course, the bonus he gave to B is forfeit. There are times when the business in "puts" and "calls" is quite large, and a great deal of money is made by it; but, like all other kinds of speculation, it is dangerous to the inexperienced.

"Scoop" is a term less familiar to the public than any of the foregoing. The "scoop-game," a very common one in Wall Street, is played in this way: A clique of speculators, let us suppose, want to get possession of a good deal of some particular

stock, which they have reason to believe will soon advance in price; but, of course, they want to get it cheap, and they accomplish their object by starting a break in the stock. This is done by offering it at low figures. They instruct their brokers to offer small quantities under the market-price, and keep on offering it lower and lower, until other holders of the same stock, who are not in their confidence, become alarmed and sell out at the best price they can get. In the mean time the clique have other brokers buying all the stock that is offered; and thus they get possession of a large amount of stock at low prices, which they can probably sell, a few days later, at a large profit. The "scoop-game" is one of the most profitable that the Wall-Street gentlemen play.

The process of "washing"—a very good one in its ordinary sense—is often employed in Wall Street. "Washing" is a peculiar operation there—very peculiar, indeed—and the outsider ought to keep as far as possible from the suds. A clique is as necessary to it as to the "scoop" business. There is a stock on the list, for instance, that the public persists in letting alone; and the holders of it want to stir up some excitement in this stock, and induce the public to buy it. How do they proceed? Their plan is quite simple: Several brokers—let us suppose four—are employed to "wash" the stagnant stock. No. 1 offers to sell. No. 2 takes what is offered. No. 3 wants to buy. No. 4 sells 8 all he wants. This is kept up for a few days, the price rising steadily as the "wash" proceeds; but not one share of the stock is actually sold. But the innocent outsider, supposing these fictitious transactions to be real, and thinking there is a chance to make a turn in the stock, goes in as a buyer himself. Ten to one, he will never get as much for the stock as he paid, for it falls stagnant again when the speculators have got it off their hands.

"Coppering" is a term recently introduced, but very well understood in the street. It means operating in a direction contrary to that of another operator. For example, one man buys a particular stock, believing that it will advance; another man, observing that the first has not been lucky in his operations, sells this particular stock, believing that it will decline. Or the first may sell a stock "short," and the second, calculating on the other's ill-luck, will buy. This sort of speculation is carried on only by the smaller class of operators, and may be set down as sheer gambling.

A "straddle" is a double privilege, entitling the purchaser to either "put" or "call" a stock. The bonus is generally double the amount paid for the single privilege of "put" or "call."

A "margin" is the money deposited with the broker through whom stocks are purchased, as security against a sudden depreciation. The amount is generally about ten per cent. of the par-value of the stock. "Margins" are the rocks on which so many adventurers on the uncertain waters of speculation are utterly wrecked.

"Carrying" means holding stocks on a "margin," in anticipation of higher prices. Often a stock is "carried" for six months,

but generally the time is not more than two months, and frequently not more than a week. Quick turns are the rule with the majority of speculators.

"Watering" is the operation of suddenly increasing the capital stock of a company. Wall Street was thoroughly familiarized with it by the reckless Erie managers, who earned a notoriety that honorable men certainly would not covet. It is very dangerous to holders of the stock previously in the market.

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

IN a curious little tract printed in 1645, entitled "An Hue and Cry after Christmas," there is a quaint inquiry for a very old, gray-bearded gentleman called Christmas, who used to be a familiar guest in the households of rich and poor. Assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes to suit the fancy of his friends; appearing in splendid attire at royal festivals and in more modest garb in humble homes, his coming was welcomed with mirth and jollity. "Whoever can tel what is become of him or where he may be found," says the queer old tract, "let them bring him back again into England."

This pathetic inquiry suggests its own answer. The Christmas of those early days, with his gay revels and his generous cheer, is a figure of the past. Centuries ago he disappeared from his accustomed haunts, and has never since come back. Long before Rip Van Winkle had wandered off to his long sleep among the mountains, the jovial old fellow had departed. Perhaps the festivities which once greeted the venerable visitor have followed him to other worlds than ours, where he may even now be enjoying his boisterous merriment. Some traces of them, indeed, still linger in old English homes, but, though the forms remain, the spirit which gave life to them has vanished. It will not come at the call of our modern sirens, sing they never so sweetly. Attempts to revive the old customs are usually dreary failures. They remind us of those theatrical tournaments where knights with pasteboard helmets and creaking cuirasses try to represent the heroes of chivalry. The armor which could hardly stand a thrust from a determined jack-knife would have but a poor show against the blade of Saladin or the sword of Cœur de Lion. No carpet-knights with their tinsel finery can cheat our fancy with visions of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Christmas, indeed, keeps its hold on human interest with a strength which time has not impaired, but the modes of its celebration have changed with the changes of modern society. It is interesting and instructive to recall its early observances, because they illustrate so vividly the characteristics of the olden time. They throw a light on the dim and distant past which is looked for in vain in pretentious chronicles. We must turn to the poets and dramatists rather than to the historians for these pictures of life and manners—to Ben Jonson's frolicsome

Masques or the quaint verse of Wither, instead of the stately pages of Raleigh and Clarendon.

Many of these picturesque observances were derived from the festivals of the ancient world. The Roman Saturnalia, which occurred at the winter solstice, was a season of universal rejoicing that the shortest days of the year were over, and that the sun, now heralding the approach of spring and summer, was wheeling his upward circuit through the heavens. In fact, this celebration was nothing more than a worship of the sun, which, as the source of light and heat, was the object of adoration to a large part of the pagan world. Under various names this divinity was worshipped by the ancient Romans, Persians, Phœnicians, and Scandinavians. The fires that blazed in the rude huts and on the bleak hills of the North in honor of Odin and Thor, were kindled by the same sentiment of reverence that inspired similar observances in sunnier climes.

To trace the Christmas customs of modern days to the usages of the ancient world would require a volume, but some of them can be glanced at here. The monarch of the Christmas festival, the Lord of Misrule, or Abbot of Unreason, as he was felicitously called, was the legitimate successor of the ruler or king who presided over the sports of the Roman Saturnalia. The hymns to Saturn were representations of the modern carol, and the interchange of gifts at this season is a custom which has come down to us from classic times. And the license which characterized these celebrations in the England of long ago has its counterpart in an ante-Christian epoch. This adoption of pagan customs by the Church excited the ire of the stern old Puritans, who, in their indignation against what they deemed its abuses, abolished the Christmas festival.

Among the most interesting observances of an old-fashioned Christmas was the burning of the Yule-log which still blazes in many English homes at this season. Its name is derived from the Scandinavian feast of Juul, when, at the winter-solstice, bonfires were kindled in honor of the god Thor. When the big log was drawn from its forest-home to the huge fireplace in the old baronial hall, there were great rejoicings, for its cheery blaze was believed to burn up ancient feuds and animosities, and kindle the fires of affection and good-will among all classes. The ancient minstrels welcomed its entrance with their sweetest strains, and the merry-making that accompanied it still lives in the joyous verse of the old poets. This Yule log, or clog, as it was called, was of great size. Huge trees were often used for this purpose, and, during the Civil War in England, a house was burnt down by setting fire to one of these votive offerings. The Yule-log was lighted at Christmas-eve, but the blazing fire, with its accompanying festivities, was often kept up till the 2d of February—Candlemas. Around the festive hearth were gathered a merry company who feasted with boisterous hilarity. The wassail-bowl, flowing with spiced liquors, was the object of lively interest to the rollicking crowd who thought to drown all care, animosity, and sorrow, in its steaming flood. As no

records are preserved of the headaches and heart-burnings which would naturally follow these deep potations, it is difficult to say how far the result justified their anticipations, though we are inclined to believe it would have furnished a strong argument in favor of the temperance movement.

Among the dishes that decked a Christmas-table in feudal times, the most important was the boar's head. It was carried into the banqueting-hall on a platter of gold or silver, to the sound of merry minstrelsy, while a stave in English and Latin, sung by the bearer of the cherished trophy, celebrated its savory charms. Garnished with bays and rosemary, with an orange between its foaming tusks, and a sauce of mustard, thick around it, the "browner's head" was a toothsome object to the not over-delicate palates of those days. According to tradition, this custom originated at Queen's College, Oxford, in commemoration of the valor of a student. While walking in Shotover Forest, reading his Aristotle, a wild-boar rushed at the collegian with his mouth wide open. Nothing daunted, the Oxonian, exclaiming "*Groecum est*," rammed the philosopher's ethics down his assailant's throat, and, having choked the savage with the sage, went back in triumph to his hall. The office of boar's-head bearer was of great importance. Henry II., as Holinshed tells us, performed this service at the table of the young prince, his son.

The next dish of importance at a Christmas-feast in the olden time was the peacock. Great care was used in preparing this gay and festive fowl, the skin, with the plumage adhering, being nicely removed before the stuffing and roasting processes commenced. When those were over, he was clothed once more in his natural covering, and in this comfortable condition was brought upon the table with his beak gilt. It was considered a great privilege to serve this bird, only ladies distinguished for birth or beauty being permitted to bear it through the banquet-hall. Other birds in great profusion were present at these feasts, but the turkey was conspicuous by his absence, the benighted Europeans not being favored with his company till early in the sixteenth century. Mince-pies were also in high favor, but that delicacy as well as plum-porridge—the progenitor of plum-pudding—was regarded by our Puritan ancestors as popish, idolatrous, and treasonable. Sir Roger de Coverley thought there was some hope for a dissenter when he saw him enjoy his porridge at the hall on Christmas-day.

Among the beautiful customs which have come down to us from the olden time is that of decking our houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas. In the Roman Saturnalia, temples and dwellings were ornamented with green boughs, and this practice, indeed, is almost as universal as humanity. The hanging up of the mistletoe is a relic of the days of the Druids. On their sacred anniversary, the ancient Britons gathered the mystic parasite, which, besides its claim to religious veneration, was believed to possess wonderful curative powers. Their barbarous ceremonial, with its sacrifices of bulls, and often of human beings, has happily passed away; but one interesting reminder of those

observances still lingers in modern homes. Few of the merry youths and maidens who give or take the kiss under the mistletoe-spray suspended from wall or ceiling on Christmas-day, dream that they are perpetuating a custom of the painted savages who inhabited England before its conquest by the Romans.

But, perhaps, the most charming of all the accompaniments of the season in the olden time were the Christmas carols. The first Christmas carol, as Milton and Jeremy Taylor have said, was sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem. This custom has prevailed in most Christian countries, and is perpetuated in England and on the Continent. Calabrian minstrels still leave their mountains, during the last days preceding Christmas, for Naples and Rome, saluting with their wild music the shrines of the Virgin mother, to cheer her until the birth-time of the infant Jesus, now near at hand. The first Christmas carols were hymns in honor of the Nativity. They afterward assumed a more secular character, many of them being songs of revelry accompanying the festivities of the season. There is a beautiful custom still prevalent in Devonshire, of the choristers of the village church singing their carols on Christmas-eve before the houses of rich and poor. Still more impressive is the sound on Christmas morning in Yorkshire, of the voices of little children chanting the quaint ballads which breathe the very spirit of the olden time.

Another characteristic diversion of those days was afforded by the mummers, the jovial masqueraders who have long since put off their motley garments. They were worthy followers of the Lord of Misrule, whose mad pranks, if performed in our day, would bring his lordship before a police-court. But, while these ancient diversions can never be restored, there is much in their spirit worthy of perpetuation. The overflowing hospitality; the kindly feeling among all classes; the pleasant family gatherings; the beautiful and touching ceremonials, whose classic associations received fresh significance from modern uses; and the very extravagance of drollery in which grave statesmen and lawyers did not think it beneath their dignity to indulge, were redolent of a geniality and heartiness that invest with unfading interest the Christmas of the olden time.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

## CHRISTMAS ECHOES.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

O H, sweet bells, chiming everywhere,  
Waking the keen, blue, frosty skies!  
Oh, glad day, beaming crystal fair,  
Crowning the year that dies!  
O'er bird-forgotten vale and glen  
Your happy song sounds once again,  
Breathing of "Peace, good-will to men—  
Good-will to men."

Echoed along the hurrying years,  
The self-same words that angels hymned  
Fall softly on our listening ears!  
And Bethlehem's star, undimmed,  
Gleams o'er the lone and gloomy waste,  
And guides the feet of those who haste  
Where, lowly, like a star displaced,  
The Babe is seen.





CHRISTMAS ECHOES.



Echoes the ring of generous mirth  
Where loving ones meet round the board,  
And sparkling eyes make glad the earth,  
And hearts beat in accord.  
Heap high the rousing, crackling fire,  
That cleaves the gloom—a golden spire!  
We'll laugh to scorn the north-wind's ire,  
At Christmas-time.

Echoes: oh, may we heed it still!—  
The cry of homeless, weary ones  
Who beg the streets, while piercing chill  
The white storm whirls and moans.  
When the gaunt wolf, Winter, crouches near,  
Think of the lives so sad and drear:  
Oh, to the endless cry give ear—  
"For Christ's dear sake!"

Echoes of those who dream alone,  
Of Christmas-days long, long ago,  
When love and beauty round them shone  
Amid the pearly snow.  
Oh, still in dreams of dear delight,  
Though summer days have taken flight,  
And dark forebodings fill the night—  
May joy be theirs!

Echoes from yonder sweeping seas,  
Where the swift petrel hears the cry  
Of wrecked men in their agonies,  
And storm-wrack blots the sky!  
God's pity for the ills that be!  
Save those who brave for us the sea!  
So may we utter prayerfully  
This blessed day!

Oh, spirit of this kindly time!  
Oh, gentle hearts who fondly meet!  
Oh, bells with ever-wakening chime,  
Bring us your message sweet!  
O'er bird-forgotten vale and glen,  
Ring out your happy song again,  
Breathing of "Peace, good-will to men—  
Good-will to men!"

GEORGE COOPER.

## THE TWO SUSIES.

"MAMMA," said little Susie Kent, turning round from the window of a sky-parlor in Bleeker Street, just out of the Bowery, "I see the postman coming here. Shall I go down for your letters?"

Mrs. Kent looked up from her writing-desk, and her thin cheeks flushed with a sudden fluttering color.

"Yes, Susie. Run down quickly. I am expecting a very important letter."

Away went the child, tripping down one, two, three long flights of stairs, while her mother sat with her eyes fixed upon the door, her fingers rustling nervously among the sheets of manuscript before her, and that fluttering color coming and going in her cheeks. They were pretty cheeks, only too thin, and the color evidently not at home there. A pretty mouth, with a certain pathetic quiver about the lips, and large, soft eyes, with the same story of trouble in them, made up a face too much refined, sensitive, and sweet, for the surroundings of this Bleeker-Street lodging-house. One could see by a glance at the desk in her lap, and the closely-written sheets on the table beside her, that her writing was work, and not pastime; one could guess that the "important letter" was the eagerly-expected answer to some literary venture upon which many things depended.

"No letters, mamma; only this little parcel," cried Susie, cheerfully handing her mother a neat, brown-papered roll; the first glance at which sent the glow quite out of poor Mrs. Kent's cheeks. "And here is Tom, mamma! Only think, he is head of the merit-roll this month, and has got a half-holiday. Isn't that nice?"

"Yes, dear; very nice indeed." Mrs. Kent forced herself to smile and looked pleased, though her heart was like lead. "We shall have to be proud of Tom, Susie. I am very glad."

"And I'm very sorry," said Tom, looking down ruefully at the brown-papered roll. He was older than Susie, and he knew what it meant. "I think it is too mean, mamma, for you to be disappointed so. They've rejected your story!"

"If it was only the disappointment, I would not care," said Mrs. Kent, dropping the roll into a drawer without opening it. "But I want the money that I was almost sure it would bring; I want it so much, Tom, that I don't know what I shall do without it."

"It's a mean shame!" cried Tom, his face glowing red. "I wish—oh, I wish I was a man, mother!"

"I wish my papa wasn't dead," cried Susie, putting up a grievous lip at the sight of Tom's angry, and her mother's unhappy face. "There wasn't never any thing the matter till he died. What made him do it, mamma?"

"Oh! my darling, God took him away from us. We must try to be patient," said Mrs. Kent, struggling to keep the tears out of her voice. "Don't feel so bad about the story, Tom"—with a patient smile that made the boy's heart burn; "I'll think of some way to manage without it, I dare say. Come and show me your medal."

"I didn't get the medal," said Tom. "I drew for it; but there was a lot of other fellows, and Ned Griffin got it."

"Well, you were head of the merit-roll, at all events; and that's an honor that means something. It's a great comfort to me, Tom, to see you doing so well at school."

"What's the use of it?" Tom answered, disconsolately, "when I don't do any thing to keep you, mamma? I wish you'd let me leave school, and go to Stewart's for a cash-boy! It's time I was earning money, and I only wish you would let me do something."

Mrs. Kent smiled tenderly, and patted his round red cheeks. "You shall earn money for me by-and-by, Tom, but, just now, the best thing that a little boy only ten years old can do, is to go to school, and improve his opportunities. We must be patient, dear, that is all."

She took up her pen again, and Tom turned away, silenced, but not satisfied. Susie had gone back to her "baby-house," consisting of an empty soap-box which Tom had papered over for her with newspaper pictures, and was deep in the manufacture of paper toys. Tom was an expert in this business, and was soon ordered over to assist her in it. But while his fingers were busy with Chinese junks, and cocked hats, and life-boats, his thoughts were busier with the hard prob-

lem so many older brains are striving to solve—of how to make money.

Susie's tongue kept up a running accompaniment to the scissoring. "What a lovely fly-box that is, Tom! and oh, what a splendid tail you gave that rooster! I think you make the nicest things of any boy I know."

"How many boys do you know?" asked Tom.

"Well, I know *you*, and I know the baby down-stairs; that's a boy. And I've seen lots of little boys in the park," said Susie, triumphantly. "They couldn't make things like you do; and I'll tell you what, Tom, I mean to keep 'em this time, and not tear 'em up; not even when I get my Christmas things.—now you'll see."

"S'pose you don't get any Christmas things?" suggested Tom, speaking low. "Mother hasn't any money, you know, and if I were you I wouldn't trouble her by talking about them."

"Why, what has mamma got to do with it?" cried Susie, whose faith in Santa Claus had never been rudely shaken. "Christmas-gifts don't cost money, you foolish boy! We hang up our stockings, don't you know? and Santa Claus comes down the chimney and fills them up. He didn't bring us much last Christmas, 'cause our stockings were so little, I guess. I mean to hang up one of mamma's this time."

Tom could not bring himself to tell her that Santa Claus was a delusion and a snare. He snipped the papers viciously, and wrinkled his forehead in a desperate attempt to think of something by which he might create a few shillings, if only for the filling of Susie's stocking. For he knew, poor little man, with a wisdom beyond his ten years, that the rent-money would soon be due, and there was an unpaid bill at the grocery, and very little to eat in the house; also, that his mother's purse was so nearly empty as to show a very poor prospect of any visit from Santa Claus this year.

Christmas, without Christmas-gifts, was something unprecedented so far, and the prospect was rather appalling. He didn't mind for himself—not particularly, at least—though there *was* a jack-knife round the corner in the Bowery, that was dirt-cheap at two shillings, and just what a fellow wanted in his pocket. He wouldn't mind it, though, if only Susie might have the doll and the pewter tea-set she had set her heart upon. And, just as he was saying this to himself, Susie put her finger on a staring



in the old newspaper she was cutting up.

"What a funny thing that is, Tom! Let's cut the eye out and paste it on something."

Tom looked at it—read the assurance below, that highest cash prices would be paid for all kinds of old paper—and felt his heart thrill with a sudden inspiration. He worked diligently for a little while longer, made a lapful of paper dolls, and, tossing them over to Susie, asked his mother for leave to go out a little while.

"Certainly," was his mother's abstracted answer, as her pen travelled over the paper.

And Tom ran off, congratulating himself that she had not asked any questions. What she would have said, if she could have seen him ringing at basement-bells and coolly begging for old newspapers, he did not stop to consider, and this chronicler can only imagine. That was what he did, though, for the whole afternoon, in the most unblushing manner. He wheedled the servant-girls with his bright eyes and his coaxing tongue; and, although they declared at first that they couldn't be bothered to hunt up old newspapers for the likes of him, it ended in their giving him armfuls here and there, till before nightfall he had collected a bundle quite as large as he could stagger under.

He carried it home, and hid it for the night in a rubbish-closet under the stairs, making no confidences to anybody concerning his novel enterprise. In the morning he contrived to get it out of the house again without being noticed, and tramped away manfully, an endless distance, to the hieroglyphic place, where he exchanged his burden for the handsome sum of seventy-five cents—just about half what he had expected to realize.

"Seems to me it takes a great many papers to make a pound," he thought, rather crestfallen as he fobbed his six shillings. "Never mind, though; there's more where they came from."

And nothing daunted, he trudged up-town to try his luck again. At home Susie pouted when the hours slipped by and Tom did not put in an appearance.

"I think when it's Saturday he might stay home and play with me. Don't you, mamma?"

But Mrs. Kent was too busy to answer the child. She was killing herself to finish a three-column story for *The Weekly Banner*, in a wild hope of raising ten dollars, and so having a trifle for the Christmas stockings. Susie had to content herself with her own company, but she found the morning dull, and, when Tom came home at noon, she received him with dignified displeasure.

"I don't want any of your kisses, sir," as he ran up to her, his cheeks all aglow with the frosty air, and his eyes sparkling. "I think it's awful mean, I do, for you to stay out so long. Mamma writes all the time, and I'm just as lonesome! But you don't care."

"Now don't scold," said Tom. "I stayed out for a good reason, and, when you see what I've brought you—"

"I don't believe you've brought anything," disdainfully.

"Don't you? Well, you shut your mouth and open your eyes, and look here!"

Tom unbuttoned his jacket cautiously, and Susie gave a scream of delight, for a little shaggy white head, with satiny-pink ears and twinkling black eyes popped up over his collar.

"It's a little dog! it's a little teenty white live dog!" she screamed in an ecstasy. "O Tom, where did you get it? Did you bring it for me, Tom? I want a little dog, worst of any thing in this world!"

"Oh! you do? And you wouldn't kiss me just now?" cried Tom, teasingly.

"What is all this?" asked Mrs. Kent, coming in from the little kitchen with a dish

of baked potatoes in her hand. "Where have you been all the morning, Tom, and what in the world is that?—a little white poodle?"

"Isn't she cunning?" said Tom, setting the dog on her legs. "She isn't much bigger than a kitten—see. And look how she cuddles up to me!"

"It is a lady's lapdog," said Mrs. Kent, stroking the little creature's silky curls. "It is used to being petted, I dare say. Where did you get it, Tom?"

"Found it," said Tom, exultingly. "I was just crossing the street, over in Clinton Place, and the little thing came trotting round the corner, and ran against my legs. I saw she was lost by the way she looked, and so I picked her up. And then a rowdy fellow tried to snatch her away. 'What you doing with my dorg?' he says, and doubles up his fists at me. And I says, 'It's none of your dog,' and doubles up mine. And then he jumps at me, and tries to snatch her, and what do you think I did?"

"What?" cried Susie, breathlessly. "Tell me quick, Tom?"

"Well, the loafer, you know, he put his head down, so, you see, to give me a punch. And then I went for him, right over his back. It was a regular Spanish Fly."

"O Tom!" Mrs. Kent exclaimed, half laughing, half horrified. "The idea of your wrestling in the street with loafers!"

"I didn't wrestle, not a bit," said Tom, coolly. "I only astonished him a little; and I didn't stop to pick him up any, you bet. I wasn't going to let a fellow like that get hold of *this* dog—not if I knew it."

"Good for you!" cried Susie, warmly. But Mrs. Kent looked grave.

"I don't see that you have any better right to it than he," she said.

"I found it first," said Tom.

"But somebody lost it. And somebody at this very minute may be fretting over the loss."

"How can I help that?" asked Tom, rather fretfully. "I don't know where to find the owner, mamma."

"Of course you don't; how could you?" echoed Susie, sympathetically. It did not occur to her as at all desirable that the owner should be found.

Mrs. Kent poured some milk into a saucer, and set it before the poodle, who lapped it up in a famished and yet dainty manner, as if she were accustomed to cream for her daily food, and only accepted milk as a matter of necessity. Having satisfied her hunger, she curled herself up on the chintz-covered sofa-pillow, and went to sleep, Susie watching her "cunning ways" in a rapture of admiration.

"Come to your dinner," said Mrs. Kent. "The potatoes are getting cold." But the child paid no heed.

"Susie, Susie!" her mother called, in a louder tone.

And up sprang the little dog, to everybody's surprise, wide awake in a second, and greatly excited. She wagged her tail violently, she jumped down from the sofa, and scampered toward Mrs. Kent, giving little short barks, and running to and fro as if in search of something.

"What is the matter with her?" said Mrs. Kent.

Tom's face brightened with a flash of inspiration. "Susie! here, Susie!" he called, and with a bound the poodle was in his arms, barking, and fawning, and licking his face all over in a rapture of recognition.

"Her name is *Susie*! don't you see?"

And Tom and the other Susie were both so delighted with this wonderful discovery and coincidence, that dinner became a matter of no consequence, and baked potatoes went by default.

They spent the afternoon playing with the poodle, who developed the greatest quantity of cunning and pretty tricks, convincing Mrs. Kent more and more that the dog was some fine lady's pet, trained to amuse her idle hours. A thought came to her that made her pretty, pale face flush with a sort of shame. Time was when such a thought would have been flouted with scorn; but there was temptation in it now—such a temptation that she actually sent Tom out next morning, Sunday though it was, to buy a *Herald*; and, with fingers that trembled with her eagerness, she turned to the page where things "Lost and Found" are advertised.

Truth is stranger than fiction sometimes, and it is true that the secret thought she had been cherishing was answered by this advertisement—the very first one that met her eye:

"Fifty dollars will be paid for the return of a poodle-dog, lost from a carriage on Broadway, on the morning of the 22d. Answers to the name of Susie. Inquire at 239 Madison Avenue, for Captain Meredith."

She grew so pale as she read this—for the reward was double the wildest fancy she had entertained—that Tom, who had been watching her with the sympathy that was instinctive between them, came close to her in a sort of alarm.

"Mamma, what is the matter?"

"Look here, Tom"—and the boy's face flushed and faded, in a curious likeness to her own, as his eyes devoured the wonderful, potential paragraph. He could hardly take in its full significance at first, for he had never thought of the dog being of such importance that a reward would be offered. Such a reward, too—fifty dollars! It fairly took away his breath.

"Do you think—is it really that little dog?" he asked, tremulously.

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Mrs. Kent, with a thrill of excitement running through her own voice. "*Answers to the name of Susie*, you see."

"And, if I take her to that place, I will get—fifty dollars?" asked Tom, in an awestruck way.

"If Captain Meredith is as good as his word," said Mrs. Kent.

"O mother!" Tom clasped her round the neck and nearly choked her in his exuberant delight. "It will make up for your story—and I *shall* help you a little; after all."

He pinched himself a dozen times that day, and trod on just the tip of Susie's tail, to make her squeak a little by way of making sure that he wasn't dreaming. Betweenwhiles he would take a sly peep at the adver-

tisement, and wonder if Monday morning would ever come. For his own part, he would not have scrupled at settling the business on Sunday. But Mrs. Kent was not a heathen, of course, and he had to possess his soul in patience.

Susie was glad of a day's grace—the other Susie, that is to say. The significance of fifty dollars had been expounded to her infant mind; and, since Christmas turkey and mince-pies appeared to be a corollary, she resigned herself to the restoration of her little namesake on Monday, but determined to get all the fun out of her that was possible on Sunday.

Tom got himself up in his best style when the day came at last. He polished his boots to "a shine," brushed his Sunday jacket within an inch of its life, and tossed the old one—with his newspaper money in its pocket—carelessly into a corner. Such small gains were not worth remembering now! And, as he marched up the street, with Susie snugly tucked under his coat, he felt as if all the Christmas shops were already seeking the custom of such a capitalist as he would be when he walked down again. He quite turned up his nose at the Bowery Dollar-store as he passed it, though only two days ago it had seemed to him a temple of unattainable delights.

He shook in his boots a little when he waited for admission at the Madison Avenue mansion. "Suppose it should be a mistake, after all?" But it did not seem to be, for the servant said "All right" when he explained his errand, and took him at once into a luxurious breakfast-room, where the elegant Captain Meredith was sipping his coffee.

A table glittering with silver was surrounded by four people: an old lady with short curls, and a towering tulle cap; a pompous old gentleman in spectacles; a very pretty and stylish young lady; and, last of all, the captain himself, a very tall young officer, in undress uniform, with a gorgeous mustache.

Tom dropped his eyes and felt awe-struck before all this splendor; but the captain beckoned to him.

"Come up here, sir, and let me see what sort of a humbug you are!" he said, in a good-natured voice. "I dare say you've brought me a mongrel, like the last boy that came."

"I've brought you a poodle, and it answers to the name of Susie, sir," Tom answered simply, unbuttoning his coat, and taking the dog out.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the captain, evidently surprised, "this looks like the little beast, now, doesn't it?"

"Why, it is!" cried the young lady, delightedly. "It's Susie herself; I'd know her anywhere. Susie—here, Susie!"

The little dog jumped and struggled to get loose, in a frenzy of recognition. Tom set her down, and she scampered round the table, and made a bound into the young lady's arms.

"By George, that's better luck than I expected!" said the captain. "I really must congratulate myself."

"Helen will be perfectly happy," said

the young lady, caressing Susie rapturously.—"She's been heart-broken about you, you naughty little runaway!—Where did you find her, little boy?" to Tom.

"Yes," said the captain, sharply, wheeling round and inspecting Tom with his eyeglass. "Where did you find her, sir? Are you the small sinner that enticed her out of the carriage last Saturday?"

"No, sir, I never saw her in any carriage," Tom returned, holding his head up very straight. "She was running round the corner in Clinton Place when I picked her up. And I carried her home because I didn't know what else to do with her."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman with the spectacles. "Likely story."

The captain smiled sweetly. "It is understood in such cases that there are no questions asked," he observed, benignly. "There was something in the advertisement about a reward, wasn't there?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, feeling rather hot and insulted at the implied doubt of his integrity. "But I don't want anybody to think I stole that dog. I never stole any thing in my life."

"Good boy," returned the captain, blandly. "Always remember that it is a sin to steal a pin, much more to crib a bigger thing. Now, as to that reward—what's your recollection of the figures, my son? It strikes me that I told the advertising fellow I'd stand fifty."

"It strikes me," interposed the old gentleman in spectacles, "that you offered a very large reward, absurdly large."

"I quite agree with you," rejoined the lady in the cap. "Why couldn't you have been satisfied, Alfred, with something moderate?"

"My dearest mother, what inducement could be too great to offer for the recovery of a thing so dear to my adorable Helen?"

"Your adorable fiddlesticks!" grumbled the old gentleman. "I see my adorable dollars getting spent confoundedly fast, sir, and I only hope your adorable Helen will hold the purse-strings when she comes into possession of her two-legged puppy. I wish her joy of both her properties, sir."

"Thanks," returned the captain, negligently. "I will take pleasure in acquainting her with your good wishes, my dear sir. Meanwhile, as to this boy—"

"As to this boy, Alfred," interrupted the lady with the cap, "it is really too absurd to put such an amount of money in his hands. What can such a boy know of the proper use of money? He will waste it foolishly, perhaps get himself into trouble. I should not think of trusting him with fifty dollars."

"What would you have?" asked the captain, elevating his eyebrows. "Shall I repudiate my printed pledges? Shall I beguile a poor little devil with delusive hopes, and send him off with a flea in his ear?"

"Bosh!" retorted his father. "Don't be any more of a fool, Alfred, than the Lord made you. Find out where this boy comes from, and, if he's got any decent relations, then pay the money to them for his benefit. That's the sensible thing to do, if there's any thing sensible in all the stuff and nonsense."

So saying, the old gentleman pushed his chair back, and marched out of the room with a disgusted air. Tom felt relieved when he had disappeared. His heart was in his mouth with a dreadful fear that his golden dream might vanish likewise; but a peculiar sidelong glance from the captain inspired a forlorn hope. That young gentleman turned to his lady-mother with a suave look.

"My father's suggestion is excellent, as his suggestions always are," he observed. "Will you be so good as to say to him, my dear mother, that I will be guided by it?"

"Certainly, my son," was the gracious response. "And I have much satisfaction in the fact that you yield so readily to the wisdom and experience of your parents. It is very gratifying to your father and myself."

The young lady, who was petting Susie all this while, gave Tom a laughing glance as she handed the poodle back to him.

"Good-by, you dear little pet; you are going home to your mistress," she said to Susie, with a final caress; and to Tom, in a whisper: "Don't be afraid; you'll get your money."

"I suppose you are going to see Helen," said his mother as she left the room. "Don't be late for dinner, Alfred."

The captain assured her of his intention to be punctual, and, telling Tom to follow him, he went up-stairs to invest himself with hat, overcoat, and gloves; and presently they were in the street again on the way to Susie's home and the captain's "adorable Helen."

Out of the reach of the cap and spectacles, the captain grew confidential with Tom.

"You've got a governor, I suppose, my small boy? Most people do have in the course of Nature," he remarked.

"Sir?" Tom asked, not understanding.

"Your paternal progenitor, you know," said the captain. "Father, daddy, pop, whatever it is you're in the way of calling him."

"My father died two years ago, sir," answered Tom, with a certain dignity, not without its effect.

"Oh! ah! well, that makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir, a very great difference to us."

"Well, my governor, you see, still lives. Not that I object to it, by any means. On the contrary, here's to his health, as our venerable friend Rip remarks, and long may he wave. Perhaps you noticed that he's a little positive in his manner, addicted to plain speaking, rather? I humor him in that," said the captain, with a bland wave of his gloved hand. "Pleases him, you see, and doesn't hurt me, or you either, my son. I observed that your ingenuous countenance fell several degrees in the course of his remarks, to which, you know, as a matter of filial duty, I was bound to assent. I don't mind telling you, as it isn't likely to get back to the governor, that your relations are your affairs and not mine, and you've earned the money, and I intend to give it to you."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, joyfully.

"You are welcome, my son. You should have those greenbacks here on the spot, by the light of the street-lamps dimly burning. By-the-way, they aren't burning, though!"

"No, sir," giggled Tom. "It's the sun that's shining."

"All the same in the end," returned the captain. "You should have them now, I say, only for a happy thought that will give you the glory of receiving them from the lily-white hand of Miss Delafield herself. That will be an honor, sir, which may make you proud to your dying day, when the sands are told, when the stars are cold, and greenbacks passed away."

Tom snickered.

"You're an awful funny gentleman, sir," he remarked, with all sincerity.

"Do you think so?" retorted the captain. "Well, my son, in five minutes from now you shall have the unspeakable honor of being presented to a young lady, of whom it may be said that the round world and all the sea holds nothing half so dear to me, who has the same opinion precisely."

They were in front of an opulent-looking brown-stone edifice, and the captain ran up the steps, and rang familiarly.

"Miss Delafield is in the library, and Mr. Delafield has not come up from breakfast, sir," said the gentle manly "Jeems" who admitted them.

"I'll go to the library," said the captain. "Pray, don't disturb Mr. Delafield, Owen. Keep the corner of your eye on this little chap till I come back."

"So you've found Susie," Owen remarked, conversationally. "Nothing like offering a liberal reward, sir. Though it do seem a shame to pay such young rascals for stealing one's property; now, don't it?"

"I never stole the dog!" cried Tom, with indignation. "I found her on the street."

"In course you did; you always do," was the sarcastic answer.

"Never mind him," cried the captain, cheerfully. "Owen is hard on you because he hasn't forgotten the sins of his youth. Hold the little beast till I come back."

He disappeared behind a stately arched door at the end of the hall, and Tom stood his ground defiantly, holding fast to Susie, who whined and scratched to get loose, and casting black looks at the supercilious dunkey who had dared to call him a young rascal. He had not many minutes to wait, for there was a silken rustle and flutter presently at the arched door, and a lovely apparition floated out with arms extended.

"Oh! you naughty, naughty darling!" and away went Susie with one wild bound to the captain's "adorable Helen."

"No place like home, eh, Susie? wherever you wander, wherever you roam," said the captain, rapturously.—"Now you young discoverer—what's your name? Come in here!" and Tom was hustled into the library, and a plump-looking wallet drawn out of the captain's pocket.

"One, two, three, two twenties and a ten—there you are.—Miss Delafield, will you have the queenly condescension to make this boy distinguished for life by bestowing upon him this otherwise worthless dross?"

"O Alfred, what an extravagant creature you are," cried Miss Delafield. "The idea of paying fifty dollars for this naughty

little runaway! And to such a mere child, too. Why, what can he do with it?"

"Buy bread for me mother," whined the captain, with an absurd mimicry of a little Irish beggar.

"Here, take it, then!" said Miss Delafield, laughing, and handing the notes to Tom. "What an appetite for bread your mothers always have!"

It was a silly speech, that she would not have made, if she had not been infected by the captain's nonsense. She was far from being silly or heartless, and, in a more thoughtful mood, she would have observed that Tom was not the sort of child to be spoken to in that way. He had come to claim a reward, and his clothes showed that he needed it; but his manly, straightforward bearing, his refined, sensitive features, and intelligent expression, were credentials that should have been respected; and the boy knew it.

He felt himself outraged by the implication, and such slighting mention of his mother was not to be endured. He had borne all the previous chaffing patiently, but this was the straw too much, and he turned away, swelling with wounded pride.

"Why don't you take your money?" asked the captain.

"I would rather not, if you please. I shall go home, sir," was the answer, in a tone that neither of them could mistake. And Miss Delafield's face changed with a quick comprehension.

"We have hurt his feelings!" she exclaimed, remorsefully.—"Why, my dear child; I was only in fun. You are not like those little beggars at all—is he, Alfred? Look! what nice features he has, and such fine eyes! He is a gentleman's son."

"My mother is a lady," said Tom, proudly. "We didn't want money when my father was alive, and I don't want it enough now to stand being called a thief and a beggar—and to have my mother talked about!" he cried, hotly.

"Well, then, she sha'n't be," said Miss Delafield, with her sweetest smile, taking Tom's hand and slipping the money into it. "Your mother is a lady, I am sure, and I like you for taking her part so manfully. You are a very nice little boy, and I would like to go and see your mother some time. May I?"

"Come, now!" cried the captain, making a droll face. "If you don't go on your knees for that, you lucky little cuss! What have you done, I wonder, that she should call you a nice boy? She doesn't call me one."

"Because you are *such* a goose," Miss Delafield retorted; but she smiled at him bewitchingly, and Tom's vexation melted in the sunshine of her loveliness. He tried to make a little speech of thanks, but he broke down between a laugh and a cry. And then the young lady did a pretty thing.

She patted his smooth, rosy cheeks with her two little hands, and kissed his white forehead; and the captain pretended to go into a fit of jealous rage that was funnier than any thing. He stalked up and down the room, and quoted poetry, and scowled at Tom, until Miss Delafield fairly screamed with

laughter; and Susie barked and scampered and made frantic leaps at every body, like a poodle gone crazy.

Tom was dismissed after a while, but not until he had been asked a great many questions, and had grown very confidential. He told Miss Delafield that his mother was an authoress, and that she wrote books and stories; and how badly she felt when that MS. was rejected; and how much he had wished to earn some money to help her; and how, when he found Susie, and saw that advertisement, he was so delighted to think that he could bring her the money. He told her about his little sister, too, and how they had found out the poodle's name through calling Susie; and how he meant to buy her "*such* a doll" for a Christmas-gift.

"But no, you shall not," Miss Delafield said. "You must take all your money home to your mother, and let me bring the doll to Susie. I understand much more about buying dolls than you do, and to-morrow is Christmas-day. You watch at the window about three o'clock to-morrow, and see what you will see."

So Tom went home, and felt like a boy that had been to fairy-land. What a history he had to tell his mother! and how breathlessly Susie listened to every thing—and how merry and excited they all were! For Mrs. Kent had news for Tom, too—excellent news.

"That manuscript was not rejected, after all," she said, with her pretty face all in a glow of pride and pleasure. "If I had only opened it at first, I would have saved all the trouble we felt. For it was only sent back to be made a little shorter, and changed a little; and, when that is done, the editor says—in such a pleasant, polite note, Tom—that it will be a charming story! And he would like another, too; think of that!"

"O mother, that's better news than mine," Tom cried. "All the same, though, you're not to slight my Christmas-gift, you know," he added, jealously.

His mother gave him a squeeze. "As if I could, my precious boy! And as if I did not know something else you had been doing, too? Ah, Tom, that is the way you keep secrets from your mother!"

And then it appeared that Tom's old jacket had betrayed him. His mother had taken it to mend in his absence, and found the newspaper-money in his pocket, and a copy of the hieroglyphic advertisement, with Tom's memorandum of sales on the margin. She had put two and two together, and made a pretty clear guess at the truth. And, though she gave him a scolding for doing such a thing, I am sure she did not love him any the less.

Tom bought a little savings'-bank straightway, and put the seventy-five cents in it as a memento of his first business transaction. And, with the fifty dollars, they paid all the bills, and kept merry Christmas in something like the dear old way.

The Bleeker-Street folks were astonished at the parcels that came in for the Kents, but that astonishment was as nothing to the wonder when Miss Delafield's coach, with her superb driver and footman, rolled up to the door, precisely at three o'clock on Christmas-



day. Everybody, in all the different rooms below-stairs, peeped out to watch the beautiful young lady, and the elegant young gentleman, as they ascended the three flights to Mrs. Kent's apartments. Miss Delafield's velvet dress, and her furs, and her plumes, and her diamond ear-drops, were matter of wonder for a month afterward; and Susie's Paris doll broke the hearts of all the little girls in the house with envy.

For Miss Delafield had not forgotten the doll, and Captain Meredith had brought Tom such a pair of skates, and such a four-bladed knife, as he had never dared to dream of, to say nothing of a box of French *bonbons*, that was "a thing of beauty and a joy"—as long as the sweeties lasted!

Never was such a merry Christmas—in Bleeker Street, round the corner from the Bowery, at all events. And the best of it was, that it was really the beginning of brighter days for the Kent family. Miss Delafield was an energetic young lady when once she took a thing in hand; and Captain Meredith was only too happy to join hands with her in any way, literally or metaphorically. Between them they secured for Mrs. Kent the literary recognition and support that she deserved. They read her nice little books, and told people about the author; they sent her poems and stories to clever editors who appreciated their grace and freshness; they found a way, without hurting her pride or delicacy, to get her established in more suitable quarters than the Bleeker-Street lodging-house, and so put her in reach of social advantages.

The dwellers on Madison Square and Park Avenue are not always shoddy or Flora McFlimsey. There are plenty who fare sumptuously every day, yet are glad to reach out warm, helping hands to the toilers below them. And the captain's "adorable," and the captain himself—to his own astonishment when he waked up to the fact—belonged to this "better part" of our modern society. They might not, however, have discovered the talent they possessed for doing good, if it had not been for Susie, number two. So a merry Christmas to you, Susie, pampered little absurdity as you are; and may your cushions be soft, and your chicken-wing tender, and your shadow never be less!

MARY E. BRADLEY.

## MISCELLANY.

*Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.*

### DARWIN ON EXPRESSION IN MAN AND ANIMALS.\*

OUT of the inexhaustible stores of his observation of Nature and his diffusive reading, Mr. Darwin has given us another copious series of proofs from natural history, which, if no more than minor affluents of the main stream of the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man," he regards as illustrating the great law of the unity and continuity of life. Although dealing with a more limited and special class of phenomena than most of

his earlier works, the present treatise readily connects itself with the general scheme of investigation and reasoning which has won for the author a distinctive name in the history of philosophy. His leading idea is that of tracing the law of evolution as displayed in, or accounting for, expression, or the play of features and gesture in man and animals—the inarticulate language, as it has been called, of the emotions. For the scientific basis of such an investigation, it is necessary to go far down into the ultimate structure of organic life, and to study the manifestations of character in their simplest forms. So long as man and all other animals are viewed as independent creations, an effectual stop is put, Mr. Darwin pleads, to such an attempt. The inherent defect in the treatment of the subject by writers so able as Sir Charles Bell, Gratiolet, Duchenne, and others, adduced by Mr. Darwin, has always been, he considers, the taking for granted that species, man of course included, came into existence just as they are now, wholly distinct from each other. The tendency to draw as broadly as possible the distinction between man and brutes, led Sir Charles Bell to deny to the lower animals any expression beyond what might be referred more or less plainly to acts of volition or necessary instincts, their faces seeming to him to be chiefly capable of expressing merely rage or fear. The facial muscles in man he thought to be a special provision for the sole object of expression, and so far distinctive of humanity. But the simple fact that the anthropoid apes possess the same facial muscles that we do, renders it most improbable, apart from any reference to teleology in general, that we were endowed with these muscles for any such purpose, still more that monkeys had special muscles given to them solely for the purpose of exhibiting their hideous grimaces. Since distinct uses can with much probability be assigned to almost all the facial muscles, we may look upon expression as but an incidental result of muscular or organic function. Mr. Darwin's early inclination toward the doctrine of evolution, or the origin of man from lower forms, led him, five-and-twenty years ago, to regard the habit of expressing our feelings by certain movements, innate as it has now become, as having been in some manner gradually acquired at the first. Seeking back for the origin of movements of this kind, he in the first place was led to observe infants as exhibiting emotions with extraordinary force, as well as with a simplicity and an absence of convention which cease with more mature years. Secondly, the insane had to be studied, being liable to the strongest passions, and giving them uncontrolled vent. Dr. Duchenne's ingenious application of photography, representing the effects of galvanism upon the facial muscles of an old man, gave some assistance toward distinguishing varieties of expression. Less aid than was expected was found to be derived from the study of the great masters in painting and sculpture; beauty in works of art excluding the display of strong facial muscles, and the story of the composition being generally told by accessories skillfully introduced. More important it was to ascertain how far the same expressions and gestures prevail among all races of mankind, especially among those who have associated but little with Europeans. With this view a list of sixteen questions was circulated by Mr. Darwin within the last five years, to which thirty-six answers have been received from missionaries, travellers, and other observers of aboriginal tribes, whose names are appended to Mr. Darwin's introductory remarks. The evidence thus accumulated has

been supplemented by the close and keen observation of the author himself through a wide range of animal life. It seemed to him of paramount importance to bestow all the attention possible upon the expression of the several passions in various animals, "not of course as deciding how far in man certain expressions are characteristic of certain states of mind, but as affording the safest basis for generalization on the causes or the origin of the various movements of expression." In observing animals we are not so likely to be biased by our imagination, and we may feel sure that their expressions are not conventional.—*Saturday Review*.

### THE TENSION IN CHARLES DICKENS.

A great sculptor, commenting to the present writer on the physical features of the bust of Dickens, drew attention especially to "the whip-cord"—"the race-horse tension"—in all the muscles; all the softer and vaguer tissues in the face and bust were pruned away, and only the keen, strenuous, driving, purpose-pursuing elements in it left. The second volume of Mr. Forster's life of Charles Dickens brings out that criticism with extraordinary force. It is like reading the biography of a literary race-horse. The tension and strain go on through the whole ten years, 1842-'52, which the book covers. There is no rest in the man's nature, even when he is professedly resting. He once proposed to himself to write a book like "The Vicar of Wakefield." He could just as easily have written a play like "Hamlet" or the Odes of Horace. He had not a touch of Goldsmith's ease and leisurely literary air. His nerves were never relaxed. A great element in the force of his genius, and a very great element in its principal limitations, is due to their constant strain, which spoils almost all the sentiment, makes it theatrical and always on the stretch, and not unfrequently lends a forced ring to the greatest of all his faculties, his humor. He is always on the double-quick march. If he hits the exact mark, and his humor is at its best, it is still humor marching sharply on to the particular end in view. You can see its steady, swift current, none the less easily for the enormous wealth of detail which he snatches from all sides wherewith to enrich it. If he fails to hit the mark, and talks excited nonsense, it is all in the same vein, jocosity stretching eagerly toward a given aim, though the aim is falsely taken. Consider, for instance, this answer to an invitation to dinner sent by Maclise, Stanfield, and Mr. Forster:

"DEVONSHIRE LODGE, January 17, 1844.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!—The appeal with which you have honored me, awakens within my breast emotions that are more easily to be imagined than described. Heaven bless you! I shall indeed be proud, my friends, to respond to such a requisition. I had withdrawn from public life—I fondly thought forever—to pass the evening of my days in hydropathical pursuits and the contemplation of virtue. For which latter purpose, I had bought a looking-glass. But, my friends, private feeling must ever yield to a stern sense of public duty. The man is lost in the invited guest, and I comply. Nurses, wet and dry; apothecaries; mothers-in-law; babbies; with all the sweet (and chaste) delights of private life; these, my countrymen, are hard to leave. But you have called me forth, and I will come.

"Fellow-countrymen, your friend and faithful servant,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

The idea is forced and the gayety unnatural, but the whole letter is written up to the idea, and you see the straining whip-cord even in that bit of laborious comedy. But his true and most marvellous efforts of humor have all the

\* "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. With Photographic and other Illustrations.

same swift-running current in them, though, of course, when the tide is triumphant, and sweeps all sorts of rich spoils upon its surface, there is not the same sense of *effort*—by which we usually mean force not quite adequate to its purpose. . . . We are not in the least degree endeavoring to explain away his genius, but only to show that one feature in it—the *constructive* power of his mind—his accurate and omnivorous observing faculty being taken for granted—depended on the extraordinary tension he could put on one or two leading threads of association, by the help of which he drew from his resources what they, and they alone, demanded. No man was ever able to stretch one or two lines of conception so tightly, and to exclude so completely all disturbing influences from the field of his vision. It was the source of his power and the source of the limitations on his power. It produced his great successes—Peckaniff, Mrs. Gamp, Moddle, Micawber, Toots, and a hundred others. It produced also, when applied to types of character that would not bear so keen a tension of one or two strings, all the failures due to overstraining, like Little Nell, Carker, Mrs. Dombey, Dombey, and a hundred others. You see the strain of the race-horse in all he did; and in creations which, with his wonderful wealth of observation, could be produced under sharp tension of the one or two humorous conceptions devoted to each creation, he succeeded triumphantly; while, wherever the creation wanted a leisurely, reflective, many-sided mood of mind, he failed. In sentimental passages, the string is almost always strained until it cracks. . . . His very idleness, as Mr. Forster well says, was "strenuous," like his work. He walked eighteen miles in four hours and a half, in the full heat of a glowing summer's day, simply as a sort of relief for the strain of his nerves. On another occasion, Mr. Forster says: "But he did even his nothings in a strenuous way, and on occasions could make gallant fight against the elements themselves. He reported himself, to my horror, thrice wet through on a single day, 'dressed four times,' and finding all sorts of great things, brought out by the rains, among the rocks on the sea-beach." When he is living in Genoa, in the middle of winter, he dashes over to London just to try the effect of reading "The Chimes" to his intimate friends. Between Milan and Strasbourg he was in bed only once for two or three hours at Fribourg, and had sledged over the Simplon through deep snow and prodigious cold. His dash into the editorship of the *Daily News* and out of it within three weeks was highly characteristic of the high pressure of his nervous decision. *A propos* of this matter, Mr. Forster says very truly that, "in all intellectual labors, his will prevailed so strongly when he fixed it on any object of desire, that what else its attainment might exact was never duly measured, and this led to frequent strain and uncommon waste of what no man could less afford to spare." Every thing he did, he did with this imperious resolve to let his volition take its own way, and it led him no doubt into some of the greatest mistakes of his life. He liked to have every thing just as he had imagined it. His mind strained intensely toward the particular ideal he had summoned up in his fancy; nothing else would satisfy him for a moment.—*London Spectator*.

#### "THE GREAT IDEA."

From Mr. Tuckerman's recently-published "The Greeks of To-Day," we derive the following interesting account of a great hope animating the people of modern Greece:

"Greece," says Mr. Tuckerman, "has many sins to answer for in the eyes of Europe—sins of omission and sins of commission—but above all rises one mountain of iniquity of such stupendous dimensions—'singing its pite against the Torrid Zone'—as to diminish the 'Ossas' of brigandage, bankruptcy, and political corruption, to very warts. Brigandage is nothing to it, since the candid observer cannot but admit that the root of that evil is not wholly indigenous, and that the government does really make some exertions to repress it. It is worse than being in arrears for debt, for people are sometimes excusable for not paying what they owe, especially when they have nothing wherewith to pay it. It is not to be compared with political corruption, because Cowper told his countrymen long ago that

"The age of virtuous politics is past:

Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,  
And we too wise to trust them."

So Greece can hardly be considered as setting the world in defiance in that regard. The sin of sins that I refer to, and which excites the irony, if not the indignation, of the critics of Greece, is called 'La Grande Idée.' This 'Great Idea' is a component part of the Greek brain and the Greek heart. It permeates all classes of society—the toothless baby draws it in with the maternal milk, and the toothless mouth of age pledges to it in long draughts of the native resined wine. The shepherd dreams of it in the cold mountain air under his shaggy sheepskin, and the rich proprietor traces it in the graceful smoke-cloud of the incessant cigarette, and perhaps wonders if it is not quite as evanescent. If I treat the subject in a poetical way, it is because the subject itself pertains more to the realms of fancy than of fact.

"Briefly defined, the Great Idea means that the Greek mind is to regenerate the East—that it is the destiny of Hellenism to Hellenize that vast stretch of territory which by natural laws the Greeks believe to be theirs, and which is chiefly inhabited by people claiming to be descended from Hellenic stock, professing the Orthodox or Greek faith, or speaking the Greek language. These, in the aggregate, vastly outnumber the people of Greece proper, and are regarded by 'Free Greece' as brethren held in servitude by an alien and detested power. There are in European Turkey and its territories not far from fifteen millions of people, of which number less than four millions are Ottomans. The rest are Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Wallachians, etc., who profess the Greek religion or speak the Greek dialect; and, although in morals and character these are far below the independent and educated Greeks of Athens and the chief towns of Greece, this inferiority may doubtless be largely ascribed to the political restraints still pressing upon them. The Greek in Turkey does the work and receives the money. He vitalizes the sluggish mass around him, but is quite as unscrupulous as his masters. How can it be otherwise when he possesses all the characteristics of a conquered race? 'At the sight of a Mussulman,' says an intelligent observer, 'the rayah's back bends to the ground, his hands involuntarily join on his breast, his lips compose themselves to a smile; but, under this conventional mask, you see the hatred instilled even into women and children toward their ancient oppressors.'

"If this be the prevailing sentiment of the Greek population in Turkey, it may well be asked, Why, with corresponding influences at work in the Hellenic kingdom, cannot the Great Idea be made to bear practical fruits? With the elements of revolution, why is there no revolution? With the general desire of the

people for unity and territorial grandeur, why does the prospect of political and national amalgamation grow more and more illusory, and the shores of the Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople (as the ideal capital of the Hellenic kingdom) recede farther and farther into the landscape, like the mirage of oases and of fountains mocking the wearied eyes and parched lips of the traveller in desert lands? There are many reasons, of which a few only need be cited. Greece has no organization of forces sufficient to make the first attempt to deliver her countrymen. Occasional spasmodic movements in Epirus and Thessaly have only resulted in defeat and disgrace. A large proportion of the Greeks under Turkish rule, especially those who are place-holders and those who are engaged in gainful commercial pursuits, prefer the proverb, 'Let well alone,' to that of 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' They distrust the result of revolutionary movements, and the political restraints of King George's kingdom do not tempt them to change the temporal advantages of their present position for the chances of prospective independence, however golden with patriotism."

#### THE ANGEL.

We had made acquaintance with Wilson's grandson, a boy about twelve years old, and one day when we were up in the tower (for we three often went there when our mother was out and nurse wanted to get rid of us) we talked to this boy about several things that Mr. Mompesson had told us of, specially, as I remember, about angels.

"Oh, Titus," I said to this boy, "I wish I could see an angel."

"And why shouldn't you?" he replied, "I could show you one very easy—my father's got one in his shop."

"An angel!" I exclaimed, "has he got a real angel—a live angel?"

I was little more than five years old—let that fact be an excuse for the absurdity of the question.

Snap was absorbed in his book and took no notice.

"Is it alive?" I repeated.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied; "it ain't alive, nor it ain't dead—but it is an angel, and has long wings and a crown on its head."

"And how did he catch it?" I exclaimed, in the plenitude of my infantine simplicity.

"He didn't catch it," replied Titus, "he borrowed it of another man."

I shall never forget the awe, the ecstasy which thrilled my heart on hearing this. "Do you think," I inquired, "that he would let me see it?"

Titus replied that he would with the greatest of pleasure.

He was a very stupid boy, and when I inquired whether it would be wicked in me to go and see it he stared vacantly, and said I had better come at once, for very soon it would be his dinner-time. I would rather have waited, but then I thought perhaps that might be my only opportunity, as no doubt the angel would shortly go home again to heaven; so I followed, longing and yet trembling, and Titus took me out-of-doors and into a yard where there was a great shed. It was a large place full of chips and shavings, and at the end farthest from the entrance there was a table covered with a large white cloth which had settled to the shape of a figure lying beneath it, and gave evident indication of limbs and features.

"There," said Titus, "that's the angel; father keeps it covered because it's such a handsome one."

My heart beat high, but when I marked the bier-like appearance of the table, and that there was a recumbent figure beneath the drapery, I snatched away my hand, and shrieking out, "Oh, it is dead, the angel is dead!" fell down on the floor, and lost recollection for a moment from excessive fright. Presently I saw that Titus was standing by me, staring in alarm, and I sat up, shaking, and feeling very cold.

"I told you, Miss, that it wasn't alive nor it wasn't dead," he observed; "how should it be? Don't be afraid, come and look at it."

I felt sick, and shut my eyes while he led me to it, and put back the drapery; then I ventured to open them, and, oh, unutterable disappointment! it was a wooden angel, and there were veins of oak upon her wings.

"Now," said Titus, "what were you afraid of?"

"This is not the sort of angel I meant," I answered, and added, "I meant an angel that had been in heaven."

Titus, stupid as he was, looked at me with astonishment on hearing this, and answered with reverential awe, "Miss, you must not talk in that fashion. That sort of angel doesn't fly down here."

"Are you sure?" I inquired.

"Why, of course I am," he answered, sincerely enough, though strangely. "If they came in snowy weather, they would get their wings froze."

"I know they do come," I replied; "God sends them with messages; Mr. Mompesson told me He did."

Titus, as I remember, did not clear up this mystery for me, but he answered: "This is an *imitation* angel. Father is making two for the new organ. The man that he borrowed it of made it."

"Then had he seen an angel?"

"No, sure."

"How did he know, then, what angels were like?"

That Titus could not tell.

"Where did that man live?"

"He lived at Norwich."

This reply entirely satisfied me. Norwich I knew was a great way off. It might be a good deal nearer to heaven than was the place where I lived. I cannot say that I distinctly thought it was, but it was remote and utterly unknown. All things therefore were possible concerning it. I looked down on the angel's wings as it lay on the long, low table, and I believed that it was rightly carved, and that they knew all about angels at Norwich.—"Of the Skelligs," by Jean Ingelow.

#### A JEWISH WEDDING IN ALGIERS.

Lady Herbert, in a recent English work entitled "Algeria in 1871," gives a description of a Jewish wedding which possesses features new, we imagine, to most of our readers:

"We paused in our sight-seeing to go with Madame de C— and her beautiful daughter to see a Jewish wedding, for which she had kindly obtained us an invitation. We were received in an alcoved room, where a breakfast of sweetmeats, cakes, and sweet wines, was set out, the bride and her parents being seated on a divan at one end, dressed in rich Jewish costume. After a short time, we were told to precede the young lady to the Moorish vapor-bath, which is the next part of the ceremony. Such a marvellous scene as there met our eye I despair of reproducing on paper! About fifty young Jewish girls, from twelve to twenty years of age, whose only clothing was a scarf of gold or silver gauze round their loins, with their beautiful dark hair all down their

backs, and their lovely white necks and arms, covered with necklaces and bracelets, were seen dimly standing in the water through a cloud of steam and incense, waiting for the bride, and when she appeared received her with loud, shrill cries of 'Li! Li! Li!' in a continually-ascending scale. Among these girls were hideous negresses equally scantily clothed, and one or two of them with their black, woolly hair dyed bright orange-color: these were the bathing-women. They seized us by the arm and wanted to force us to undress too, which we stoutly resisted; and took refuge on the raised marble slab which surrounded the bath, and where the pretty little bride, with her mother and aunts, was standing waiting to be unrobed too. They took off her heavy velvet clothes, and she appeared in a beautiful gold-figured gauze chemise and some lovely short red-and-gold drawers; they then led her, with the same cries, into an inner room, which was stifling with wet vapor and steam, and here the poor child, who was only thirteen, remained for three mortal hours, the women pouring water on her head from picturesque-shaped gold jars, and every kind of cosmetic and sweet scent being rubbed upon her. Being unable to stand the intense heat and overpowering smell any longer, we escaped for a time into the open air; but returned after about an hour to find another bride going through the same ceremonies. Some of the bridesmaids were very beautiful; one especially, though a Jewess, had regularly *golden* hair and blue eyes! And the whole scene was like a ballet at the opera, or rather a set of nauts or water-nymphs in a picture; not like any thing in real life! Their glorious hair floating over their shoulders, with their beautifully-modelled arms rounded in graceful curves as they disported themselves round the bride, would have driven a sculptor or painter wild with delight! But I could not get over the indelicacy of the whole thing; it was a *scene in the nude* with a vengeance!

"At half-past three o'clock the following morning, we got up and went to the bride's house for the conclusion of the ceremony. A great crowd of men and musicians were grouped in the lower court. Above, the bride was sitting in state, in the deep recess of a handsome Moresque room, veiled in white gauze, while a red-and-gold figured scarf hung in graceful folds behind her head. On either side of her were two venerable-looking old men with long, white beards, and in front of her another, holding a candelabrum with three candles. They were Rabbis, and chanted psalms alternately with songs of praise about 'the dove with the beautiful eyes,' etc.; in fact, a sort of canticle. All this time the minstrels in the quadrangle below were 'making a noise,' while over the carved gallery above, looking down upon them, leaned a variety of Jewish women, all beautifully dressed in brown velvet and satin, with stomachers and girdles richly brocaded in gold, and gold-embroidered lappets hanging from the black-silk head-dress which is the invariable costume of their race. This went on *for hours*, till the poor little bride looked quite worn out. From time to time spoonfuls of soup were put into her mouth, which she strove to resist; and then she was conducted into the court below, where the same ceremonies were gone through, except that a species of buffoon danced before her, and was rewarded by ten-franc bits put into his mouth, which he kept in his cheek while drawing out a queer kind of song, which we supposed was witty, as the audience were in fits of laughter. Every thing was done, both up-stairs and down, to make the bride laugh, even to chuck-

ing and pulling her under the chin. But she remained impassive, it being part of her business to look grave, and to prove by her demureness that she was old enough to be married. All of a sudden, the same unearthly cry or yell of 'Li! Li! Li!' was heard in the outside court, caught up instantly by every one in and out of the house. I thought of the words, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh!' so exactly were the old traditions preserved. A very ordinary-looking youth, in a frock-coat and red fez, accordingly, made his appearance, and then the women covered their faces with their gauze handkerchiefs, and the men, who never ceased eating and drinking at intervals during the whole night, formed themselves into a procession; while the bride's father (a venerable-looking old Jew, with a long, white beard, white turban, and crimson sash) led her to the carriage which was to take her to the bridegroom's home, we all following, and the women's cry of 'Li! Li! Li! Li!' resounding through the narrow streets."

#### THE CRY FOR PROTECTION.

Edmond About has written a book on social economy, soon to be reprinted in this country, from which we quote a few characteristic passages:

"The French do not hate being protected; they are a people of a monarchical temperament. But they do not all interpret protection in the same way.

"'Protect me!' says the agriculturist. 'I have had a good grain-harvest; my neighbors, less fortunate, have barely doubled their seed. Before a month is over prices will rise, if the information in my newspaper be accurate. I hope to get thirty francs the hectolitre, and empty my granary under the best conditions in the world. I shall do this unless, through culpable weakness, the door is opened to foreign grain! America threatens us, Egypt holds plenty suspended over our heads like the sword of Damocles; Odessa, infamous Odessa, thinks to glut us with her produce. Help! Let the door be shut! Or, if you permit the importation of foreign grain, have the humanity to tax it heavily, in order that the cost of purchasing on the spot, the transport, and the import duty, should raise the price to thirty francs the hectolitre! If every thing goes on as I should wish, I count upon proceeding to Switzerland, and bringing back four pairs of oxen.'

"'Protect me!' says the grazier. 'Shut the door upon foreign cattle, if you wish me to earn a livelihood. We are promised a rise in the price of meat, and I count upon it; but the admission of Italian, Swiss, German, Belgian, and English cattle would create plenty for everybody and be my ruin. Protect me by prohibiting or by taxing all the products which come into competition with me. Let grain enter; I do not grow any, and I like to buy bread cheaply. Permit the entry, free of duty, of the combustibles with which I warm myself, the glass out of which I drink, the furniture which I use, the stuffs with which I clothe myself, and all manufactured products in general. Oh, visible providence of citizens, arrange so that I shall not have any competition to fear as producer, but that in what I consume I may enjoy all the benefits of competition!'

"'Protect me!' says the manufacturer. 'Cause all the products which compete with mine to be seized at the frontier; or, if you suffer them to enter, load them with a duty which will render them unsalable. The interest of the country enjoins upon you to serve my personal interest. Do you not take pity upon the national industry doubly menaced by superior qualities and lower prices? My for-

sign comrades may reduce me to destitution by inundating France with good merchandise at cheap rates. As a citizen, I fear no one in Europe; as a manufacturer, I am afraid of everybody. The feeblest foreigner is stronger than I. Strive then that I may preserve the monopoly of my products; but be generous as regards all that which I buy but do not sell. Allow grain to enter, in order that my workmen, being fed for next to nothing, may be satisfied with low wages. Allow the raw materials I employ to enter, and the machines which assist my labor.'

"'Do nothing of the kind!' exclaims the machine-maker. 'If the foreigner should come and compete with me, there will be nothing for it but to shut up shop. Stop, or tax, the products which resemble mine; content yourself with opening the door to the metals I use, and you will usefully protect the national industry as far as I am concerned.'

"'Hold, there!' replies the iron-master. 'If foreign iron be admitted, I must put out my furnaces. Leave me the monopoly of my industry; only allow me to import freely the minerals and combustibles which are my instruments of labor.'

"'No, a hundred times no!' reply the shareholders in mines and coalpits, and the proprietors of forests. 'Is our industry less worthy of protection than the others? Now we shall be ruined if foreigners are permitted to introduce plenty and low prices among us.'

"Deafened by such a concert, it is not surprising that statesmen should have been induced to tax all imported articles, or nearly all. Under a tutelary government which concentrated, so to speak, the people's initiative and responsibility in the chief's hands, the chief thought that he did well in according to each industry the kind of protection it desired. The mass of consumers, eaten up by all these privileges, did not know enough to put its fingers on the mischief, and, besides, it had no voice in the council."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE backwardness of England in certain things, as compared with the Continent, is almost as striking as her superiority in respect of general enlightenment. While she solved long ago political problems which are still cabalistic mysteries to France and even to Germany, she is slow to adopt some of the means of civilization which have been in vogue for years in Continental countries. Germany is far in advance of England in her system of general education; France is in advance of her, not only in the arts, but also in the establishment of free public libraries. Paris had seven of these before London had one, for the British Museum is not a free library; Dresden had four; Berlin, Vienna, and Munich, each, two; Copenhagen, three; and Florence, six. Indeed, it is only twenty years since the first free public library was established in Great Britain. There are now forty, and, the success of the earlier experiments having been demonstrated, they are springing up rapidly in all parts of the kingdom. A writer in the October *Westminster Review* collects from recent reports upon the subject some interesting data respecting British

free libraries. It appears from these that the Public Libraries' Act, authorizing towns to establish free libraries, and to lay a tax for this object on the ratepayers, was passed, after much Tory opposition—even so enlightened a man as Roundell Palmer speaking against it—in 1850; and that Liverpool took the lead in availing itself of the act, in 1852. It is noteworthy that the first towns to establish free libraries were places whence almost every liberal and radical movement of the century has proceeded. From Liverpool and Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, came the organized effort to abolish the corn laws; these were the centres of the agitation for electoral reform; it was thence that Bright and Miall were sent to the House of Commons to advocate bold measures against the feudal power still remaining, and the disestablishment of the state Church; here was and is the stronghold of dissent, and the heart of the trades'-union agitation. Liverpool was the first, Manchester the second, and Salford (also in Lancashire) the third town to confer upon their inhabitants the blessing of free books. At first only towns of ten thousand population and upward could avail themselves of the act, but in 1867 its benefits were thrown open to all communities, however small. Each town decided for itself, by a vote of the burgesses, whether a library should be established; and, if the decision was in the affirmative, a tax, at first of a halfpenny, and latterly of a penny in the pound, was allowed to be levied by the town council. In many cases, donations of buildings and books from wealthy and public-spirited men rendered such a tax unnecessary. At Liverpool, Sir William Brown gave thirty thousand pounds for a building, and the library itself was formed in the main by voluntary gifts. The working-people of Manchester contributed eight hundred pounds to the library-fund, and ten thousand pounds were easily raised by subscription. The largest of the English free libraries is that at Manchester, which contains one hundred and six thousand volumes; next comes Liverpool, with ninety-three thousand; Birmingham, with sixty thousand; and Salford, with thirty-four thousand. They include works of reference and works to be lent; the former are consulted at the libraries themselves, the others are issued for home-reading. In some cases they are exclusively reference libraries, in others exclusively lending—but most of the libraries combine the two. The larger number, also, have reading-rooms and news-rooms, where free access is had to the leading periodicals and newspapers of the day. The books are generally well selected, and embrace the widest variety, from the heaviest theology to the most feathery fiction.

— Mr. Ruskin, in his usual pungent manner, particularly requests that, if he ever murders anybody, he may be immediately shot. He doesn't think he ought to be

hanged; declaring, with small reverence, that no one "but a bishop or a bank-director can ever be rogue enough to be hanged." Apart from Mr. Ruskin's grim humor, his position in this matter is, we believe, a sound one. The severity of hanging as a punishment, the horrors that pertain to it, designed originally as a means for preventing the commission of crime, have resulted in rendering conviction so difficult as almost to give the murderer immunity for his offence. It is now, in the present condition of the public mind, rapidly defeating its own end; and hence it is incumbent upon us to revise our criminal laws so far as this method of execution is concerned. It is idle for us to attempt to arrest the tendency of public feeling in this matter. We may denounce the juries as sentimentalists who refuse to bring in verdicts of guilty; we may deplore the increase of sensibility and the decay of robust manliness; we may point out to juries, with all our eloquence, that they have nothing to do with consequences, but are bound to act upon facts and evidence, regardless whether the criminal is to receive from the judge a rose or a halter, and yet we will still find that juries are men who reflect the current aspect of public sentiment, and who are certain to act in accordance with prevailing prejudices and theories. We must, therefore, wisely adjust our laws to a correspondence with those sentiments. Hanging as a mode of punishment originated when people's sensibilities were blunter, when men were of ruder feelings and harsher tastes, when punishments of all kinds were severer than now—was extended even to unfortunates like idiots and lunatics—when the theory of pure force characterized not only all governments, but all relations of superior and inferior. But hanging has become now, with the growth of humaner sentiments, intensely repugnant to the imagination of most people. A very large class are advocating the abolition of capital punishment altogether; and it is by no means certain, notwithstanding the derision with which the theory is received in some quarters, that this plan would not have the desired effect, which is to render punishment, whatever it may be, conducive to the security of the community. But, if abolition of capital punishment may not be essayed, it would at least be practicable to test Mr. Ruskin's theory, without Mr. Ruskin's exceptions, it is, of course, unnecessary to say. It may be argued that there is nothing ignominious in shooting; that soldiers are shot down in the honorable discharge of duty; and that a murderer who is shot suffers nothing more than his victim. To the first point it may be answered that death by the bullet is ignominious or not, according to how it is inflicted; that, while a soldier shot in battle dies gloriously, one shot for cowardice or insubordination dies ignominiously. And, to the second point, it may be said that the object of killing a criminal



is not to avenge a crime, nor to do him a wrathful injury merely that he may suffer, but to suppress lawlessness and give the public security. No matter what we do with a criminal, if we attain these ends. At present those ends are very far from being attained; crime increases, the public peace was never so often violated, or the public security so much endangered. It is often justly pointed out that celerity of punishment is the only means to keep down crime. If it were certain that a man killing to-day would be tried to-morrow, and shot on the third day, this fact would strike terror among the criminal classes. But why, the reader may ask, is this not also true with hanging? It is, undoubtedly; but we have seen that when the punishment is one that excites a general public horror, juries hesitate and judges are complacent. The philosophy of this matter is, to bring our penal laws down to that point which is in full accord with public sentiment; then so adjust the administration of these laws that punishment comes upon the evil-doer with the certainty of fate and a swiftness that concentrates public indignation.

— For a lady to devote herself persistently for a period of seventy years to the study of abstruse mathematics, and those branches of science with which this study is more intimately allied, is a phenomenon well worthy of note and comment. Still more remarkable is it that she should embody the results of her contemplations in works which have been pronounced superior to Humboldt's "Cosmos," and in her eighty-eighth year should write a treatise upon molecular science, challenging the approbation of critics easy to offend and hard to please. Such praise is due to Mary Somerville, who expired a few weeks since, at Florence, when she was fast approaching her ninety-third birthday. Mrs. Somerville was a Scotchwoman, and seems to have inherited the Scotch fondness for exact science. There is an impression in some minds, which is either a profound popular fallacy, or meets with a very emphatic exception in Mrs. Somerville's case, that the gentler sex is inferior to its lords in the powers of reasoning. There are no modern scientific works which more conspicuously and constantly exhibit this power, added to that of masterly generalization, than Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences" and "Molecular Theory." Her style is most sober, most compact, and clear. She economizes words, and eschews the ornamental arts of composition, and challenges learned opinion simply on the soundness of her reasoning and the justice of her conclusions. Mrs. Somerville was married, and entered London society, as long ago as 1804. She might possibly have seen Johnson, Gibbon, and Cowper, and probably did see Sheridan, Fox, and Pitt; early recognized as a woman not less of extraordinary philosophical talent than of true feminine grace and gentleness, her ad-

mission to scholarly and literary circles was not long postponed. She frequented Holland House, where she met Byron and Madame de Staël, Talleyrand and the Princess Liéven. She knew Mackintosh, Bentham, and Wilberforce, Rogers, Moore, and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, Brougham, Canning, and Plunket. It may be—it surely is to be hoped,—that, in the intervals of her severer studies (which she ardently pursued up to her very death), she may have written notes of her recollections of a most interesting life; for such recollections would cover a period prolific in genius in every department of thought and art with which Mrs. Somerville was familiar, and which none could portray with more graceful or zealous pen. Our readers will probably recollect that we gave a portrait, accompanied with a brief biographical sketch, of this distinguished lady, in the JOURNAL of May 11th last.

— Christmas comes again—"comes but once a year," says the old song, but comes with all its associations as fresh as if it came but once in a lifetime; and it comes now as it has ever come, stirring all the better and sweeter impulses of humanity; comes with festivities historically interwoven with many picturesque customs, and identified with some of the most felicitous fancies of our race; comes with its visions of delight to younger folk, and with its tender reminiscences for the elder; comes with its Christian celebrations, its anthems and carols, and ecstasies of praise; comes with new repetitions of that old, ever-strange, and wonderful, yet always-cherished story of Bethlehem; comes with its family reunions and restorations of ancient friendships; comes with its new impulses of charity, with its fresh desires to carry peace and good-will to all men; comes with its special devotion to our little ones, who gather at Christmas-tide such tokens of affection, such proofs of love and remembrance, that old age will never cease with delight to recall them; comes with its bays, and its wreaths of evergreen, and its lighted Christmas-trees: with its decorated churches and memorial mottoes in radiant green; with its sprigs of holly in the parlor, and its sacred immortelles around the portraits of the lost ones; comes with its abundant gift-giving and all those interchanges of tokens that make friendship sweet; comes with all its suppression of self, its lessons of generosity, its awakening of kindness, its out-going to others; comes bringing a Name that transmutes all natures into something better than they were, scatters bad passions, and calls forth holy impulses, touches hearts, awakens memories, sweetens pain, chastens success, and exalts the spirit—comes with all these boons and blessings, and yet comes bringing nothing that it has not always brought, having no lesson to teach that is not as old as Christianity, but coming, nevertheless, with a freshness and beauty that no novelty could

possess, no invention, however fortunate, could supply. We can welcome Christmas with no new phrases. We can accompany it with no new interpretations. We can describe it with no new terms of affection or appreciation. We can illustrate it with no new ideas or sentiments. But these facts give it its greatest charm; these are the very conditions that bring it so near to the heart of the world—it is its wealth of association, of remembrance, of memories, of tradition, of long-cherished ideals and beauties, of thoroughly familiar sentiments, that give it every quality endearing to mankind.

## MINOR MATTERS AND THINGS.

— Mistresses afflicted with bungling Bridgets and saucy Abigails will be interested in hearing that the people of Montreal have been discussing the universal servant nuisance, with an eye to the amelioration of the condition of both employers and employed. The meeting was called by a number of the most prominent Protestant clergymen of the city, who invited the "masters and mistresses" to come together for a free interchange of opinion on the vexed question. The ladies turned out in force, but the discussion seems to have been a failure, so far as they were concerned, since they permitted the parsons to monopolize the talking. A number of theories were advanced by these gentlemen to account for the modern differences between mistress and maid, the most ingenious of which was that of a reverend gentleman from the East Indies, who thought all the difficulties were "due to the want of knowledge of the patriarchal age," clinching his argument with the assertion that Abraham and his servants had no trouble. This point did not make much impression on the audience, who evidently were not prepared for a return to antediluvian simplicity. Dr. Corder, the Unitarian preacher of Montreal, replied that, until recently, an agent had been stationed in that city who gave good girls twenty dollars to pay their expenses to the United States, which was not the case in the patriarchal times. He did not hope for much help from Abraham, nor from a study of his house-keeping. The secret of all the trouble, he said, lies in the fact that society is changing. The lower classes have now so many more avenues of labor thrown open to them than formerly, at once less arduous, less menial, and more remunerative in character, that they are attracted from domestic service. Here Dr. Corder struck directly at the root of the matter; and his remarks are no less pertinent when applied to the United States than to Canada. Men and women will not remain content in menial positions if they can obtain independent employment at equal rates of pay. If our servants are to be retained, their labor must be made lighter or their wages increased. The other alternative is for society to do its own work.

— These remarks are as applicable to John Chinaman as to Patrick or Bridget. When the Chinese immigration to this country began, great hopes were entertained that

the problem of the age was about to find a solution. We heard on all sides of the neatness, the aptness, and the industry of the Celestials; and many long-suffering housekeepers regarded their advent as a special dispensation of Providence. But their gratulations were short-lived. The Mongol proved to be shrewder than the Yankee. John was quick to learn the true value of his labor, and showed a determination to get the full worth of it. He could make more money in working on his own account than in a menial position, and so he refused to go into the kitchen. Bridget, therefore, still rules the roast, and there is no help for mistresses but to make a compromise with her. Perhaps, in time, some genius may win a fortune and immortality by inventing a machine that will do household drudgery without the intervention of human mind and muscle; or, what is more likely, society may advance to the point of banishing servants from the dwelling, and of having the more arduous work done without the house. This would entail on the ladies of the family some of the lighter labors now performed by menials, but there is no doubt that they would be the better for it. Until that happy day arrives, however, society and Bridget must make mutual concessions, if they would live together peaceably. We know of no other way of bringing about a cessation of hostilities than that suggested above.

— London has now got a free city-library, which is likely to become a very fine thing. Before the fire of 1666, there was an institution of this kind, containing many precious volumes; but, after its destruction, no steps were taken to revive it until 1824. Since that year, additions, which slowly came in, were stowed away in a gloomy room, of bad approach, in the Guildhall; but, now the corporation have taken the matter in hand, a splendid apartment has been provided, and it turns out that the collection is, in one respect, preëminently what it should be, viz., richer in topographical works relating to London than even the British Museum itself. Why could not our corporation—now that it has got rid of its Tweeds and Sweenys—have a room devoted to works relative to New York? Such a collection, steadily kept up, would be invaluable in 1972, even if it only taught our grandchildren what to avoid.

— The Grand Hotel at Paris, which suffered so severely during the war, seems to have since taken a more prosperous position than ever. Among other special attractions of this establishment are concerts twice a week, which afford an admirable opportunity to observe the occupants of that human menagerie. To such an extent are all nations now brought to this common centre, that a Parisian declares it to be quite unnecessary to travel. Only go to the Grand Hotel, and you once more have the Tower of Babel. When recently his doctor ordered him abroad for change, he assented, but, in truth, merely took up his abode at this establishment. There he lived with the people of all lands, conversed with them, listened to their descriptions, and thus became familiar with their countries. After two or three months, when he went to see his doctor, he

was pronounced a complete recovery. "Ah! doctor," he laughingly said, "the beauty of those charming Constantinople girls cured me." He did not add that he made their acquaintance at the Grand Hotel. To sum up, it is averred that these advantages, with excellent food and wine, may, if you don't mind a journey to the fourth floor in the elevator, be had for three dollars and twenty cents a day, even now.

— The walls of the Lenox Library building have already risen to a noble altitude, and present, from several points in Central Park, a very effective feature. From some situations the pile appears to be erected on an elevation, and the granite walls lift above the trees with an imposing dignity that captivates the beholder. We learn that the site for the new Metropolitan Museum of Art has been selected in the immediate vicinity of the library, and that the projected Episcopal Cathedral will, in all probability, be erected in Fifth Avenue, facing the Park. These architectural piles will give a superb setting to our pleasure-ground, and add immensely to its beauty and dignity.

— The Museum of Art is to be built on the east side of the Park, between Eighty-first and Eighty-second Streets. A large force of men are at present engaged in making the necessary excavations for the building, which is ultimately to cover several acres, and, when completed, will be eight hundred feet long and five hundred feet wide. The foundations will be laid at once, and the building carried forward vigorously in the spring, so that by 1874 a sufficient portion of the vast structure will be completed to receive the works now contained in the Art-Museum in Dodworth's old Dancing Academy in the Fifth Avenue. The new Conservatory, another charming feature of the Park, will be completed in the autumn of 1873. It is to be erected on the border of Fifth Avenue, opposite Seventy-fourth Street, and the foundations are already completed. It is to be both a floral and musical conservatory. The upper story will be used for botanical plants and flowers, and the lower for music. The dimensions of this building will be two hundred and fifty feet in length by fifty in width. It will be surmounted by a handsome ornamental dome of iron and glass.

— Joe Cowell, in his book of theatrical reminiscences, describes the annoyance actors experience by the ceaseless fumbling of programmes and turning of leaves in their "books of the play" by the audience. Actors are not the only sufferers from the restlessness of concert and playgoers. There are people in every audience who are in perpetual struggle to keep up a connection between the performance and the programme, and twist and turn their handbills in this vain effort, as if an entertainment consisted of perusing the account of it. Then there are others who *must* read the libretto or the "book of the play," and only occasionally give their regards to the performers, tormenting themselves to find where the speaker or singer is now, why this is omitted, why something is done that is not down on the book, and so on. Then there are others—principally ladies—who keep up a continual dis-

turbance with their programmes. They fold them, turn them, rattle them, crush them, make fans of them, ceaselessly find something to do with them that will make a noise, to the exasperation of every attentive listener in the assembly. If the writer were a great tragedian or a singer, he would certainly stipulate, as a condition of his appearance, that programmes and books of the play should be excluded from the audiences whenever it was his mission to entertain. What with rattling programmes, noisy ushers, musicians who always come stumbling in to their places, to the ruin of the last scene of every act of a play, and go stumbling out again at the opening of every first scene; people who come bustling in too late, and people who go bustling out too soon; people who come to talk, and people whose ears, responding a flash too late, are forever asking what the last speaker said—between these combinations the man who likes to enjoy a play deliberately and freely is put in a nervous torment enough to make him forswear public entertainments forever!

— The late King of Sweden set an example, which we hope to see every day more extensively followed here, by bequeathing to the national museum of his country such of his pictures as relate to national scenes, together with a very valuable collection of armor and other valuables. In former days a wealthy New-Yorker, who desired to benefit his native city in such manner at his death, was placed in this difficulty, that, unless he specially founded an institution for the reception of his gift, there was no place to receive it. Happily, in the last two years, we have changed all that. No collector need now be at a loss; full justice will be done to the inanimate objects dear to his soul when he starts on that last journey where no luggage is allowed, if he will but bequeath them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One of the best points about this institution is, that it has nothing individual in its origin. No great name obscures all other donors, as in the case of the Astor Library. Thus we hope to see the time when we shall pass from room to room called after some celebrity in art and taste, who has thus contributed to the education of his countrymen by a beneficent bequest, and whose memory is handed down for all time to a grateful posterity by the chamber which bears his name, and the bust or portrait of him which fills the most prominent position in it.

— The Hartford *Courant* asserts that one of the chief sources of Horace Greeley's power was his humor, which was of that homely sort that characterized Franklin, not too fine for popular appreciation. But this gift, although a great force in his writings, interfered, it thinks, with his influence in some other directions. "It is still true," says the *Courant*, "that, in the popular mind, a certain gravity, which may border on stupidity, is considered essential to a great man, especially to a man who is to occupy public position. People are a little afraid of wit, and the man who makes others laugh too often gets laughed at himself, or, if he is not laughed at, he is not trusted." Perhaps the popular instinct in the matter is not very far

wrong, although a marked exception to the operation of the rule existed in Mr. Lincoln's case, whose humor not only greatly endeared him to the people, but strengthened their faith in him. He is the only man we can recall who made humor a political power. But if we take a glance at humorists as a class, we will discover that, however delightful their gifts, they have not been men whom the world could safely trust in places of responsibility. Sterne, for instance, was a delightful character; we love the man with all his foibles, but we would never dream of placing important trusts in the hands of a man of his character; and Sterne is an excellent representative of the wits—men of fancy, quickness of imagination, and geniality of temperament, but men whose susceptibility often played strange pranks with their judgments. We are not to be understood as asserting that Mr. Greeley belonged to this class; far from it, for his humor was only an embroidery, and not the fabric of his talent; but the *Courant's* intimation that popular judgment is blunt and stupid in this matter is what we question; for the judgment is supported by the dramatists and novelists in their delineations, is illustrated by the essayists and the poets, and is abundantly confirmed in biography and history.

—“Hung be the heavens in black!” exclaims the mourner in the Shakespearian play; but, on the occasion of Horace Greeley's funeral, recently, the heavens in Broadway were fairly hung in scarlet and blue, so great was the display of bunting. Flags at half-mast convey to every one the idea that some one is dead whose memory it is desirable to honor; but flags at half-mast are no more solemn or grave than flags at the height of the staff. The “stars and stripes” that flutter in the breeze are always full of color, brilliancy, and animation. The American colors are exceedingly radiant, and, when flung forth in a bright sun, give marvellous sparkle and life to a picture, whether the occasion be a solemn one or not. This fact leads a correspondent to suggest the adoption of a mourning-flag, or a banner which in its color should express the sentiment of the occasion for which it is displayed. He suggests a black flag—but that would be piratical in its expression, unless a wreath of green in the centre relieved the black. As an alternative, our correspondent recommends a black ground set with stars—which certainly would be appropriate. But there is no reason why one uniform model should be adopted. So, without deciding which, in our judgment, would be the better plan for a mourning-flag, we simply commend the suggestion to the consideration of the public.

—People in New York, who like studies of interiors, have an excellent opportunity to indulge their tastes by rides on the elevated railway. This route, which runs on the level of the second-story windows, and so near that one may almost extend his hand to the shutters, gives to the inquisitive passenger a ceaseless succession of queer glimpses into other people's apartments. The inside views thus afforded are not generally of very elegant modes of life, but for this reason they are all the more novel and suggestive. Ele-

gance is monotonously circumspect; but the struggle for respectable existence in second-story fronts shows life under a good many individual aspects. It is true the glimpses we get are rapid, and sometimes almost too fleeting for special observation; but, by repeated rides, one may multiply impressions to an extent that will give him a very good idea of how people live in the quarters thus unceremoniously exposed. There is not much neatness of apparel, although ladies are often seen before their mirrors giving finishing touches to their toilets. Bureaus are occasionally seen, prettily set out with ornaments; but taste, as a rule, shows itself sparingly. There are numerous tumbled beds and other evidences of slovenly house-keeping. The newspaper is not neglected, but the idlers, for the most part, are in groups for the purpose of gossip. The children are not commonly in attractive trim, although the wash-tub and the sewing-machine are actively employed. There are some tidily-kept rooms, but even the better apartments are not inviting—they look gloomy, lack sunlight, and cheer of every sort. The succession of pictures is a little curious, but not calculated to give pleasant impressions of city home-life.

### Literary Notes.

DR. DÖLLINGER seems to think that the great, perhaps the only, obstacle to the union of all the various sects of Christendom into one common “household of faith” is presented by the papacy; at least, we gather this impression from reading his “Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches.” (Dodd and Mead.) All Protestants and old Catholics will doubtless agree that he is right in part, but most of these will see breaches between certain Protestant communions which are almost as wide as the one between Protestantism and the papacy itself. For the benefit of those who are in any doubt as to the good to result from the establishment of a universal church, the doctor devotes his first two lectures to a review of the religious condition of the world at large, and to pointing out the great hindrance that delays the performance of an acknowledged duty to the heathen. This hindrance, as may be supposed, is, according to the author, the dissensions that prevail in the Church, a view he well sustains by bringing forward the moral effect on unbelievers of the fruits that appear from such division. To show how he does this we quote from the close of the second lecture (pp. 80, 81): “Christ says that every kingdom divided against itself shall be destroyed. We understand the failure of missionaries. And that is not all. What is to Christians the holiest and most venerable of all places, the birth-land of our faith, where Christ taught, lived, and suffered, is now the meeting-place of churches that hate one another. Greeks, Russians, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Jacobites, Protestants of various sects, all have there their fortresses and intrenchments, and are intent on making fresh conquests for the rival churches. To the shame of the Christian name, Turkish soldiers have to interfere between rival parties of Christians, who would else tear one another to pieces in the holy places, and the pacha holds the key of the holy sepulchre.” The third lecture is a *résumé* of the causes leading to the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches. Then

we have a brief history of the German Reformation, which is characterized as a movement “deeply rooted in the needs of the age,” and that “sprang inevitably from the ecclesiastical conditions of the centuries immediately preceding it.” Luther and his colleagues receive no blame, except for interrupting the order of apostolic succession, for which there was no external necessity. The loss of this is found a “peculiar difficulty” in the way of reunion between certain classes of Christians, and one which, the doctor thinks, ought not to have arisen. The fifth lecture treats of “The Reaction toward Union in the Seventeenth Century;” the sixth, of “The English Reformation; its Nature and Results;” and the seventh and concluding one of the series, of difficulties in the way of union, and the ground of hope for its ultimate accomplishment. The doctor is careful throughout to hold up the cruelties of the popes and the intrigues of the Jesuits as largely to blame for the continued division of the Church, and his “ground for hope” seems to lie in the reaction that has set in from the culmination of the papal idea in the famous decree of infallibility. The “lectures” are popular in style, and will doubtless command much attention from all who have any interest in the weighty question at issue.

A somewhat peculiar story is attached to the posthumous work, by M. Villemain, “The History of Gregory VII.,” which is about to be published in Paris. The deceased academician commenced this voluminous dissertation more than forty years ago, and did not complete it till 1851. After M. Villemain's death, which took place on the day when seven and a half millions of eyes were being elicited by the last of the Napoleonic *plébiscites*, his family were about to publish the work which, for some unaccountable reason, the author had kept so long in reserve, when their plans were quite upset by the outbreak of the war. When Paris was seriously threatened by the Germans, the manuscripts were sent out of the capital. Their transportation was no easy matter, for M. Villemain had the habit of never burning a single scrap of paper, and all the notes, copies, articles, etc., connected with this work, made up a heavy load of literature, added to, as they were, by an unpublished translation of “Pindar,” and fragments about the Restoration. From Paris they were sent to Angers, and, when that town was threatened, Lord Lyons was asked to take them under his protection, but he seems to have thought that he could hardly be expected to do so. Eventually the precious deposit appears to have reached Bordeaux, whence it was sent back to Paris just before the conflagrations in the Rue de Lille and the Rue de Verneuil. The house in which the manuscripts were lodged was in this quarter, but luckily escaped destruction, and the book has at last reached the hands of the printer.

Literary treasures are often brought to light in quite unpromising quarters. One does not expect much, for instance, from such a field as heathen India, yet from time to time the students of its unfamiliar literature point out gems of art that would do credit to any people. In a recent article in the *Pull-Mall Gazette* on “Heathen Poetry,” we find such specimens as this from Tamil authors:

THE SHEPHERD OF THE WORLDS.

“How many various flowers

Did I in by-gone hours

Cull for the god, and in his honor strew!

In vain how many a prayer

I breathed into the air!

And made, with many forms, obeisance due.

"Beating my breast, aloud,  
How oft I called the crowd  
To drag the village-car ! how oft I strayed  
In manhood's prime to lave  
Sunward the flowing wave ;  
And, circling Salva's fances, my homage paid !

"But they—the truly wise—  
Who know and realize  
Where dwells the Shepherd of the Worlds, will ne'er  
To any visible shrine,  
As if it were divine,  
Deign to raise hands of worship or of prayer."

This is more remarkable from its protest against idolatry.

The paper in question recalls some beautiful quotations given in Rimmel's "Book of Perfumes," from kindred authors. One of the finest of these is from "Sakountalá," a sacred drama of the Hindoos. Kanwa, the father of Sakountalá, and chief of the hermits, offers a sacrifice of fragrant woods, exclaiming :

"Holy flames that gleam around  
Every altar's hallowed ground ;  
Holy flames, whose frequent food  
Is the consecrated wood,  
And for whose encircling bed  
Sacred Kúsa-grass is spread ;  
Holy flames that waft to heaven  
Sweet oblations daily given,  
Mortal guilt to purge away ;  
Hear, oh, hear me when I pray,  
Purify my child this day !"

In this same drama occurs the following, in reference to the custom of conducting such ceremonies in sacred groves as well as temples :

"The sprouting verdure of the leaves is dimmed  
By dusky wreaths of upward-curling smoke  
From burnt oblations."

From an Indian ode we have this :

"The rose hath humbly bowed to meet  
With glowing lips her hallowed feet,  
And leant them all its bloom."

From another poem, this :

"A hundred flowers there are beaming,  
The verdure smiling and the hushed waves  
dreaming.

Each flower is still a brighter hue assuming,  
Each a far league the lovesick air perfuming.  
The rose her book of hundred leaves unfolding.  
The tulip's hand a cup of red-wine holding.  
The northern zephyr ambergris round spreading,  
Still through its limits varied scents is shedding."

From what we have given we are sure that many a reader will wish for more, and join us in hoping that the excellent translations which have long been made from some of the most noted of the Indian poets, may soon be given to the public in a dress that will secure their acceptance by that large class who have an appreciation of good things quite out of proportion to the means for obtaining them. The expensive editions in which such works are too often issued, is an effective barrier against their introduction with those who would often love them the most.

Professor Hart's "Manual of American Literature" (Eldridge & Bro.) is the companion to his "English Literature," issued a few months since. It is designed as a text-book for schools and colleges, but will be also an acceptable substitute, in many cases, for the more bulky cyclopædias, which are cumbersome as well as expensive. One cannot look for completeness in such a work, yet there are some authors omitted from this one which should, by all means, have place in even the very briefest treatise on the subject. It can hardly be accounted for why a score or more of prominent names should receive no mention, while at least an equal number have been included in the "Manual" that require notice

only in dictionaries or cyclopædias. We are sorry that a book, otherwise so good, should have its value thus impaired, and we hope the professor will supply the omissions in a second edition.

Under the title of "Oriental and Linguistic Studies," Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued a series of papers contributed from time to time to several periodicals by Professor William D. Whitney. These papers are on the Veda, the Avesta, and the Science of Language. As popular expositions they cannot fail to be welcome to the many who, without time for thorough study, wish accurate knowledge on the interesting subjects of which they treat. The professor is receiving well-deserved commendation of his work from the critics, and is especially complimented on the "elegant plainness" of his diction, and on his success in imparting an interest to philological studies, which are, unfortunately, too often rendered uninviting by the dreariness of dull teachers.

The merits of "The Lillingstones of Lillingstone" (Dodd & Mead) depend much upon the point from which it is viewed. If intended as an addition to such libraries as are usually selected for younger persons, it may be accounted a very worthy book ; but, if designed as a more pretentious work, a candid critic must own it rather commonplace, or that it at least appears so, by contrast with the brilliant fictions now so familiar to all story-readers. The fortunes of the Lillingstones are, however, made to teach good lessons in morals and religion, and the narrative deserves praise for its healthy tone, a virtue too often wanting in what are otherwise more successful stories. The volume has twelve full-page illustrations, which are unmistakably English in design, and well executed.

Jean Ingelow's first novel, "Off the Skel-ligs," scarcely equals the expectation formed from her reputation as a poet. The story is not romantic, and is narrated in a very matter-of-fact manner. It never runs beyond the usual commonplaces of every-day life ; there is little display of strong emotion ; the tone and feeling accord well with that social etiquette which forbids enthusiasm of every kind. To many, however, this may be the best praise that we can give it. The chief charm of the story, to us, is in the quiet gentleness and sweetness of the maiden who is writing of her own early life, and it seems as if Miss Ingelow had sometimes written from personal reminiscences. On the whole, the book, while pleasing, and containing not a few good descriptions of character and well-told incidents, has scarcely advanced the author's fame.

A dainty little work, "Treasure Trove," exhibits some of the fairest mechanical handiwork of those tasty book-makers, Messrs. Osgood & Co. "Treasure Trove" is a rhymed caricature on the "lion-hearted" Richard—on Chivalry—on the ways and manners of his time in general ; and, although it is another blow at the legendary ideals we have so long looked upon with reverence, yet its *animus* cannot but commend it to all who are not afflicted with a belief in the "divine right" of kings. As a literary performance the book is quite clever, and its interest is increased by a liberal number of excellent illustrations, from the pencil of the well-known S. Etyng, Jr.

Mr. Evans has evinced the most praiseworthy industry in the preparation of his "Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and

Ornaments of Great Britain." The scattered results of innumerable researches are here collected into a large yet handy volume, which is almost an encyclopædia of these curious remains. The work is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, which are both artistic and, as the author assures us, faithful to the antiquities they represent. We are not content to pass so important a volume with this brief mention, and we hope to refer to it again in a future number of the JOURNAL. (D. Appleton & Co.)

There is an effort now being made in the South to aid the widow of the poet Henry Timrod by the issue of a subscription edition of his poems. Earnest efforts are made to obtain a wide circulation of the volume, not only in behalf of the poet's widow, but with a laudable desire to promote a better knowledge of a poet too little known. The volume will be accompanied by a biography, and edited, we believe, by Paul H. Hayne.

A forthcoming memoir of Miss Susan Ferrier contains some unpublished letters by Robert Burns. It is said that the work will present a lively picture of literary life in Edinburgh. Miss Ferrier's best-known novel, "Marriage," was published in 1818, and was praised by Sir Walter Scott as containing some of the happiest illustrations of Scottish character.

A Paris publishing-house having announced that it will speedily issue "The Letters of Eugénie de Montijo, prior to her Marriage to Louis Napoleon," the prefect of police has prohibited the publication of the work.

Old M. Guizot has three new books in press, among them a work on the Second Empire. In the preface he says that Louis Napoleon frequently importuned him with offers of important official positions.

Earl Russell has completed a volume of essays on the "Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the Council of Trent."

Many readers have no doubt been puzzled to understand what Tennyson meant by the word "spate," occurring in his last idyl :

"The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,  
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring,  
Stared at the spate."

*Spate* is an old Saxon word, meaning the flooding of a stream by heavy rains.

The library of the Escorial, which so narrowly escaped destruction a month or two since, contains over fourteen thousand MSS. in Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages.

It is reported that Merle d'Aubigné has left two nearly completed volumes on the Reformation, carrying his record to the death of Luther.

Chambers's well-known "Cyclopædia of English Literature" is undergoing revision by the Rev. Dr. Carruthers, of Inverness, Scotland.

Curiosity will be stimulated by the announcement that Baron Nathaniel Rothschild is preparing a history of the Rothschild family, extending from 1806 to the present time.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag : Shawl-Straps." By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc. Boston : Roberts Brothers.



"For Conscience' Sake." By the author of "Alice Lee's Discipline," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead.

"What Katy Did." A story: By Susan Coolidge, author of "The New-Year's Bargain." With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Science for the Young;" "Force." By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Franconia Stories," "Marco Paul Series," "Young Christian Series," "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc. With numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Our Young Yachter's Series: Vol. ii., Left on Labrador; or, The Cruise of the Schooner Yacht Curlew, as recorded by Wash." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Dr. Wainwright's Patient: A Novel." By Edmund Yates, author of "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "A Waiting Race," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

## Scientific Notes.

THE preparations for the English circumnavigating exploring expedition give promise of results of great value to both science and civilization. The vessel set apart for the purpose is H. M. S. Challenger, a main-deck corvette of two thousand three hundred tons. Her commander is Captain G. S. Nares, well known as the author of a valuable work on seamanship. Second in command is Commander J. P. Maclean, son of the late astronomer royal at the Cape of Good Hope, who will have charge of the magnetic observations which will form part of the work of the expedition. The Challenger has been put in thorough repair, and specially fitted out for the occasion. Stages have been erected amidships, from which the dredges will be worked; and immediately aft of these is the steam winding-in apparatus. A chemical laboratory and naturalist's work-room have been fitted up in the after-part of the vessel; and the fore-magazine is set aside for the storage of the large quantities of spirits required for the preservation of natural-history specimens, and of the many thousand stoppered bottles which will contain them. Among the stores are traps of various forms, harpoons, a harpoon-gun, and fishing-tackle of all kinds, including trawls, trammels, a seine, shrimp-nets, fish-traps, and lobster-pots. From the latter, used in deep water, great results are expected; and it is not improbable that living specimens of nautilus may thus be procured. The scientific staff, under the direction of Professor Wyville Thomson, numbers five able and experienced scientists. The route to be followed by the Challenger, though not yet fully determined, will be nearly as follows: Leaving Portsmouth about the middle of November, she will sail for Gibraltar, the first haul of the dredge being made in the Bay of Biscay. From Gibraltar she will proceed to Madeira; thence to St. Thomas, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores; thence to Bahia, touching at Fernando de Noronha; then across to the Cape of Good Hope; thence southward to the Crozet and Marion Islands, continuing in this course until ice is reached. Australia, New Zealand, the Campbell and Auckland Groups, Torres Straits, New Guinea, and New Ireland, will then be visited. A year will be spent among the Pacific islands; Japan, Kamohatka, and the regions farther north, thoroughly explored; the return being made by the way of Cape Horn. The voyage is expected to take about three years and a half, as the deep-sea work—the main object

of the expedition—is to be supplemented by that of a general inland exploration, with accurate investigations of many of those distant and almost unknown islands of the sea. The interest with which the public watched the progress of the late Hassler expedition furnishes sufficient evidence that their sympathy and well-wishes will be with the Challenger and her gallant and learned officers, till they have doubled the Horn, and are again safely moored in Portsmouth Harbor.

At the first announcement of diamond discoveries in Arizona, the San Francisco and New York Commercial and Mining Company engaged the professional services of Clarence King, the eminent geologist, who, with an able corps of assistants, was to explore the regions from which the diamonds and precious stones were said to have been obtained. From the final report of Professor King, as lately presented to the officers of the company, it is evident that a gigantic fraud has been perpetrated; and, as the results prove, not without gain to certain enterprising and ingenious rascals. In justice to the company above named, it may be added that they seem to have acted in good faith and with honest purpose. The report of Clarence King gives the operations of his survey in detail. Referring to the discovery of certain gems, it is stated that, in the vicinity of Table Rock, diamonds and rubies were found on the surface and in the crevices; but, in every instance of a "find," there was evidence that the soil had been tampered with. In crevices where there were no traces of the work of man, no evidence of the existence of precious stones was discovered. Some diamonds were found in what were evidently artificial holes. From further reports, as received from San Francisco, it appears that Arnold, the man who sold the original discovery, received for it from the Harpending Company one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now that the swindle has been exposed, this prince of impostors will doubtless return to the deserted fields, map in hand, to recover from the cracks and crevices what stones yet remain concealed in them.

The Chicago papers announce the successful trial of a new pumping-engine, said to be the largest in the world, which was designed and constructed for the water-works of that city. The steam cylinders—of which there are two—have each an internal diameter of seventy inches, and allow a twenty-foot stroke of piston; the fly-wheel is twenty-five feet in diameter, weighing thirty-three tons, and the cast-iron walking-beams, measuring twenty-seven feet between the ends and centres, are seventy-five inches deep in the middle, and twenty-four inches at the ends. Mr. Chesbrough, under whose direction the lake-tunnel was constructed, estimates that this engine will be capable of raising thirty-six million gallons of water one hundred and fifty feet in twenty-four hours. In addition to this, the main engine, there are three others, with a capacity respectively of eighteen thousand, twelve thousand, and eight thousand gallons. An interesting and significant fact, illustrating the rapidity with which Chicago has recovered from the disastrous fire, is that, during the past year, there have been laid in that city twenty miles more of pipe than was ever laid before in that length of time.

A most remarkable instance as illustrating the powers of physical endurance is afforded by the terrible experience of four of the survivors from the wreck of the ocean-steamship Missouri. Eight days at sea in an open boat,

with their bodies half immersed in salt-water, and without a drop to drink, or a morsel of food, these four men yet live. The story of those eight days, as narrated by Assistant-Engineer John Freaney, is substantially as follows: Having remained near the burning vessel till she sank, the small boat, containing eight men, was put before the wind, her progress toward land, wherever it might be, being aided by the four remaining oars. "On the second and third days," as the account reads, "we were still before the wind, and suffering terribly. On the fourth day one of our crew died, and that night two others, having become crazy, jumped overboard. The boat was always full of water, and ourselves sitting waist-deep. On the fifth morning another man died. . . . On the sixth and seventh days our situation was unchanged. On the eighth day we sighted land, and succeeded in landing at Powell's Cay, near Abaco, in the evening. On the ninth day we found a few tomatoes, which we boiled, having found a few matches and a pot in one of the boats." These tomatoes were the first food that they had tasted since leaving the ship, eight days before, and the strength thus feebly renewed sustained life till the following day, when a friendly hand rescued and supplied them.

Soap-stone, or steatite, has recently found a new application as a raw material for buttons, dominoes, and other similar objects. Chips and refuse pieces of the mineral are ground to powder and mixed with silicate of soda, water, glass; and, after a repose of some hours, dried on a plate, and the mixture again pulverized. The powder thus obtained is then subjected to powerful pressure in suitable moulds, and afterward baked in air-tight crucibles. The pressed objects are again soaked in a silicate-of-soda bath, and again heated out of contact with the air. The hardness of the product is said to depend, in a great measure, upon the number of times the heating is repeated. The last stage in the process of manufacture consists in washing in water in a rotary tub, drying, and then agitating in a suitable vessel with soap-stone powder, this last operation giving to the surface a bright polish.

A writer in *Les Mondes* describes an interesting and simple experiment by which it is demonstrated that the light of the Geissler tubes is intermittent. Take a chameleon top—such as may be purchased from any dealer in toys—and place upon the centre one of the prismatic disks which accompany it. Instead of producing the singular optical illusions usually obtained from these disks by stopping their revolutions with the finger, simply illumine the table and disk with a large Geissler tube. The result is described as beautiful. The most varied combinations of colors and designs succeed each other without any need of touching the disks and thus checking the movement of the top.

In the report of certain commercial analyses, as made by Professor Allen, of Sheffield, England, is that of five samples of butter which were purchased in that city, and submitted to a careful examination. The results are as follows. No. 1 contained eight per cent. of water, with much salt and dripping; No. 2, seven per cent. of water, a large quantity of salt, and a little lard; No. 3, seven per cent. of water, a very large quantity of salt, a considerable quantity of lard, and some *rag pulp*, the original fibres and colors of the rag being readily visible under the microscope; Nos. 4 and 5, water seven per cent., with salt and lard. The presence of water and salt is not to be won-

dered at, but many a good housewife will have her faith shaken in humanity when she reads of the lard and rag pulp.

At Krupp's steel-works at Essen, Prussia, 8,810 workmen, and engines amounting to 9,595 horse-power, are employed. Last year the establishment manufactured 150,000,000 pounds of cast-steel, an increase of 20,000,000 pounds over the product of 1870. There are 528 furnaces for smelting, heating, and converting, 169 forges, 260 welding- and puddling-furnaces, 245 coke-furnaces, 180 other kinds of furnaces, 243 turning-lathes, 130 planing-machines, 78 cutting-machines, 172 boring-machines, 94 grinding-benches, 209 various other machines, 174 steam-boilers, 265 steam-engines (from 1,000 horse-power downward), and 58 steam-hammers (from 80 tons downward).

English farmers use nearly a million tons of artificial and chemical manures annually, the materials for which are obtained from all quarters of the globe. It is by this system of judicious and repeated fertilizing that the land is made to yield such heavy returns without "working out," as have the abandoned tobacco-fields of Virginia.

On the 27th of October last, an interesting *fête* was given by the municipality of Florence, Italy. The occasion was that of the inauguration of the new Florentine Observatory, that stands on a striking eminence, from which, in former times, Galileo made most of his discoveries.

It has recently been demonstrated that plates of polished slate may be used as a substitute for boxwood for engraving. These plates will furnish over one hundred thousand impressions without loss of detail, do not warp, and are not affected by oil or water.

## Home and Foreign Notes.

THE Russian Government has demanded from the King of Belgium the extradition of one Vashtenew, one of the *valets de chambre* that accompanied the Grand-duke Alexis to the New World: Vashtenew was sent by the Grand-duke with a portion of his trunks from Cuba to Russia. He delivered all trunks but one to the imperial family on his arrival at St. Petersburg. But the trunk he kept contained the letters which the grand-duke received while in the United States. Among them are many *billets-doux* from foolish American women. The faithless valet took the trunk to Brussels, and sold the letters to a young bookseller, who has since then announced as in press a volume which will probably prove painfully interesting to some of our countrywomen. Its title is: "The Private Correspondence of a Prince on his Travels round the World." The Russian Government claims that Vashtenew is nothing but a common thief, and wants the Belgian Government, on that ground, to send him back to St. Petersburg, together with the stolen and interesting trunk.

Intelligence from the arctic regions indicates that the season has been unusually mild and propitious for the various polar expeditions in that region. In a letter from Greenland, dated September, Mr. Edward Whymper writes to a London friend that, when he arrived there in June, the "land was covered with flowers, the butterflies were beginning to appear, and almost all snow had vanished from the sea-level up to two thousand feet." Since that time the writer mentions the very remarkable fact that, with the exception of the bad week in the Waigat, he had "enjoyed the most exquisite weather that it is possible to imagine." This intelligence is corroborated from Germany by Dr. Petermann, the renowned geographer, whose geographical journal stated that the seas which wash the indented shores of Spitzbergen are free from ice for several

months in the year, and this year have been peculiarly iceless. The further discovery in September of an open sea to the eastward of Spitzbergen by Captain Nils Johnsen, the last explorer to make report, looks very much as if the American expedition under Captain Hall, and also the far-advanced German voyagers under the Austrian leaders Payer and Weyprecht, had struck upon a year remarkably auspicious for their perilous endeavor.

Some of the Mid-England papers are considerably exercised over an event which has occurred in connection with the Prince of Wales's visit to Lord Aylesford in Warwickshire. According to the modern unsportsmanlike fashion, grand *battues* were among the principal amusements of the visit, and to the first of these events some reporters gained admission. The result was, a severe criticism on game-butcher in a Birmingham paper, and on the following day the reporters, on arriving at Packington Hall, were met by a policeman, who announced that he had his lordship's orders to see them off the ground. The incident is likely to aggravate the bitter feeling engendered by the exaggerated system of game-preservation which for some years has been in vogue, and has caused very strong feeling on the part of tenants. It was strongly condemned by Lord Derby in a speech last spring, and the impression is general that its days are numbered.

The *Lancet*, which has recently published a series of reports by a special commission appointed to investigate fully the accommodation afforded to steerage-passengers from Liverpool to the United States, seems inclined to the opinion that, although there is not a little to condemn, yet there is not cause for wholesale fault-finding. As regards the provisions, they were pronounced good in quality and abundant in quantity, the supposition being made that few of the emigrants fared so well previous to embarking. The arrangements for ventilation are very defective, and the sexes are mixed in a way that tends to promote indecency. The hospitals are inconveniently situated, and in some instances there are no lavatories and very imperfect closet arrangements for the women and children. Taking the reports in the most favorable light, it is evident that there is needed a change in the construction and the supervision of emigrant-vessels.

One of the London papers reproduces "an interviewing" of Mr. Froude, during which the reporter asked whether the "swell young *militaires*" of the Household Brigade were not as idle and useless as those French officers who lounged on the boulevards of Paris, whose lack of vigor both in mind and body their last campaign so palpably proved. Mr. Froude supposed that they were, but added that there were but few of them; and, further, pointed to the fact that, at Waterloo, in the Crimea, and elsewhere, they had certainly done excellent service. The really redeeming point about English officers, from a service point of view, is that, unlike their French brethren in arms, they are, for the most part, men of very active bodily health and fine physique. Although, with rare exceptions, wonderfully illiterate—probably more so even than the French—they can ride, shoot, swim, and fence, and have a vast amount of pluck and endurance.

The new Turkish grand-vizier, Mehemet Rouchdi Pacha, has risen to power from a very humble station in life. The son of poor parents, he joined the army as a private soldier in his sixteenth year, but his talents soon raised him in the service. He devoted himself earnestly to the study of the French language and of military science, and, having translated a French military book into Turkish, Sultan Mahmoud recognized his talents, and became his patron. When but twenty-six the war-ministry was tendered to him, but he soon resigned, resuming it, however, shortly before the breaking out of the Crimean War, during which he greatly distinguished himself by his administrative ability. He is the author of several works on strategy and fortification that rank high.

A widow lady named Mellen, who said she was from New York, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Frankfort-on-the-Main for collecting, in May last, subscrip-

tions for *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*. In pronouncing sentence, Judge Miller said that he regretted exceedingly that, under the law, he could not send her to the state-prison for several years. He ordered a bailiff to burn the copies of the paper which were found in the woman's possession.

Netchayeff, the International leader from Russia, has been delivered by the authorities of Switzerland, where he had taken refuge, to Russian policemen, on the ground that he was a common murderer. Upon reaching Warsaw the unfortunate man was placed before a court-martial, and sentenced to be branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead, to receive one hundred lashes with the knout, and to be sent to Siberia. He survived the barbarous punishment, and is now on his way to Tobolsk.

The Paris papers tell of a duel on a piano between two musicians. They played for forty-eight hours without food or drink. Having commenced with pieces of a sedate character, they passed on to waltzes, and thence to operatic music. One had played the *Miserere* in "Il Trovatore" five hundred and eighty times, and was commencing on the five hundred and eighty-first performance when he sank to rise no more. The other was conveyed to the hospital, his life being despaired of, and the four seconds are suffering from mental aberration.

Queen Isabella of Spain looks younger and healthier since she left the country which she governed so miserably. She enjoys Paris and its amusements with undisguised relish. She gives, twice every week, a reception, which, strangely enough, are largely attended by the literary men of France. At her last Jules Janin, Louis Batisbonne, and Jules Sandeau, were introduced to her.

Highland Lake, East Andover, New Hampshire, has been the home of a pair of herons for nearly half a century, and the good people of the town had come to regard these venerable and long-legged fowl as birds of good omen. But lately a sacrilegious fowler shot one of them, when popular indignation rose to such a pitch that the sportsman narrowly escaped with his life.

The Emperor William drinks but very little wine; his nephew, the Russian Czar, drinks a great deal of *vodka* (Russian whiskey); President Thiers is fond of a bottle of Chamberlain; King Amadeus loves the sweet wine of Alicante; Queen Victoria sticks to her port; the sultan and the khédive relish Bordeaux; and the Emperor of Austria takes his Tokay regularly.

Private contributions have made good one hundred thousand dollars of the loss of the Harvard University by the Boston fire. But Harvard needs a hundred thousand more to place her where she stood before, and her graduates and friends should come up to the mark.

A Spanish editor, having called King Amadeus several hard names, and intimated that the people would do well to send him and his wife back to Italy, has now time to cogitate over the beauties of the freedom of the press in Spain at the city-prison of Seville, where he will have to remain for the next twelve months.

The trustees of Columbia College have purchased a splendid site on Washington Heights, to which it is proposed to remove the college. The plot of ground comprises nine acres, and is located just above One-hundred-and-sixtieth Street, extending from the line of the Boulevard to the river-front.

The sultan and all his vassals, including the Khédive of Egypt, the Hospodar of Rumania, and young Prince Milos of Servia, will be at the Vienna Exhibition next year. The Emperor of Austria will invite the rulers of all civilized countries to visit Vienna on the occasion, and the President of the United States will be strongly urged to attend.

"The burnt child dreads the fire," but it seems that Chicago does not; for, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, there are more wooden buildings in that city now than before the ravages of the fire-fleed.

The insane young Pole, Sigismund Glattstern, who shot a New-York heiress, Miss Nellie Huse, a few months ago on the public promenade at Gersan, in Switzerland, because she refused to elope with him to Italy, has, strangely enough, been sentenced only to ten years' banishment from Switzerland. The announcement of this sentence elicited loud cheers from the audience, and Miss Huse and her mother were grossly insulted by the crowd upon leaving the court-room.

Mdlle. Adele Spitzeder, formerly a third-rate actress at a so-called varieties theatre in New York, and more recently proprietress of the Dachaner Bank at Munich, has failed for seven million florins, and has been sent to jail with a prospect of becoming an inmate of the penitentiary for many years.

Among the leaders of the Spanish Carlists is said to be a young girl named Anita Pervadez, who claims to have been inspired by the Holy Virgin. The Madrid *Gaceta* is ungallant enough to say that, in case the young lady is caught, she will be sent to the state-prison and be employed in spinning wool.

In some of the river-counties in Iowa, where timber is scarce, there are a large number of people who live in sod-houses, and burn the rank river-bottom grass for fuel. They twist it when dry into ropes, and, thus prepared, it gives an intense heat, and lasts well.

In view of the numerous railroad accidents caused by the misplacement of switches, the *American Manufacturer* calls upon inventors to produce an automatic switch-tender, which, it asserts, will do the work better, as a rule, than most men.

At the Vienna Exhibition there will be an Infants' Pavilion, where will be gathered every thing pertaining to the life of the child—toys from Japan, China, Turkey, Egypt; as well as all the countries of Europe, with illustrated books and other matters of interest to the juvenile mind.

The new tablet in the Walhalla, near Ratisbon, which has been fixed in the wall by order of King Louis II. of Bavaria, contains the names of the following Americans: Abraham Lincoln, W. H. Seward, Andrew Johnson, and Ulysses S. Grant.

The most successful graduate at the recent examination of the pupils of the First Lyceum of Rome was young Delaterra, an orphan boy, whose parents died several years ago in Philadelphia, and who acted in that city for a time as a newsboy.

The aggregate value of the battle-paintings of Horace Vernet in the public galleries of France is estimated in the official catalogue at two million two hundred and fifty thousand francs. Under Louis Philippe they were appraised at less than half that sum.

The Prussian Minister of the Interior has sent word to certain newspaper editors in that country that, unless they discontinue speaking of the President of the United States in disparaging terms, they will be prosecuted by the criminal authorities.

Indianapolis boasts of a leading contractor who can neither read nor write, and who does not know one figure from another, and yet can accurately estimate the number of brick for a wall or shingles for a roof, of given dimensions, and the cost of construction.

The Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association have resolved to erect a memorial column and statue in honor of General Meade, and design to raise a fund of one hundred thousand dollars, by subscription, for that purpose.

Old President Thiers said, the other day, to a leading Orleanist: "My friend, we are growing old, but let us not forget that we may remain young if we try to keep in harmony with the spirit of the times."

An item in the Paris papers states that, between 1840 and 1872, no fewer than eighteen hundred of the public officials have become deranged. In this country office-holders inevitably lose their heads sooner or later.

A London writer asks, dolefully, if there is any inexorable law which prevents railway companies from providing sleeping-cars. How long is England to remain without this best of recent Yankee notions?

The Leipzig *Central Blatt* says: "The forthcoming book of travels by America's great son, William H. Seward, is justly awaited in Germany with the utmost impatience. What Mr. Seward saw must have been seen well."

The Nuremberg *Courier* gives APPLETONS' JOURNAL a flattering notice. It says that it opens every number of the JOURNAL, as soon as it arrives, with unalloyed pleasure and interest.

The Leipzig *Central Blatt* complains that the facilities for obtaining American books in the old country are exceedingly limited, although the demand for them is rapidly on the increase.

The *Augsburger Universal Gazette* yielded its proprietors last year a profit of eighty thousand dollars. The *Cologne Gazette* was twice as profitable; but none of the Berlin journals yielded half that amount.

Anthony Egerle, a parricide, was recently beheaded at Uri, in Switzerland, after receiving fifty lashes on the bare back. His mother, who had assisted him in assassinating his father, committed suicide while in prison.

The Russian Government has strictly prohibited the newspapers from publishing any reports about Polish conspiracies. Several of them have been recently discovered, but the matter has been kept secret from the public.

A contemporary thinks that "many excellent people take a sort of melancholy delight in being swindled." From our observations, we should say that people generally express a very savage distaste for the performance.

Marshal MacMahon is known in the French army for his miserly habits, and his personal expenses during the year are said to be less than one thousand francs. His wife, on the contrary, is said to be extremely extravagant.

Baron von Reischach, a wealthy Württemberg nobleman, has fled from that country to the United States after committing forgeries amounting to upward of nine hundred thousand florins.

The King of Holland is said to have signed a decree depriving his eldest son of the right of succession in consequence of his vicious and dissolute life.

Berthold Friedmann, formerly an alderman of Baltimore, has been sentenced at Heidelberg, in Baden, to six months' imprisonment for carrying on a secret gift-enterprise.

Emile de Girardin had, during his long journalistic career, only about one hundred and twenty libel-suits. He won them all but three.

In Mr. Gilbert's new burlesque of "Happy Arcadia," recently produced in London, he foreshadows a feminine millennium when bonnets shall be only a ha'penny piece.

Mr. Ellis is engaged upon a statue of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, which is destined for Central Park.

A grand-daughter of Thaddeus Kosciusko is teaching school at Solcure, in Switzerland.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

DECEMBER 1-7.

DECEMBER 1.—Mrs. Mary Somerville, the celebrated English mathematician, dies in London, at an advanced age.

Serious engagements take place in Spain between the royal troops and the insurgents.

The Emperor William creates twenty-five new Prussian peers.

President Thiers is defeated in the French Assembly by an adverse majority of six.

DECEMBER 2.—Reopening of Congress. President Grant says in his annual message that the taxes, in his opinion, ought not to be much further reduced. He regards the finances as in a very healthy condition, and hopes for the resumption of specie payments at an early day. He urges liberal appropriations for the improvement of the Capitol. He makes no recommendation in regard to our internal revenue system, and, although he calls special attention to the report of the Postmaster-General and the subject of postal telegraphy, he makes no recommendations on the project. He discusses at considerable length our relations with Spain and Cuba, and regrets that no advance has been made toward a settlement of the difficulties between that country and the United States. He regards the troubles in Cuba as largely due to the existence of slavery in that island, and hopes for the speedy reestablishment of amicable relations. Much space in the message is devoted to the critical condition of affairs on the Mexican border, and the President calls attention to the report of the commissioners.

The Secretary of the Interior says in his report that last year 4,671,332 acres of the national domain were charged to the homestead account, and that 125,680,620 acres are still unsurveyed, and that a million acres more were sold than last year. There are 232,229 names on the national pension-list, for which \$25,480,578 are annually required.

The Public Printer says in his report that the earnings of his office, last year, were \$233,175.04 in excess of the expenditures.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in his report, estimates the revenue from internal taxation for the current year at about \$110,000,000.

The Postmaster-General gives the revenue of his department, in his report, at \$20,000,000. He says the mails are now carried over 53,000 miles of railroads, eight thousand more than last year; 186,000 pounds of letters were sent to Europe, and 165,000 pounds were received from there. There are 44,600 post-office employes, among them 30,000 postmasters, with an annual aggregate salary of \$5,500,000. More than 4,000,000 letters were sent to the dead-letter office. The adoption of the postal telegraph system is warmly recommended.

The Secretary of War says, in his report, that the military expenses were \$427,834 less than last year, and estimates that, next year, they will be \$1,500,000 less than this year.

The Secretary of the Navy, in his report, says that the whole number of vessels in our navy is 178, of all classes, carrying 1,378 guns, exclusive of howitzers; among them are 68 steamers, with 929 guns; 31 sailing-vessels, with 322 guns; 51 iron-clads, with 127 guns, and 28 tugs. There are 45 vessels in commission for sea service, carrying 463 guns. An increase of the navy is strongly recommended.

The House of Representatives refuses to accept the resignation of General Banks as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

DECEMBER 3.—Horace Greeley's body, lying in state at the City Hall, in New York, is viewed by sixty thousand persons.

The impeachment trial of Judge Curtis opens before the State Senate, at Albany.

The electoral vote of the Republican States is cast unanimously for Grant and Wilson. In the Democratic electoral colleges, Hon. Thomas Hendricks, of Indiana, receives most of the votes.

DECEMBER 4.—The funeral of Horace Greeley takes place in New York amid imposing ceremonies and in the presence of a vast crowd. Funeral orations are delivered by Rev. Dr. Chapin and Henry Ward Beecher. Among the mourners are the President and Vice-President of the United States, and many other distinguished dignitaries.

The British steamship Cresswell is lost near Cork, with all on board.

Robert Bowles, the American banker, is arrested, in London.

The Po, in Italy, overflows the plains of Lombardy, causing immense losses.

Minister Washburne receives a reception by the Union League Club, of New York, on his return from France.

DECEMBER 5.—Judge Nelson, of the United States Supreme Court, resigns, and Mr. Ward



Hunt, of New York, is appointed in his place.

Reports are received of the loss, on Lake Superior, of the barges Jupiter and Saturn, and the schooners N. O. Brown and C. G. Griswold, with probably all on board.

London is left without gas in consequence of the strike of the gas-stokers.

President Thiers is again defeated in the French Assembly, on a test vote, by an adverse majority of twenty-eight.

Gov. Warmoth, of Louisiana, bids defiance to the United States courts in New Orleans.

United States troops occupy the State House in New Orleans.

The Spanish Government announces the final defeat of the insurgents.

Terrible inundations take place in Tuscany.

DECEMBER 7.—The impeachment trial of Judge Curtis is closed, at Albany.

Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, declares his determination not to submit to the United States courts in regard to the result of the late election in that State.

The special committee of the French As-

## The Museum.

WE copy from Louis Figuier's interesting book on "The Human Race" an illustration depicting the mode of travelling sometimes seen in the interior of China. The structure and the three distinct methods for propulsion will interest the reader, the engraving affording every aid he may require for an understanding of this very peculiar method of



CHINESE LOCOMOTION.

A railroad accident occurs on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Mifflin, in which five persons are reported killed and others injured.

DECEMBER 6.—Henry Rogers is executed in Brooklyn for the murder of policeman Donoghue, and Barney Woods is hanged in Washington for the murder of Samuel M. Cheeseman.

sembly, which is to propose a new constitution, has elected officers intensely hostile to the administration of President Thiers.

An exciting debate takes place in the Prussian House of Lords on the important County Reform Bill.

The Spanish Cortes refuse to consider the immediate impeachment of the Sagasta cabinet.

getting over country-roads. It would be a novel and interesting feature if sails should ever appear on our public highways, but the probability of our being able to utilize the wind in this way to a serviceable extent will no doubt strike every one as exceedingly problematical.

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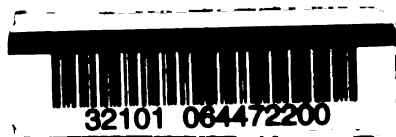
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